Collier's

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OCTOBER 23, 1943

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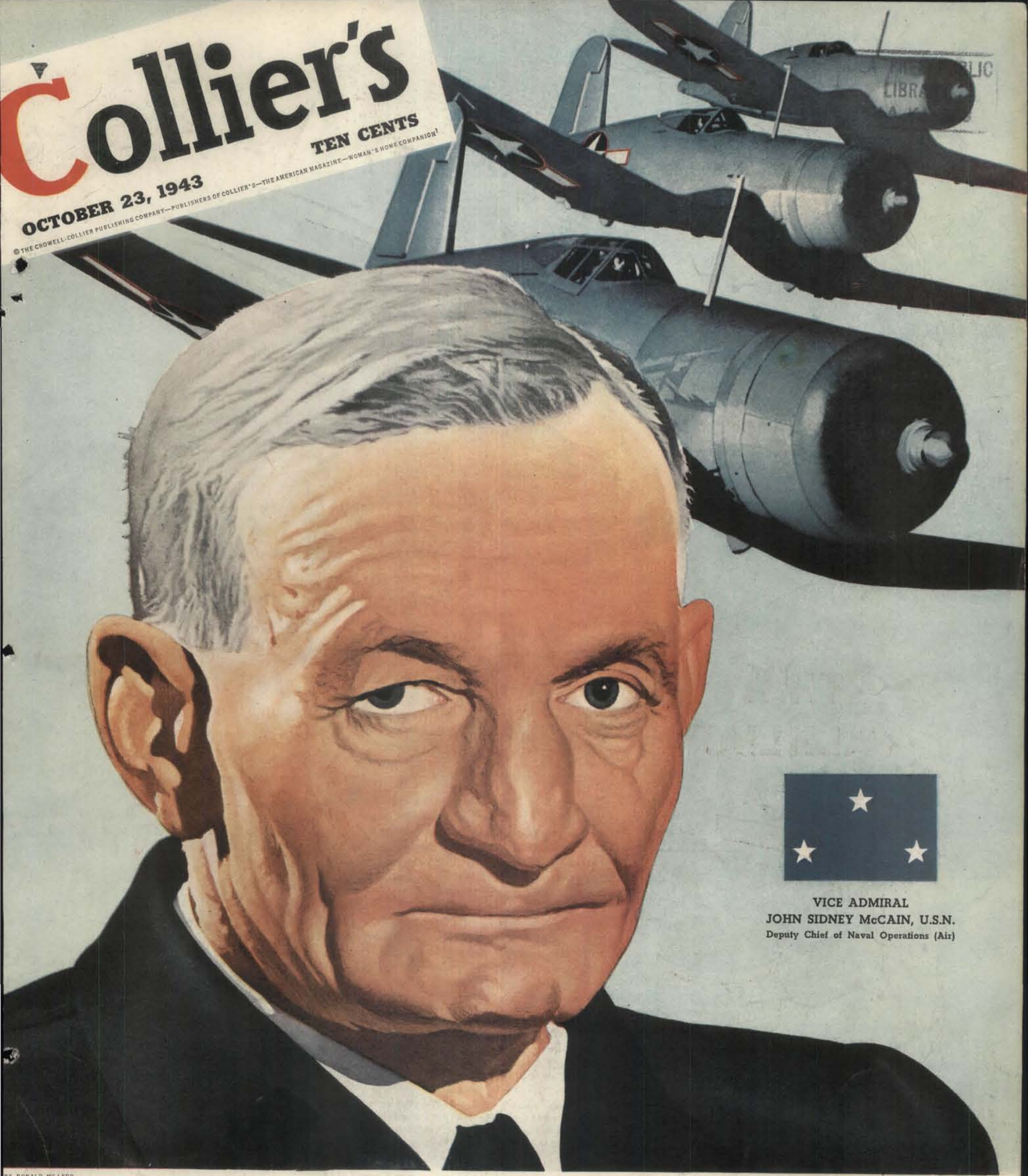

VICE ADMIRAL
JOHN SIDNEY McCAIN, U.S.N.
Deputy Chief of Naval Operations (Air)

BY RONALD MC LEOD

Reynolds at Salerno — Gervasi with 8th Army

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Continuing ARCHBISHOP SPELLMAN'S Historic Y"

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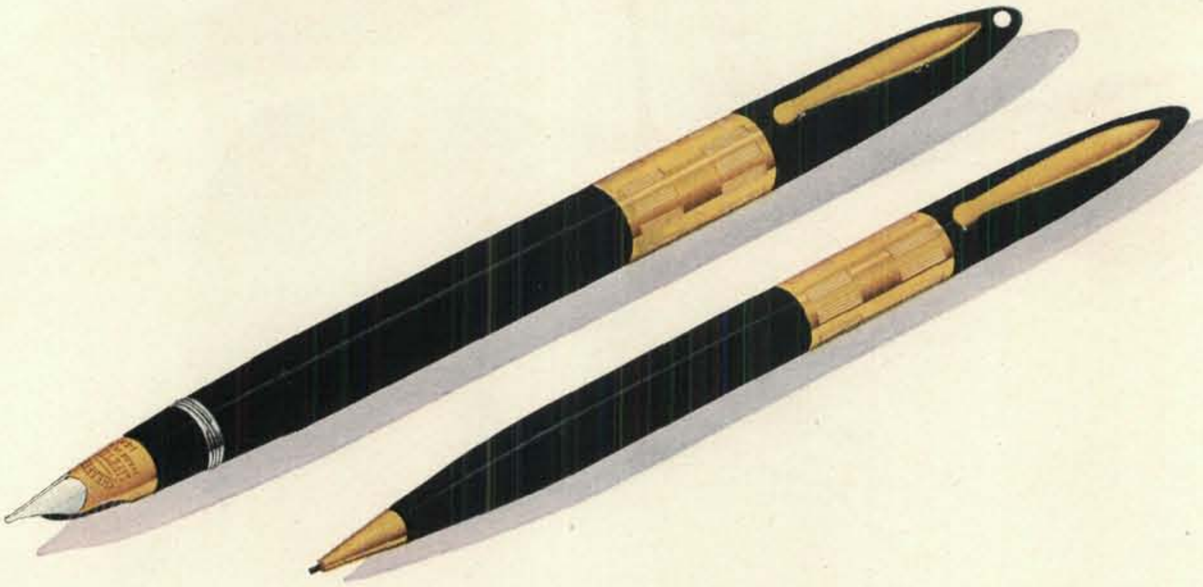
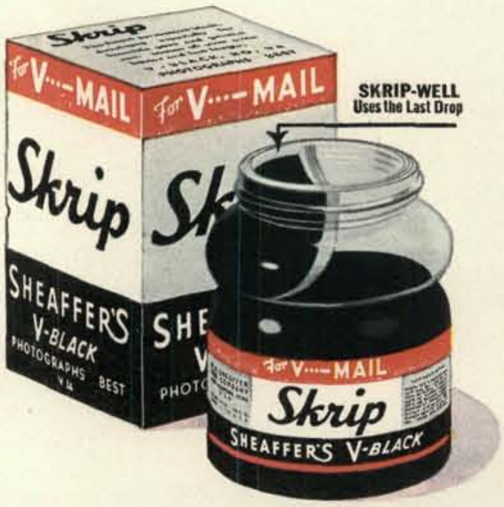


THAT FAMILIAR *Handwriting* BREEDS CONTENT



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Uses the Last Drop

V-BLACK SKRIP FOR V···-MAIL

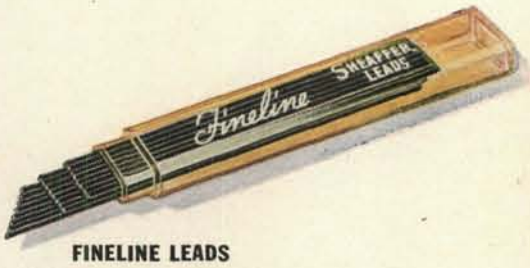
When writing V···-Mail to our men overseas —use V-Black SKRIP! V···-Mail letters are photographed on 16 mm. film—flown overseas—*reproduced and delivered.* Black photographs best and V-Black SKRIP writes black—stays black! Ask for V-Black SKRIP in the 4-oz. DOUBLE SIZE—25c.

That familiar handwriting is the bond between you and your U. S. Serviceman. Write a letter, and you've put YOUR HEART into a man at the front. He'll write back, then, and surely that's a fair exchange! *Your letters and his answers bring your hearts together again.* Write—he's watching daily for your letters.

SHEAFFER'S *peacetime* products, along with all others of similar nature built by other companies, are now curtailed by WPB order. They are rationed to dealers—through them to the public. The men and women of SHEAFFER, who are released from pen and pencil craftsmanship, are hard at work in the manufacture of SHEAFFER wartime devices. W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co., Fort Madison, Iowa; Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

"TRIUMPH" *Lifetime** pen, with clip, $12.50; pencil, $5—"TRIUMPH" TUCKAWAY model, without clip, for men or women, carries safely *in all positions* in purse or pocket—pen, $12.50; pencil, $4.

*All *Lifetime* pens, identified by the White Dot, are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the first user except against loss and willful damage—when serviced, if complete pen is returned, *subject only to insurance, postage, handling charge—35c.*



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with UPTON CLOSE
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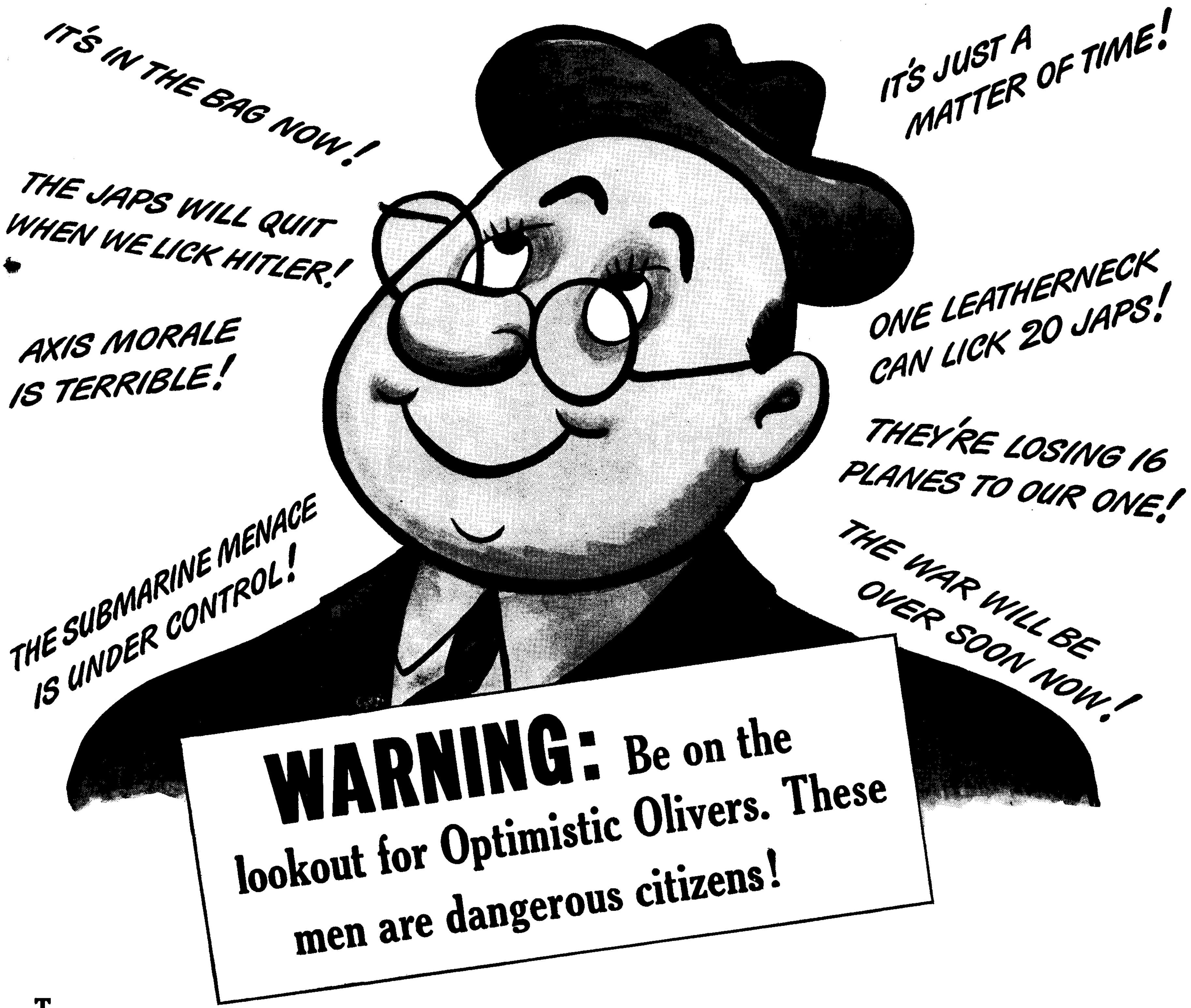
IT'S IN THE BAG NOW!
THE JAPS WILL QUIT WHEN WE LICK HITLER!
AXIS MORALE IS TERRIBLE!
THE SUBMARINE MENACE IS UNDER CONTROL!
IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME!
ONE LEATHERNECK CAN LICK 20 JAPS!
THEY'RE LOSING 16 PLANES TO OUR ONE!
THE WAR WILL BE OVER SOON NOW!

WARNING: Be on the lookout for Optimistic Olivers. These men are dangerous citizens!

THEY'RE American citizens, it's true . . . but they're worth a million dollars apiece to our enemies. This "it-won't-be-long-now" talk spreads like wildfire. Rosie-the-Riveter and her co-workers take an afternoon off for a permanent . . . Mrs. Jones isn't so careful about saving her tin cans . . . Joe Zilch guesses he doesn't have to put so much of his pay check into War Bonds. That's what a few Optimistic Olivers can do to our "all out" war effort. It's up to you to button their lips.

There's no short cut to victory . . . it's a long road—an expensive trip! Let's not kid ourselves . . . nobody's going to win this war for us. We can drag it out, or we can wind it up with a terrific wallop. The sooner those War Bond dollars pile up in Uncle Sam's pockets, the sooner we can give those guys that double shellacking.

What's your score? Would you care to match it with that of a Marine just back from Guadalcanal? 10% is only the beginning. When you've figured just how much you can afford to invest, double it. You can do it. Remember . . . those dollars are just loaned. When this war is over, you'll be holding a very substantial investment . . . shares in the finest country in the world.

FACTS ABOUT WAR BONDS

1. War Bonds cost $18.75, for which you receive $25 in 10 years—or $4 for every $3.
2. War Bonds are the world's *safest* investment—guaranteed by the United States Government.
3. War Bonds can be made out in 1 name—or in 2, as co-owners.
4. War Bonds *cannot* go down in value. If they are lost, the Government will issue new ones.
5. War Bonds can be redeemed, in case of necessity, after 60 days.
6. War Bonds begin to build up interest after 12 months.

BACK THE ATTACK! BUY BONDS...AND KEEP ON BUYING

PUBLISHED IN COOPERATION WITH THE DRUG, COSMETIC, AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES BY
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo., Makers of **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

Yes Sir!
THIS WAS AN
electronic
INSTRUMENT, TOO!

FUNNY-LOOKING gadget, that old-time radio set. Big, bulky horn . . . dials and more dials . . . squeaky and noisy as all get out. Not much like the radio now in your living-room or car. And yet the radio you buy not too long after the war may make your present-day set look and sound as antiquated as that early Electronic instrument looks now.

Today Electronics is fighting for America and its Allies brilliantly and successfully. In battle it warns of approaching danger so we can destroy the enemy; in the electric eye it searches for and exposes flaws in heavy castings; in resistance-welding it doubles and triples production. These and countless others are Electronic achievements of vast importance now and for the future. The first Electronic instrument to benefit will be radio.

Your First Post-War Electronic Purchase Should Be a

Motorola Radio

Motorola Engineers are making full use of the newest Electronic knowledge in the production and development of Radar and Communications Equipment now being used by American fighting men on every battle front. Soon after Victory gives the green light to civilian production, the "know-how" of Motorola Engineers will be switched to the production of civilian radios for home and car with the same all-out efficiency and perfection. Expect the finest in Radio from Motorola.

For the development and production of Radio Communications Equipment for our armed forces, Motorola was awarded the Army-Navy "E" with added star for continued excellence of performance.

Take good care of your radio. It is a vital wartime necessity. For service, consult your local classified telephone directory for a nearby Motorola Dealer.

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HERBERT ASBURY	Articles	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
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Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY **Publisher**
CHARLES COLEBAUGH **Editor**
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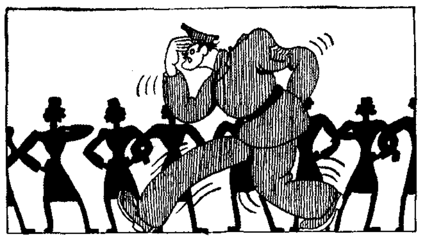
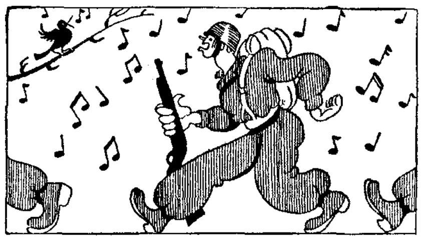
ANY WEEK

BEFORE plunging into the more serious aspects of life (a plunging for which we are pretty celebrated) we'd like to toss you a letter we've just received from a Minnesota girl who recently joined the Marines. "It is indeed an amazing experience, one which I am sure will *make me a better wife and mother—in* due time, in due time. I am not sure, but I think they're making commandos of us girls. We have two male Marine drill sergeants with whom we're all in love but who do not love us. They've been drilling men for several years, but we're something else again. I quote the cute leatherneck who has me to be responsible for: 'Hell's bells! I never seen nothin' like this—no kiddin'. I drilled guys that'd never got out of fourth grade except for influence, but I never seen nothin' like this—s'help me. Me, I'd go over the hill if I had anywhere to go—s'help me.' But it is cute to see our sergeant out there in the blazing sun, look at us hard, take off his hat, *study the inside of it, count to a* hundred under his breath with his eyes closed, and then walk a little way away clenching and unclenching his hands. And we stand there, thinking him too sweet for words and telling one another we have to do better. He's a lamb. Personally, I'm feeling strong as a bull and could throw you over my shoulder with ease. Last night, three hundred of us Women's Reserve were in the mess hall when a male Marine lieutenant came in, the lamb. He called the names of three of us, charged them with having a bottle of Scotch, sentenced them to thirty days without pay and thirty additional K.P. But he didn't know that we intended to invite our sergeants to help us drink it, the lamb. Really I'm getting so strong that—"



WE REGRET that we must relax slightly our determination to set down no Mrs. Roosevelt cracks. But this one's different. Mrs. J. P. Pranklett of Los Angeles, California, had been wanting for some time to come East to see her first grandson. She could get no transportation. When she read that Mrs. Roosevelt had flown to the South Pacific, she mentioned it somewhat acidly to Mr. Pranklett. "Stop beefing," said Mr. Pranklett. "Use your ingenuity. If you had any ingenuity, you'd find a way." That made Mrs. Pranklett madder. "Yes," said she to Mr. Pranklett, "and if you had any gumption, you'd be President, and I wouldn't be *having all this trouble.*" Said Mr. Pranklett: "That's right, that's right. Wish me luck. The next thing you'll be saying is that you wish I was dead or something." And all Mrs. Pranklett said was: "Well, ain't you?" And after that the Pranklett day was a ruin, neither of them being able to go to work on the assembly line of a large warplane plant.



DOUBTLESS Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt have given this subject much attention during their frequent conversations, but it's a letter from Mr. Deems Taylor that brings it up here. In addition to being a composer and radio commentator on music, Mr. Taylor is president of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, in a word ASCAP.

"My attention has been called to," says Mr. Taylor, "or, in English, I read Joe Bookman's piece entitled The Truth About Silly War Songs. I am not concerned here with the soundness of Mr. Bookman's reasoning, but I am decidedly concerned with his references to ASCAP. ASCAP is a performing-rights society. Its sole business is to collect performance royalties from persons and organizations that use the words and music of our members for profit. Mr. Bookman asserts that a certain song writer who wrote one of the top hits of 1940 received a quarterly royalty check from ASCAP for thirty-six cents. This is, *if you will pardon my* coarseness, boloney. ASCAP never sent a writer a check for thirty-six cents in all its little life. I know the song writer to whom Mr. Bookman refers. His quarterly check from ASCAP is $275 and no cents. Mr. Bookman seems to divide the blame for our scarcity of good war songs between the publishers and ASCAP. He writes wistfully about the dear departed days before 1920 when there were important

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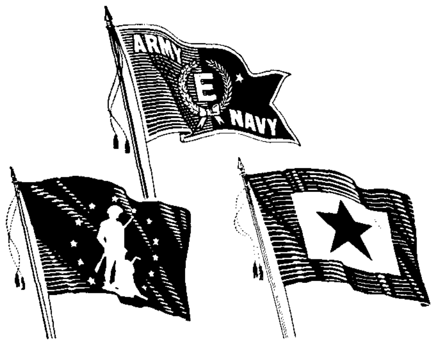
"AYE, AYE, SIR."

In old English "Aye" meant "Yes." But the Navy's "Aye, Aye, Sir" means far more. It really says..."Your order is understood and will be obeyed." The Navy has given Zenith many "orders" since the war began. Our prompt "Aye, Aye, Sir" has, we believe, been justified by the "intelligence and initiative" (as the Navy says) with which these orders have been executed.



"the impossible we do immediately... the miraculous takes a little longer"

—ARMY SERVICE FORCES

—in days of civilian radio, Zenith was proud of its long series of "firsts"—improvements which made radio history and established leadership in the industry.

—today our viewpoint has changed—materially.

—engaged exclusively in war production, the things we have been called upon to do—the tasks we have succeeded in accomplishing, make past improvements in civilian radio literally look like "child's play."

—the work of our engineers in radionics has made the "impossible" possible and accomplished the "miraculous."

*—mark that word "RADIONICS" (with its subdivisions of Electronics, Radio, etc.)—it has brought into reality and being, devices which only a year or so ago came in the "impossible" and "miraculous" categories.

—today Zenith works in the science of radionics for our armed forces alone.

—in that bright "tomorrow" when peace returns—

—we can only say—the post-war radios that Zenith will produce will contain many interesting new developments.

—that statement is based upon experience which we can not now reveal—but you may take our word that it is a fact.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO

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U. S. War Savings Stamps and Bonds

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LONG DISTANCE RADIO
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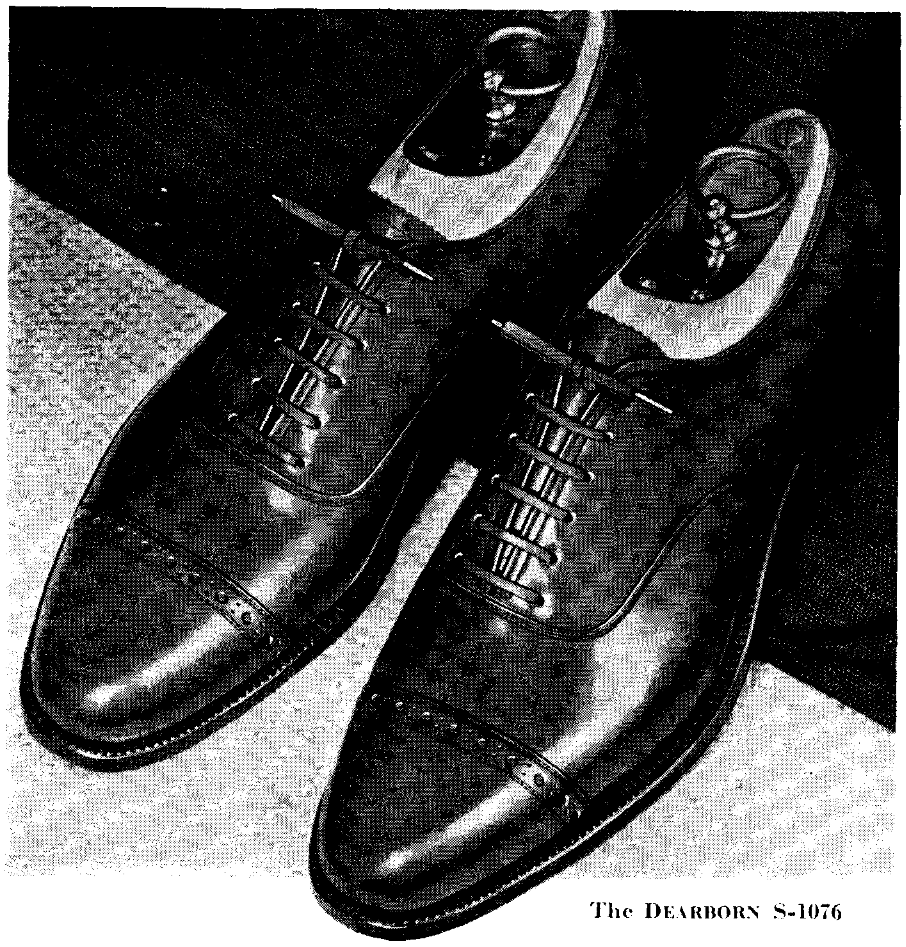
RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

FLORSHEIM *Quality*

FOR LONGER RATIONED WEAR



The DEARBORN S-1076

Your Ration Book tells you how many . . .

Florsheim Quality tells you what kind

Today's Florsheim Shoes don't live a "stamp-to-stamp" existence: they're designed and built to *last*—to give you more for your money, more for your stamp. So, if you must buy shoes buy better shoes . . . buy Florsheims—and give your next shoe ration stamp to your family, for you won't need it.

Most Styles $10.50 and $11

Florsheim *Shoes*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

The White Cliffs of Dover

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The five most popular war songs of today, rated according to their combined total sales of sheet music and phonograph records, are *The White Cliffs of Dover*, 2,700,000; *Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition*, 2,100,000; *There's a Star-Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere*, 2,000,000; *When the Lights Go On Again*, 1,800,000, and *Army Air Corps*, 1,400,000.

More than 22,000,000 persons in this country today, or nearly one fifth of our entire white population, were reared in foreign-speaking families, living either here or abroad. German was the mother tongue of 4,950,000; Italian of 3,767,000, Polish of 2,416,000; Spanish of 1,861,000; Yiddish of 1,751,000; and French of 1,412,000.

Tenants living in federally aided housing projects are no longer evicted when their income rises above a maximum of about $1,200 a year, being allowed to remain by paying a higher rent. Illustrative of the big differences that now exist in these rents may be cited those of a Chicago project in which a $900-income family pays $17 a month, while a $3,000-income family pays $52 a month, or three times as much, for an identical five-room apartment.

Copies of famous original manuscripts, when made by the author himself, often bring fabulous prices, such as those paid for transcripts of The Star-Spangled Banner. While its original draft was sold for $25,000, several copies brought $7,500 apiece because they were in the handwriting of Francis Scott Key.

Up to the war, 90 per cent of America's 2,800,000 businesses employed less than eight persons apiece. . . . Letters containing Mussolini's autograph, once valued at $50 apiece, cannot be sold today for $5. . . . Electric fuses of too high amperage are the cause of more than 1,000 fires weekly in the United States.

While the State Department has closed 53 of its foreign offices since Pearl Harbor, it still maintains 246 embassies, legations and consulates and 21 consular agencies, with 45 ambassadors and ministers and 4,000 officers and employees.

The largest collection of wood samples in the world is in the School of Forestry of Yale University. It contains 40,750 specimens of 11,890 species of 2,800 genera of 232 families of trees; also 19,500 microscopic slides.—*By Dolores Stimpson, Fresno, California.*

Negroes constitute at least 5,500 of America's 8,000 professional pugilists, both in and out of the military services. Thus their participation in prize fighting is greater than in any other spectator sport in this country. —*By Nat Fleischer, New York City.*

Sheep born in the fall and early winter, when sold in the suckling stage between two and four months of age, are known as hothouse lambs. The animals not only have to be raised with special care, but they constitute only one in about every 25,000 sheep slaughtered here annually. Consequently, their meat is a rare and expensive delicacy and most of it is purchased by fine restaurants and other luxury trade.

Of the 160,000 war inventions submitted to the National Inventors' Council since 1940, about 50 have been adopted and are in production, while more than a thousand others are being tested. . . . Recent botanical studies show that seven-leaf clovers are three times as numerous as six-leaf clovers.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

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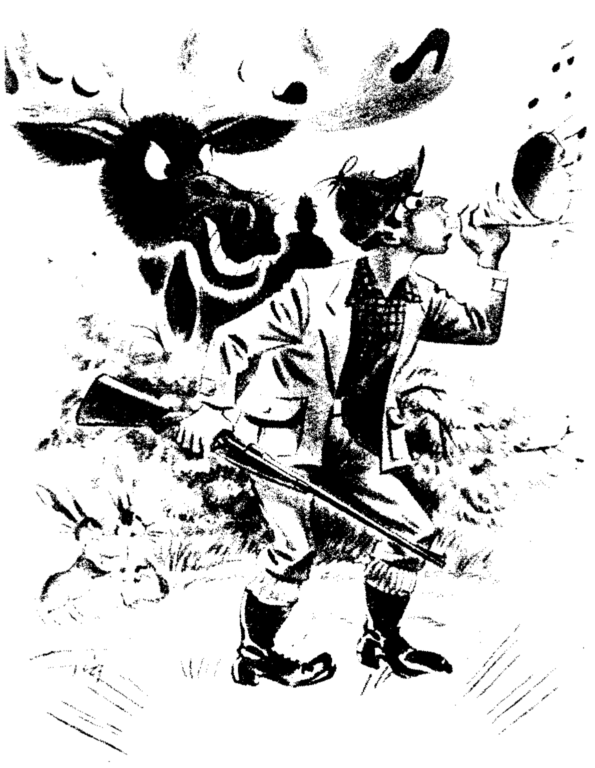
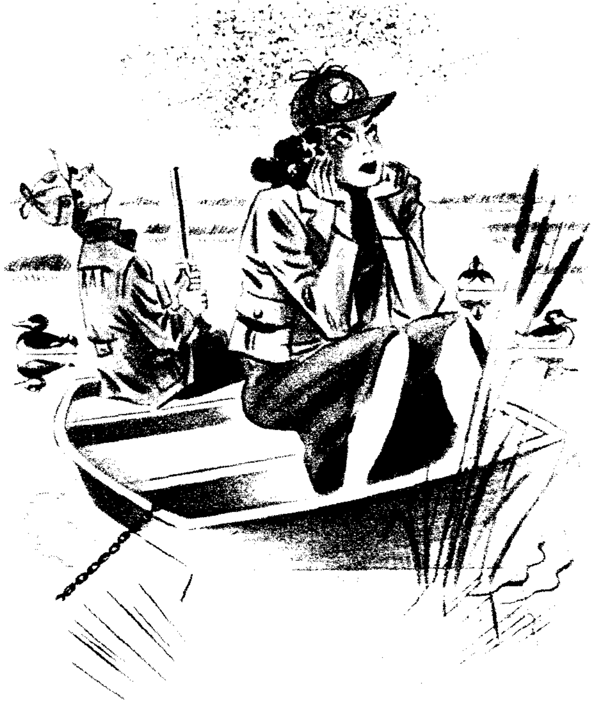
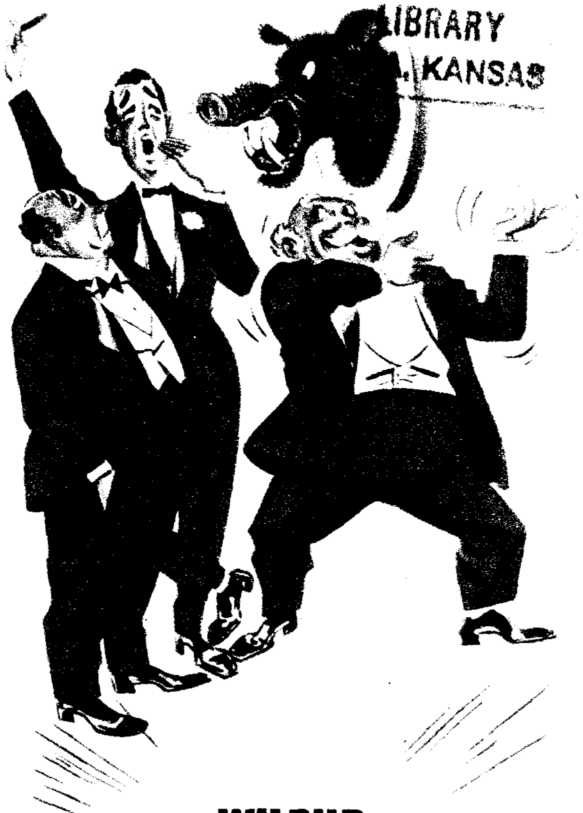






CORNELIUS
means
"a horn"

PATIENCE
means
"enduring without complaint"

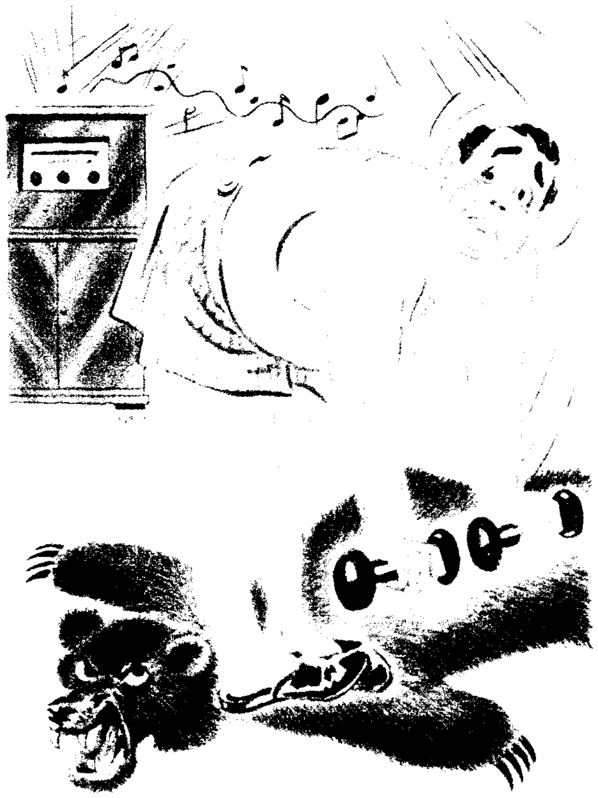
WILBUR
means
"wild boar"

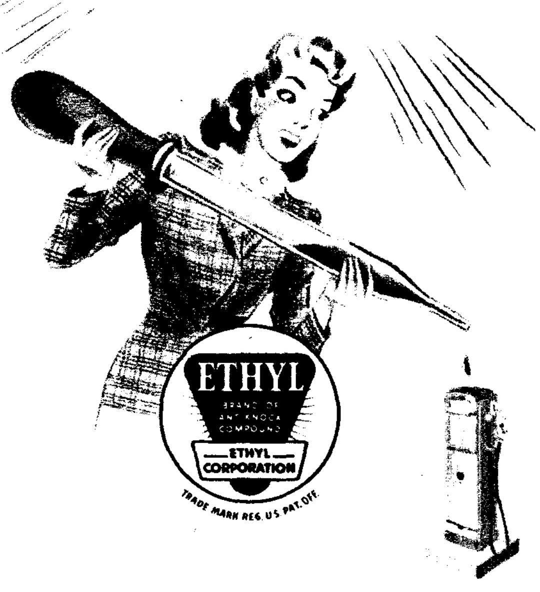
WHAT'S IN A NAME?

ARTHUR
means
"strong as a bear"

ETHYL
is a trade mark name

WHAT
does your name
mean?

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BRAND OF ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL CORPORATION
TRADE MARK REG. US PAT. OFF.

Ethyl stands for antiknock fluid made only by the Ethyl Corporation. Oil companies put Ethyl fluid into gasoline to prevent knocking.

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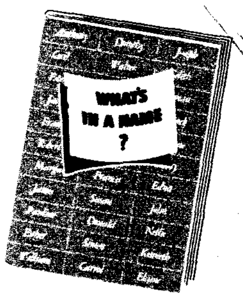
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Aviation, now the No. 1 industry of America, will continue to lead the way. From the centers of our great cities to the vast expanses of our rural sections, Airplanes will play a leading part in our lives. Distances between home and place of business will be of much less importance, as the speed and efficiency of Aircraft will make commuting practical and economical. You can go home straight as an arrow, from wherever you are.

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WING TALK

Pay no attention to the palm trees. Collier's Fiction Editor Lt. Col. Kenneth Littauer is now in England with the U.S.T.A.F.

RADIOED FROM LONDON

BRIGADIER GENERAL BOB CANDEE, Boss of the United States Tactical Air Force—one of the two big American feet with which the Eighth Air Force is helping to stamp out Der Wermacht these autumn days, the other being the United States Strategic Air Force—proves by a sign newly hung over his desk that he possesses at least one of the qualities that mark a smart chief in any line: humorous opportunism.

There's a lieutenant attached to the T.A.F.'s headquarters who stems professionally from technical camera work and racially from a land and blood that are noted for explosive warmth in argumentation. Part of this young officer's job was to establish a photographic laboratory.

In execution of it he came within the perimeter of our own Lt. Col. Ken Littauer, who, on the afternoon of December 7, 1941, put short shorts, Kathleen Norris, and the 5:15 to Westport behind him, and with his medals and but slightly molted 1914-18 wings, hobbled forth to make the world secure for Little Virgie, Detective O'Malley, Regret The Horseplayer, and Manchu. But one can't get over being an editor quickly. Worse, Ken is something of an amateur photographer, so he found himself quite exhaustively prying into his subordinate's plans and enthusiasms for the proposed laboratory. He won't admit it, but he probably made suggestions.

At any rate, the technically knowledgeful lieutenant quickly steamed past the exasperation point. "Look," he screamed, finally, "even though I'm in the Army, I gotta be practical!"

This was the blast of wisdom that General Candee had suitably lettered, framed and hung for the information and guidance for all concerned.

IT WILL be interesting to remember later on that, but for air power, there wouldn't have been these four years of medieval blackness. The inventions that come from the brains of scientists to move us ahead fastest socially and commercially seem to set us back when they are grabbed by the hands of despots. It is also of interest to note that the protection of darkness never was accorded at least two major points within the battle areas—Gibraltar and Naples.

The former because it was useless to turn off the lights in a place so close to the brilliantly normal lights of nonbelligerent Spain a few hundred yards away. Other factors contributed to the impracticality of trying to shade Gibraltar—the simple facts of coast-line topography, the mirroring sea all around, and its own geological freakishness. You can't hide a hulk like that which the flattening continent of Europe suddenly jerks up like a sore thumb in the face of Africa.

In Naples the situation was different. The Fascists, aware that their great god Benito was less than omnipotent, manually pulled the switch all right, but they couldn't find a black shirt big enough to cover Vesuvius—which continued to hold its ancient torch thousands of feet above the city and made the job of finding an exact street corner in Naples one of simple navigational arithmetic.

THERE has been same uneasy discussion lately among British flight and political bigwigs with regard to England's chances in the expected postwar scramble for international commercial aviation leadership. Even the House of Peers had considered the matter quite solemnly.

But the Yank airmen here don't believe the British need worry. They've noted with admiration the splendid indoctrination work the R.A.F. has done with its junior "ATC" or Air Training Corps, made up of perhaps a couple of hundred thousand boys who have reached 16 and are physically and mentally fit to plan joining the flying services when they become of age. (There is also the "GTC," or Girls' Training Corps, out of which come Rookettes, for WAAFs, as well as the other auxiliary services.) Wonderful technical practice is available for these boys and girls plus all the advantages of the big-sister and big-brother relationship with their seniors.

More on the Yanks' minds, however, are the youngsters between three and sixteen. Members of the Eighth Air Force—

(Continued on page 31)

But how does an engine breathe at 6 miles up?

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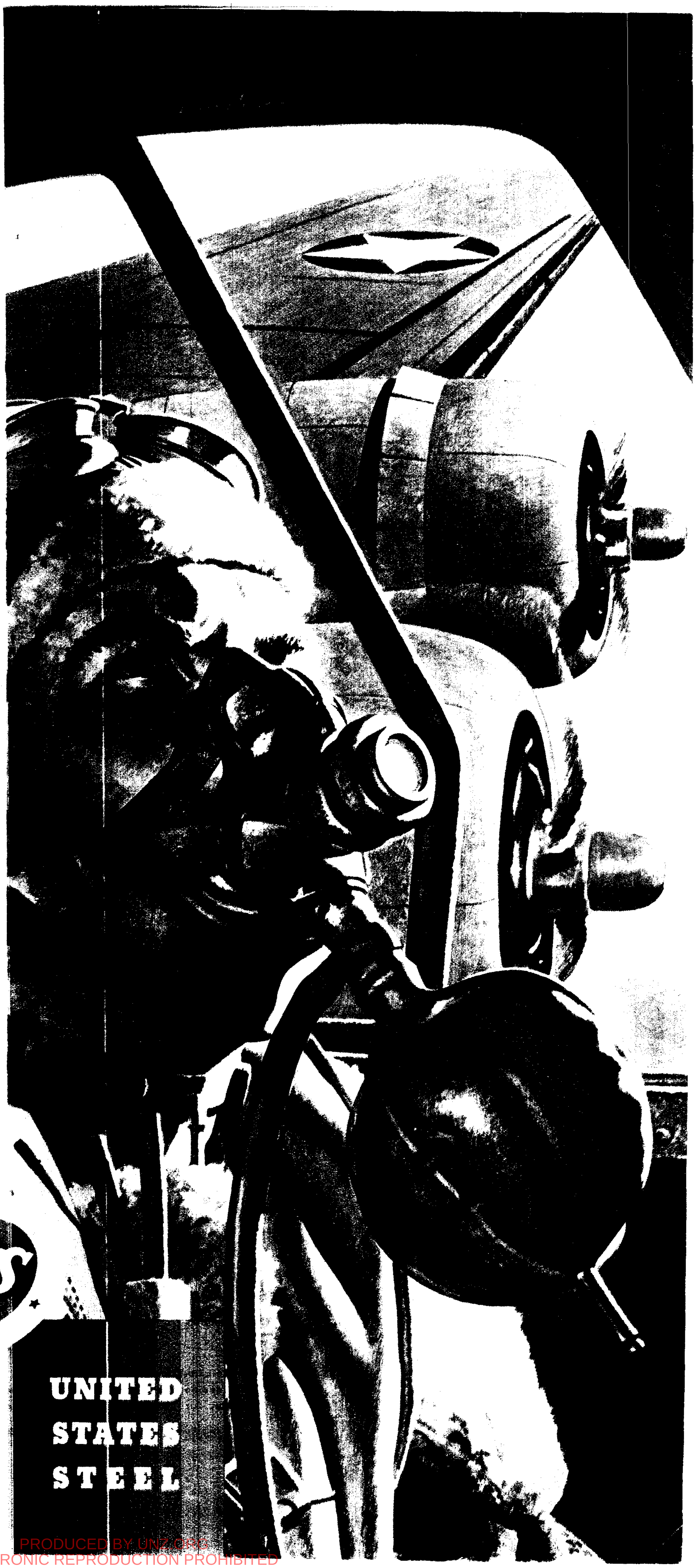

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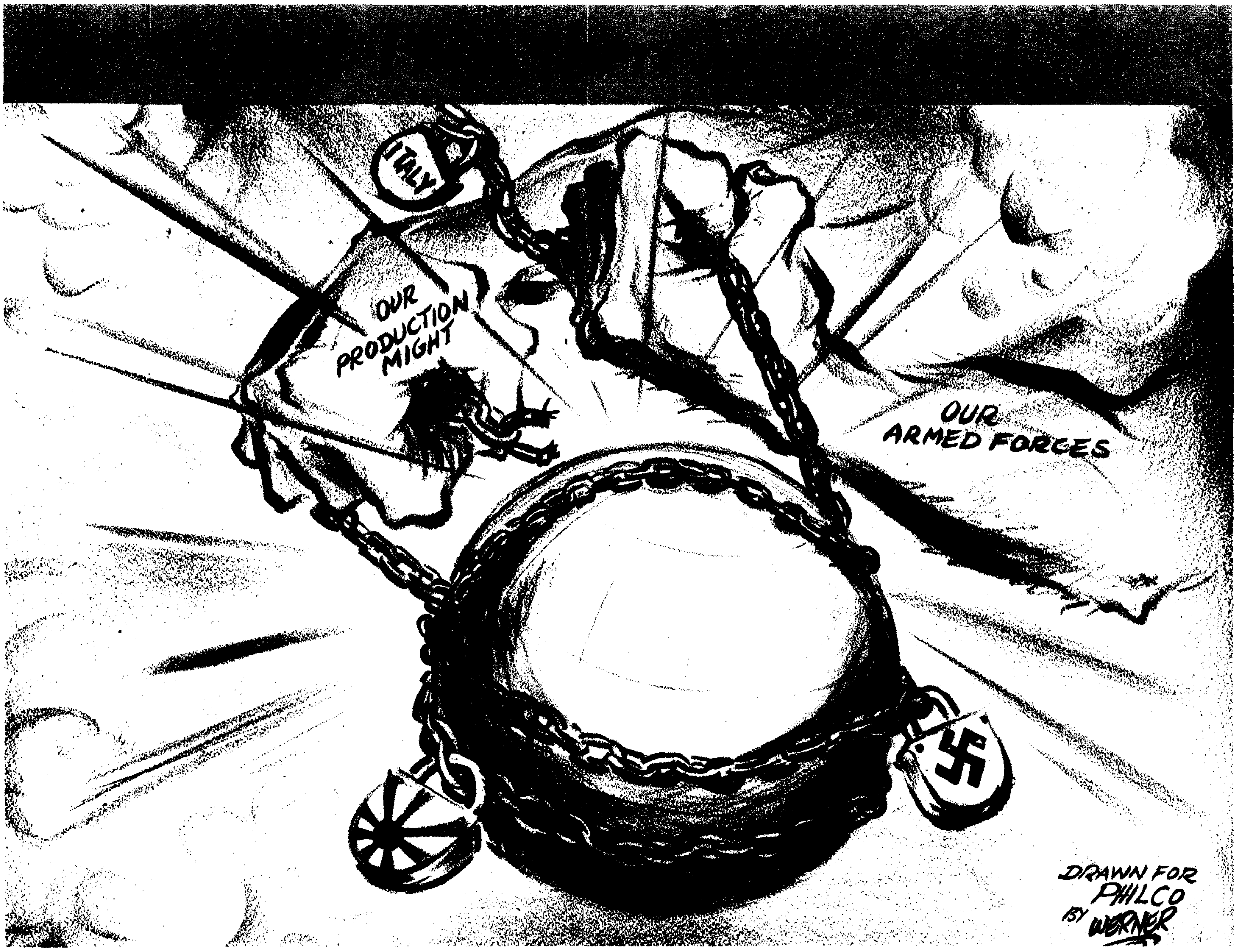

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C. G. Werner makes this contribution to the series being drawn for Philco by America's leading editorial cartoonists depicting the significance of America's productive might. While available, a full size reproduction of the original drawing will be sent, free, on request to Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask for Cartoon No. 66C.

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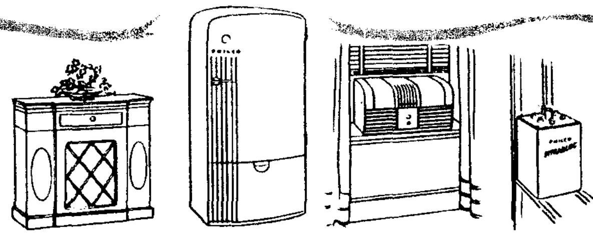

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR OCTOBER 23, 1943

WITH MONTGOMERY IN ITALY

BY RADIO FROM FRANK GERVASI

General Montgomery and his victorious Eighth Army were first to set foot on the Italian mainland. Collier's correspondent went along. Here is his eyewitness account of how the invasion of Europe was begun, four years to the day after Britain declared war against Germany

IT WAS a strange battle, remarkable for its bloodlessness, its one-sidedness and perfection of execution. It was what its chief protagonist, General Sir Bernard Law Montgomery called a "set piece"—in other words, an exercise in pure military tactics. The battle marked September 3d as a double anniversary—the beginning of the costliest war in man's memory and the beginning of its end. On that day, Britain's Eighth Army landed on the southernmost extremity of Italy and so began the actual invasion of the continent of Europe.

The actual assault on the lowermost Calabrian coast, just under Italy's big toe, was preceded by intensive bombardment from the air and by barrage. So flawless was the preparation for the actual assault on the Italian mainland that, for the first time in military history, masses of troops landed on enemy soil without the loss of a single soldier through enemy action.

The Eighth Army drove its tank-tipped columns into Italy with the ease with which you might prod your finger into a putrid melon, and it found there corruption and rot. It found people sick of war, hungry, diseased and frightened and ashamed. Some hadn't been fed regularly for three months; they hated the Germans who had abandoned them. In Reggio, three days before we landed, *carabinieri* had fired on Nazi troops. Such was the battle of Reggio; but first, the barrage.

The Eighth Army's guns were concealed in the furrowed hills above Mili and other tile-roofed fishing villages, in groves of lemon and olive trees. Their muzzles were pointed at the mainland.

Background for Action

There on the opposite shore and slightly to the right of our positions glittered Reggio Calabria, and to the left the buff-colored splash of buildings which we knew to be the bombed and shelled remains of Villa San Giovanni. Lordly Aspromonte towered 6,000 feet into a corona of white cloud that lazed in an innocent sky. The pale pearl cliffs of Bagnara shone within what seemed swimming distance.

"Tonight," said the tall colonel who commands artillery now but who was a don at Oxford four years ago, "we attack."

"Yeah," I said, "tonight Italy gets a hotfoot."

The colonel looked puzzled.

Together, we climbed down from the observation post. There in the twilight, under a tarpaulin stretched between two trees, we dined on double helpings of half-cooked beans, stewed bully and tomatoes, washed down with tea. We tried to talk about everything except war.

One of the dim figures under the canvas was the medical officer we called John. He described the health conditions among the Sicilian peasants. They were all underfed, he said. They were all anti-Fascist, too, and immediately we were talking war talk again. Shortly, the medical officer wandered off.

"He's gone to see an elderly lady who lives just below us," the colonel said, with a vague gesture. "She's been troubled

(*Continued on page 60*)

BRITISH MINISTRY OF INFORMATION

General Sir Bernard Law ("Monty") Montgomery. He almost always wears this beret. He's a Bible student, doesn't smoke or drink, and lives in trailers

In London, Archbishop Spellman sees the damage wrought to churches by Nazis bombs. He stares at a marble group, blasted intact from an altar

The second installment of Archbishop Spellman's letters takes him to Gibraltar, thence to Africa and to England. In Africa, he talked with the leading Allied military and political figures. To get to England, he froze nine hours in the back of a cargo plane

GIBRALTAR
March 6, 1943

My dear father: Spain again! The American consul, Mr. John Hamlin, was at the airport. He cordially invited me to be the guest of Mrs. Hamlin and himself, and I gratefully accepted his invitation. Later, he accompanied me to see Cardinal Segura, the Archbishop of Seville.

At the cathedral, where I saw the tomb of Columbus, I was introduced to an old lady, Miss Alice Gould. I knew that she was an American and I asked her from what part of the States she came. She answered, "Quincy, Massachusetts." She was amazed when I said, "I am from Whitman, Massachusetts." Tears came to her eyes. She has been away from home for thirty years, studying archives in Spain, and is one of the foremost authorities on Columbus. John Adams and John Quincy Adams were among her ancestors. I told her that I knew the house in which she said she was born.

On Friday, March 5th, I left Seville by automobile for Gibraltar. In mid-journey, I stopped by the side of the Atlantic Ocean on the sea wall protecting a closed summer hotel, and I shared my lunch with my chauffeur. Though eggs are a great luxury, we each had one. Eggs are rationed in nearly every European country, one egg per person per month being the allotment in Italy. A ration is one thing but it is quite another thing to get the egg.

I reached the border town of La Linea where Spain meets Gibraltar. I was met by Major Capuro, who told me that I was to be the guest of His Excellency, Lieutenant General Mason MacFarlane, governor general of Gibraltar. The governor general welcomed me at the Government House.

Two centuries ago, this residence was a convent. It was called "the Convent" down through the years until the early part of this century. The change in name from Convent to Government House was occasioned by a visit of King Edward VII to Gibraltar. The king was the guest of the governor, and it was reported in the British newspapers that the king had luncheon with the governor general at "the Convent." A religious group wrote to the king expressing wonderment that he would visit a convent and more than wonderment that he would have luncheon there. The king then changed the name to Government House.

The following morning, General Hallinan accompanied me to visit the fortress. He showed me all the installations, numbers of new tunnels and great reservoirs. Gibraltar has no water from springs or wells and, for a long time, the only supply obtainable was rain water. Now there is a distillation apparatus which can produce sufficient water for thousands of people. From the top of the great rock, I looked down at the new airfield. I saw also the harbor and many ships, some of them very well known.

Bread is Important Wage Factor

Gibraltar is a crowded, hectic place. No women or children are permitted to live there. Traffic is very difficult in the narrow lanes. Sounding of automobile horns is prohibited, and signals are made by beating with one's hand on the side of the auto door. Many Spanish people are employed in Gibraltar and all must return to Spain every night. Each person is allowed to take a ration of bread home with him. This ration is the most important wage factor, for food means much more than money.

SOMEWHERE IN NORTH AFRICA
March 15, 1943

My dear father: The sun was just rising as we took off from Gibraltar, skirted the Spanish coast for a while, and then flew over the Mediterranean and followed the African coast line. On arrival at my destination, I was received by the Honorable Robert Murphy, the President's special envoy and civil affairs officer in North Africa. I had met Mr. Murphy before. He took me to call on General Eisenhower at his headquarters. It was, of course, an honor and a privilege for me to meet the Commanding General of all the Allied forces in North Africa.

The general is a very vigorous, dynamic individual. He is a person as well as a soldier. He radiates confidence. Naturally, he must, in his position, have outstanding ability in directing matters of the greatest magnitude, but this is so because, to him, no one thing is insignificant or unimportant. His energetic, efficient chief of staff, General "Beadle" Smith, was present at this meeting. Even one like myself, who understands little about military affairs, has the definite impression that our destinies have been confided to able leaders, intent and sure on obtaining our objectives and also deeply conscious of the value of human life.

After my visit to General Eisenhower, Mr. Murphy took me to call on Sir Andrew Cunningham, the Commander in Chief of the Allied Mediterranean naval forces. The admiral's face is aged beyond his years, but his eyes and active frame bespeak his youth. His mastery of naval warfare has made him one of the great figures of the war, and he has a still greater destiny before him. From the balcony just outside his office window—the admiral has a sweeping view of the Mediterranean, that great *mare nostrum* which he did much to hold and which his fleets now dominate.

Dinner with the French Leader

Later, I was invited to dinner by General Giraud. There were fifteen other persons present, all French. His appearance, his tall figure and military bearing are familiar to you from his photographs, but what his photographs do not reveal are the depth of his eyes which convince one of his sincerity. I had read and remembered his widely published letter to Marshal Pétain, in which he gave the reasons, as he saw them, for the fall of France. He told me of his wife and children who are prisoners of the Nazis and of the extra sufferings that he knew they were enduring on his account, especially because he had escaped from a Nazi prison.

After the dinner with General Giraud, I went to a monastery of the White Fathers where the British and American chaplains were having a day of recollection. I remained with them for some time and met them all individually. Then I began a visitation of military encampments all along the North African coast line. Life was very strenuous there. Sometimes I was very tired, sometimes hot, sometimes cold, sometimes sad and sometimes glad. But always I was content to be just where I was, always consoled by my experience.

Every day I flew from "somewhere to somewhere," visiting different areas and different units. I went to every hospital that it was possible for me to visit, went from bed to bed and had a word or two with every boy.

Some boys wanted me to write to their families saying that they were getting on well, and I promised to do so. The boys were courageous and cheerful. The convalescents were anxious to rejoin their units. America's war effort is stupendously successful, and one of its outstanding phases, I think, is the care given to the sick and wounded.

The doctors in the service are among America's finest, and while the hospitals have no marble foyers or gift shops, nevertheless they equal in equipment and efficiency the best in our land. Some of these hospitals are of brick, some of cement blocks, and others of wood. They have been built by United States engineers and are in every way adequate.

In addition to general hospitals located outside of combat zones, there are field and evacuation hospitals nearer the front. In one, I met Colonel Riley of San Francisco, a brother of the Reverend Stanley Riley, an Army chaplain. I told Colonel Riley that I would strive through Vatican agencies to get some news of his brother.

An evacuation hospital is generally located in tents, "under canvas." Everything may be packed, transported and set up in another place within forty-eight hours. The large number of beds in a single hospital unit is amazing. St. Vincent's Hospital in New York has five hundred and fifty beds; covers nearly half a city block, and is nine stories in height. Overseas military hospitals of this size are moved about with the greatest ease. In Colonel Riley's evacuation hospital unit, there are facilities for six simultaneous operations.

I also visited a hospital conducted by a Massachusetts unit in which I have many friends. I had met them originally in Camp Blanding, Florida. Almost every place in North Africa is like Main Street in one's own home town.

Sometimes I have gone by myself to military cemeteries. I remember well my visit to the Hillside Cemetery near the city of Oran. Sometimes one sees many deaths with the same date on the grave markers, indicating groups that have died together in a battle or in a plane crash. I went from grave to grave and said prayers for all. In another cemetery, I was pleased to see a flower or two on every grave, and to learn from the chaplains that not one soldier had yet died in Africa without being buried with a religious service.

On more than one occasion, chaplains have risked their lives for men already dead. One chaplain led a squad of men to a plane crash on a narrow shelf of mountainside to extricate the bodies and afford them honored burial.

Somewhere in North Africa
March 16, 1943

My dear father: One of the things I had in mind to do when I left America, if it were possible, was to offer Mass at the grave of Father Falter, the first American chaplain killed in action in North Africa. I had met Father Falter at Camp Ord in California a few months before he went overseas. He is buried in Fedala, one of the places where American troops landed. Directly over Father Falter's grave, an altar had been erected on a platform. A large number of soldiers and sailors had been given permission to attend this Mass, which was to be offered not only for Father Falter but also for all the other soldiers and sailors buried in this cemetery.

In Nature's Cathedral

It was a beautiful, sunshiny day. For me, this was a most moving occasion, under the vault of a cloudless sky in nature's greatest cathedral with hundreds of birds singing during the Mass. Afterward, I spoke briefly and met personally all who were present. I asked for their names and home addresses. I intend to contact their relatives when I return and tell them that I saw their boys. Later, I went down to the place on the shore where Father Falter was killed.

That day, I had luncheon at the residence of Governor General Noguès, whom I had met with General Giraud. After luncheon, Madame Noguès, who is a daughter of the former French minister Delcassé, showed us through the house and the gardens. These gardens are really a riot of color.

During my stay in Rabat, I was a guest in the home of General Keyes, which General Patton had just left for his new command. It was a beautiful villa overlooking the sea. In war areas, one can be amid luxurious comforts one day and in mud or dust the next. One general, startled to find himself in one of these villas and enjoying it, said to me, "I won't put on a hair shirt until I have to."

In Casablanca, I was housed in the villa in which the President lived during the famous conference. I was shown to his room. The thought came to me that after this war there will be many rooms in which the President slept. In the darkness of early morning, I drove to the cathedral in Casablanca which, like other cathedrals and most other churches in Northwest Africa, is used by the American chaplains for their services. The bishops and priests of Algeria and Morocco are most hospitable. They express great edification at the way in which the American soldiers and sailors attend to their religious duties, and I am sure that the practice of religion by our men has helped them to understand our honest purpose.

The American troops, I was told, have been very helpful and generous with the missionaries. American gunfire damaged the Casablanca cathedral, and the contributions of American boys have paid for the repairs. We are destroying cities now, and paying dearly to do so, cities which we shall be called on later to pay to rebuild. There is a four-way cost: first, the cost of the guns and munitions necessary to destroy a city; secondly, the value of the destroyed city; thirdly, the cost of rebuilding the city; and fourthly, the heaviest toll of all—young lives.

I had a most interesting tour of the harbor of Casablanca. We saw the havoc wrought by a battleship and some cruisers under the command of Admiral Hewitt. It was strange and thrilling to hear from the admiral's lips the description of the battle in which our forces were victorious. One of the damaged vessels is the Jean Bart, a ship which at the time was one of the most powerful battleships afloat. There are holes through her sides, fore and aft, large enough for trains to enter. Ruins of other ships half sunken, or sunken with only mastheads visible, form a grotesque monument to the power of our fire. But now the blessing and the irony of it all! Americans and French are working together to clear the harbor, to salvage the ships, and to fight together.

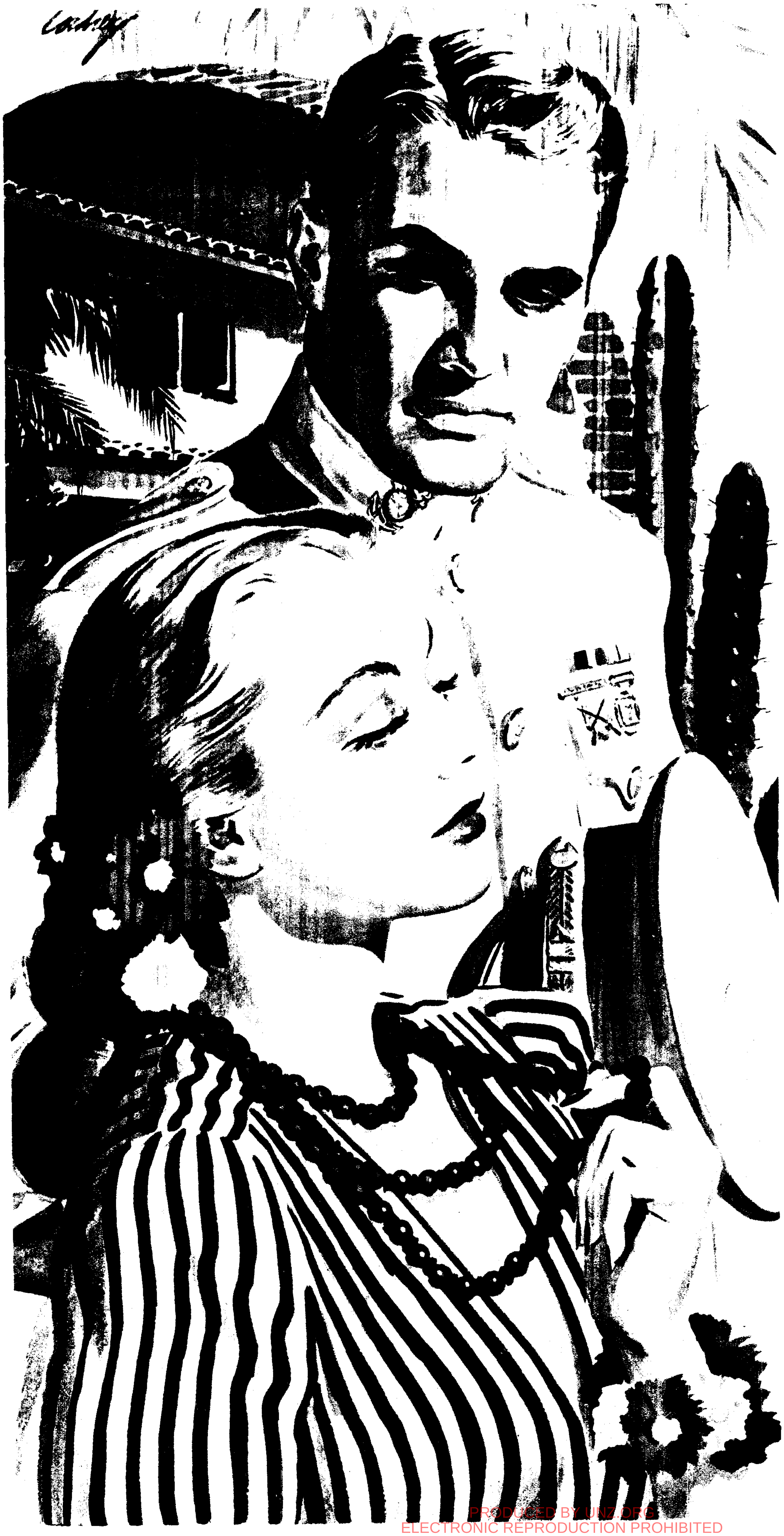
Crusade Against Barbarism

Somewhere in North Africa
March 18, 1943

My dear father: Always going places and always leaving them, always meeting people and always saying goodby! Life is a kaleidoscope and, frankly, for me over here, it is a disconcerting one. So many things are new to me. It is hard for me to experience war. It is hard for me to understand war, even though I know full well that America has been forced into this war; that she is engaged in it with the highest motives. As well as I can judge the American viewpoint, America is crusading even in the midst of the sordid barbarism of war. America really wants all people to have true liberty, happiness and prosperity, and now that her sons and daughters are all over the world, America is more interested, yes, mightily more interested in world affairs than ever before.

(Continued on page 34)

Archbishop Spellman in his travels to Army camps in this country and also abroad covered many a mile in jeeps



THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA

BY HARRY SYLVESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

The human spirit and the human heart—war or peace—these two carry a man on in his endless search for the meaning of life

HE REMEMBERED a lot of things. Principally, he supposed, he remembered the song. There was no reason his mind could give for this; the song's influence on him stemmed deeply to some source in his body, and someone other than himself might have been able to say why, but he himself had never even tried. He supposed he should never have gone to a college in the first place; most of the kids who went had no good reason for going, and he himself had gone only to play football. Certainly, he hadn't needed whatever they had given him at that particular school to do the work, a part of which he had just finished. In a way, anything the school had given him, or tried to give him, had maybe even hindered him in the work. Thought was still distasteful to him, as it had been since his wound, and now he spat thought out of him (spitting over the rail of the transport that was now a kind of hospital ship) and turned to see if any of the nurses he knew were near by and not busy.

None of them fulfilled both these conditions, and he turned to look at the sea again. It made for a complication, anyway, he consoled himself, to have all the nurses commissioned now, outranking even his own new grade of chief warrant marine gunner. They had raised him pretty slowly, he thought without anger, considering he had a college degree and had been in the Marines since before the war. The last raise had been bought—quite literally, he could think—with blood.

HE CHANGED his mind again. What he had got at the school, but not in the classroom, *had* helped in the work. No man could play guard in big-time football and not evolve—if he had not possessed it already in the beginning—a certain ruthlessness, an indifference to not only his own, but others' pain. Well, well, he said to himself, again tiring of thought, you are certainly a philosophical little so-and-so, aren't you? It would do your old profs a world of good to see how much a little danger and killing has done for your soul or your mind or something.

He had never liked the teachers, then, and he did not know but that he did not like them now. There existed—he had seen it, then—a disparity between their thought and their deed. In their minds they lived on such a high and good plane—he conceded that even now—but actually there was much injustice in the way they ran the school and even administered its discipline.

He remembered Brother Carley—who was president of the school now—as the prefect of discipline, and how the great tall man, seeing a group at some movie in the recreation hall making a little too much noise, would swoop down upon them, striking out with great hands at the scattering young men, bloodying noses and driving them before him. In a prep school, maybe, it was needed, but not in a college, he could think now.

Bloody Hugh of the Red Hand, someone had christened Brother Carley; and now they had made him the president of the college. He sighed, surprised that he knew no anger. Such injustices seemed petty and almost amusing after the long injustices a man witnessed in combat.

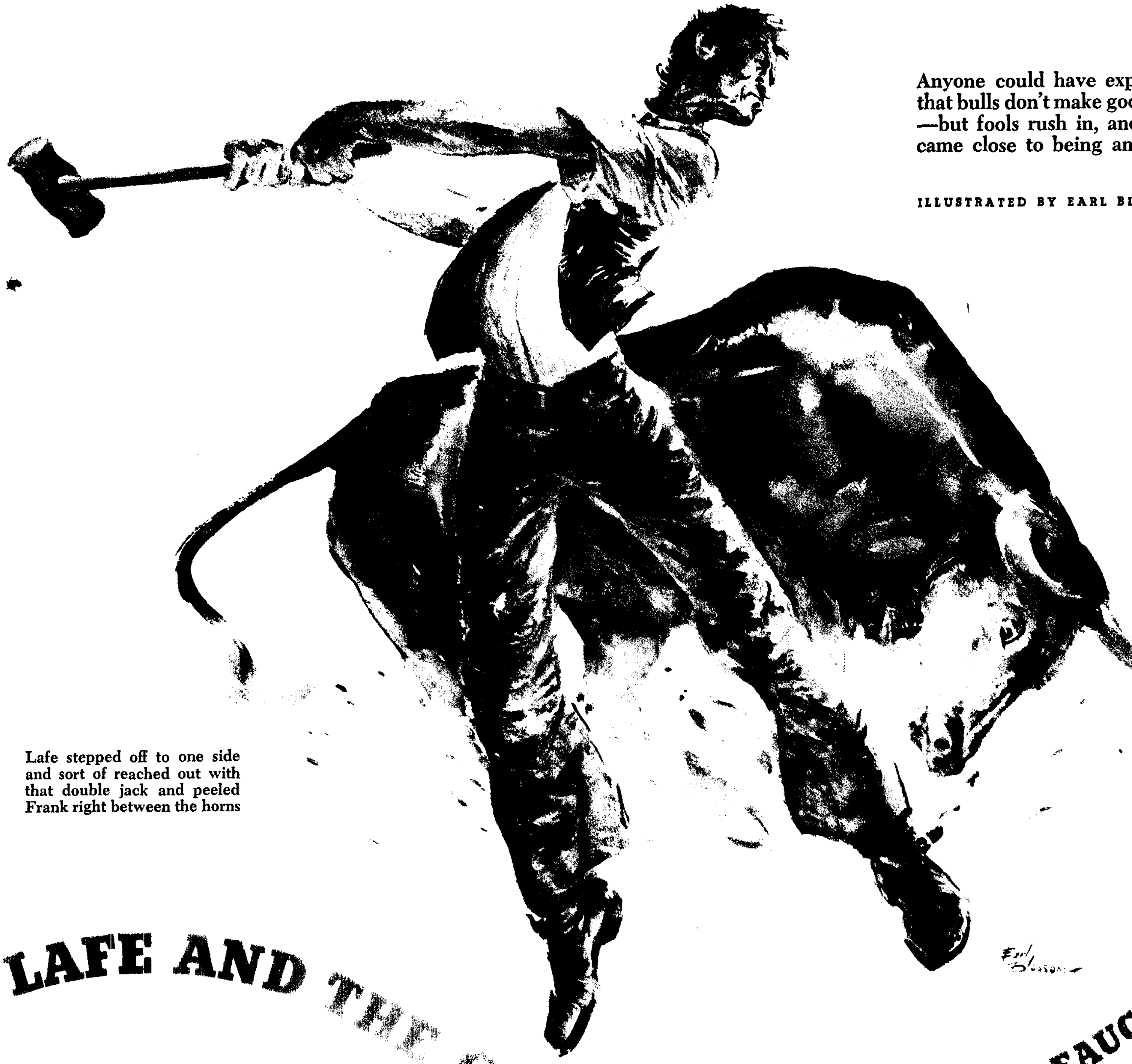
Hearing, down the deck, the sound of morning inspection approaching, he straightened up from the rail and gave a quick, casual glance to see how close they were to him. In that sun, the white uniforms of the medical officers seemed to give off a glare or a light, even under the awnings. The little cloud of nurses and hospital-corps men that hovered

(Continued on page 73)

"It must have been very bad there on the island to make you frightened, Linus," said Felice. "No better or worse than a lot of other places," he said

Anyone could have explained that bulls don't make good pets—but fools rush in, and Lafe came close to being an angel

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM



Lafe stepped off to one side and sort of reached out with that double jack and peeled Frank right between the horns

LAFE AND THE GENTLE BULL

BY D. D. BEAUCHAMP

THERE'S some things in life a man shouldn't ever expect, and one of them is that he could live around the Pardees for any length of time in what you might call comparative peace and quiet. Of course, with Frank and Babe and Dave gone off to the Army that was three chances out of five gone that you might get into trouble; but when the two chances left was Lafe and the old man you still had pretty good chances.

I'd swore a solemn oath once I'd never go near their place again after Lafe liked to have killed him and me both trying to dynamite a bear. The way it turned out though, all they done, him and the bear between them, was to blow half the house to hell and gone, and blast a hole in the ground that uncovered one of the prettiest deposits of copper and lead I ever laid eyes on.

That was where I got roped in. Neither Lafe or the old man knowed any more about mining than they did about anything else, except maybe hunting and fishing. I'd been in the business for maybe thirty years, and when they offered me a job as superintendent of the Slow Fuse Number One I took it. That's how I happened to be there when Lafe bought the bull.

In a way, I suppose, it was them danged dogs of Lafe's that was responsible. After all a man don't expect to get bit by his own dog, and that's what happened to Lafe. It sort of disillusioned him, so to speak.

What happened was Lafe had volunteered his pack of bear dogs for sentry duty with the Armed Forces, and the Army had took them to a training camp a hundred miles or so up north from where we was to teach them to commit mayhem and murder. We had the mine going along smooth by then, with plenty of ore in the bins, and the mill installed, and I reckon Lafe got sort of restless without anything violent going on. All I know is he come out one day with the pick-up and said he was going up north to visit his dogs, and I knowed right then there'd be trouble before it was all over and done with.

I was standing out in front of the cook shack the day he come back. I saw him when he was a half mile away and I knowed it was Lafe because there's nobody else on earth can drive as bad as Lafe can. All I seen at first was a cloud of dust, and after a minute I seen the pick-up, and then I seen the trailer. Lafe hadn't had a trailer when he'd started out, and I knowed right then it was bad. Jefferson, I can remember thinking, considering what you know about the Pardees, and especially Lafe, this might be a right good time for you to pack your bed roll, and light out, and send in your resignation by mail, before that darned fool gets here with whatever he might be towin'.

I didn't do it though. I stood there like a man that maybe had good sense, and watched Lafe pull into the yard and come to a stop. Then I walked on down there.

"Good trip, Lafe?" I said.

"Middlin'," Lafe said.

I kept on walking. I walked on around back of the pick-up and climbed up on a wheel of the trailer to see what I could see. Well, it was a little bit of a shock. Considering it was Lafe I knowed it'd be something far fetched, but even knowing that, it sort of set me back on my heels, because what I seen was one of the biggest and nastiest-looking bulls I ever laid eyes on. He was about half the size of a General Sherman tank, and whoever owned him before had sort of neglected to dehorn him. He rolled his eyes up at me and grunted, and my hair riz so it moved my hat.

I got down off the wheel, and walked up to the front end of the pick-up and said, "Lafe, you figurin' on goin' in the stock-raisin' business?"

"Not exactly," Lafe said.

(Continued on page 79)

NOBODY LIVES FOREVER

BY W. R. BURNETT

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

"DOC" GANSON, a veteran con man and hophead, is broke in Los Angeles. He hears that a wealthy widow from Minneapolis is at the Marwood Arms, an exclusive local hotel, and that she is lonesome, bored, unhappy.

After discussing the plight of the widow with some of his pals—"Shake" Thomas, "Windy" Mather, "Pop" Gruber (all likewise in financial straits)—Doc approaches a clever crook named Jim Farrar and suggests that Farrar (who has smoothly swindled scores of "suckers") scrape an acquaintance with the widow—Mrs. Gladys Halvorsen—win her love, get what he can from her and split with his friends.

At the time, Farrar lives with his lawyer—"Johnny the Priest" Doyle—in a swanky beach house. At first he will not listen to Doc's proposition; he has lost interest in "the game" and he dislikes the idea of fleecing a woman. But, persuaded by Doyle and by Tony Blackburn, his girl friend, he agrees to co-operate to the best of his ability, which is considerable. Then he sets to work.

He takes a suite at the Marwood Arms, where, as James Lloyd, a wealthy oil man from Texas, he advances cautiously on his quarry. After having obtained a proper introduction to Mrs. Halvorsen, he invites her down to the house at Junta Beach (where, incidentally, he has cached seventy-five thousand dollars to use, if necessary, for a quick getaway). Her day there is delightful; she is charmed by Farrar's amusing chatter. After this, the rest is easy. But the big man goes further than he had intended. In spite of his best intentions, he eventually finds himself married to his victim, honeymooning in Mexico!

Farrar is anything but a happy husband. He feels that he has been forced into the marriage by the widow, who, madly in love with him, had threatened to leave Los Angeles if he didn't ask her to become his wife. And then there is Tony Blackburn!

Tony is a decidedly lively—somewhat primitive—young woman. Farrar is infatuated with her, and she regards him as her property. What, he wonders, will Tony say—what will she do—when she learns he has actually *married* the rich widow? And what will be the reaction of the others who were to have been in on the "take"?

In the Mexican village where they are staying, Farrar is restless. He fears that this patrician lady he has married may learn about his past—a thoroughly bad one. He fears that Doc Ganson (who hates him) will demand a larger share when he hears of the marriage. As they drive back toward the border, he wonders if it might not be possible to keep the marriage a secret. But Gladys, his wife, turns to him and says she can hardly wait to announce it.

III

JIM was pretty sure if he suggested keeping their marriage a secret Gladys might suspect something; and it was much too early for that. Later, when he'd got some of her money nicely cornered, it wouldn't matter so much.

Jim suddenly made up his mind: he'd play it straight in regard to Gladys, ignoring Doc. Now he felt better. Settling down in the seat more comfortably he began to talk to Gladys, telling her about horse racing in Florida and its many ramifications, which he knew only too well. Gladys was delighted and sighed with relief. He was talking to her, paying some attention to her, being interesting for her benefit; his preoccupation had entirely disappeared.

But while they were going through the boring customs routine at the border, Jim lapsed into silence again, thinking about Tony. Another headache! If he wasn't such a chump over her this would be the time for the brush-off. He was fixed for life, providing he wanted to play it that way. With a little effort he could make himself indispensable to Gladys, a lonely, credulous, inexperienced woman. But there were other things in the world besides security: something which had never been much in Jim's thoughts. He needed Tony. Why—was another matter, and he didn't go into it very deeply. He only knew that for the first time in his whole life he actually needed a specific human being.

In spite of the fact that he had many times defended Tony against Johnny's slurs, he knew in his heart that she was a wrong one, that she didn't love him in the accepted sense of that term, and that if the going got too tough it was possible she'd sell him out. He wasn't a self-deluded chump. He was just up against something that was too much for him. . . .

Johnny was standing at the bar, having a drink, when Jim came in. The little lawyer looked pale and jittery, and, when he turned, his smile seemed forced.

"They here?" asked Jim, jerking his head toward the private room.

"Yeah," said Johnny, "and they've all got the jimjams. I'm getting so I can't stand hungry guys. You've spoiled me."

"You don't look so good yourself."

"Why should I? Carrying over thirty Gs in cash around with me. I almost brought along a heater—but talked myself out of it."

"That would've been bright."

"I can't help it. I'm nervous. Say—for Pete's sake, Jim—wise me up. What's happening?"

"How's Tony?"

Johnny hesitated for a split second, shifted his weight, then took a sip from his drink. "She's all right. But I've been having trouble with her."

"What kind?"

"I had to pull a frame so I could get my hands on this dough without her being around. I asked her to come in town and have a drink with me. Then I stood her up. I called the place where I was to meet her; she'd already left. Darned if she don't waltz back to the beach before I can get out. But I had the dough in my pocket. I sure had some explaining to do. She didn't believe a word I said."

"Is she on the warpath?"

"About you? Yes."

"I'll drive down after a while."

The bar was deserted except for the bartender and a couple sitting in a dark corner booth. Jim ordered a shot of bourbon, and threw it down with a quick movement.

Johnny kept staring at him anxiously. "Please, Jim. Let me in on the play. I haven't had a decent night's sleep in a week."

"Brace yourself," said Jim. "Don't yell. Mrs. Halvorsen is now Mrs. Jim Lloyd."

Johnny's hand gave a jerk. His highball glass slipped from his fingers and smashed on the floor. The bartender glanced up from the end of the bar, grinned.

"Bring him another drink," said Jim, "and put the glass on my bill. I'll have another one, too."

When the bartender came with the drinks, Johnny said, "My hands are sweaty. It slipped. Lord, it's a hot night."

"I didn't know my liquor had that kind of kick," laughed the bartender, a big tough-looking Irishman, "jumping out of a guy's hand."

HE WENT back to his newspaper, chuckling at his own wit.

"On the square?" Johnny demanded, as soon as the bartender was out of earshot.

"Yeah," said Jim. "On the square. I'm going to pay these has-beens off with my own dough. It's too early yet for me to make any kind of a take; and I want them out of the way."

Johnny pondered. "Doc won't like it. He'll try to cut in if he finds out you married her."

"We'll worry about that when we get to it. I may get rid of him before he finds out."

"You'll never get rid of him. I know that guy," said Johnny, taking a long pull from his glass. "He's an A-Number-One skunk."

"A lot of guys used to be afraid of Doc. I never was. He knows it and it gripes him. If he's wise, he won't push me."

Johnny turned to look at Jim. The big fellow's habitual expression of lazy good nature had disappeared: his face looked leaner, harder—dangerous. It was the face of the Jim Farrar, who, that night in the crowded Casino, had taken the gun away from Fargo—a coked-up Chicago hoodlum: not only that; he'd further humiliated him by walking him Spanish through the jammed night club and throwing him out in the alley.

It was only at times that Johnny remembered what a tough boy Jim actually was. He was too used to him; too conscious of the big fellow's weaknesses. The little lawyer was like an animal trainer who yawns in the face of a panther: not out of bravery, merely out of overfamiliarity. Johnny paled slightly—thinking about Tony. The little bum. How he wished he'd never brought her on from Phoenix.

"Come on," said Jim. "Let's pay off the jackals."

Jim turned and started back toward the private room. Johnny grinned weakly at the bartender.

"Send us back a round, Clancy. It's all to go on Mr. Lloyd's bill."

When Jim opened the door of the private room, he found Shake, Windy, Pop, and Doc sitting round the table in tense silence. They all looked up eagerly, almost pleadingly—except Doc. He was sitting with his arms folded, his hat tilted over his eyes, and a thin smile of superiority on his grim mouth.

"Hello, boys," said Jim, taking off his hat and sitting down.

Shake, Windy and Pop nodded and smiled and spoke to him all together, like a bunch of school kids greeting the teacher. Doc merely pushed his hat back and put a cigarette in his mouth. His eyes had an unnatural brightness. Johnny glanced at him uneasily.

"Well, Mr. Farrar," said Shake with a placid smile, "I understand you scored."

Johnny held up his hand. "Hold it. Some drinks coming."

In a few minutes a waiter brought their drinks. As soon as he'd gone, Jim said, "Yes, boys: I scored. Now Mr. Doyle's going to pay you off according to my instructions."

"I believe we've got an agreement," said Doc, mildly.

"We have," said Jim, "and I'm abiding by it—naturally."

"A guy can always trust you," said Doc with gentle irony, which was missed by Shake, Windy and Pop, who were hungry for their cuts. But Johnny glanced at Jim in trepidation. Why was it that junkies were never satisfied till they got their ears slapped down? Jim ignored Doc.

Johnny took out four packages of bank notes, consulted the notation on each wrapper, then distributed them. Pop's old hands were shaking so that he could just barely control them. For a moment his cut lay before him on the table, untouched. Windy seized his at once and tore off the wrapper with a yell of triumph. Shake sat holding his package carefully before him, staring at it incredulously; two tears sprang to his eyes and ran slowly down his pale, fat cheeks; he took out a dirty handkerchief and blew his nose as if it were a bugle. Doc picked up his money without looking at it and slipped it carelessly into his coat pocket.

"Pop," said Jim, "you'll find twenty-five hundred dollars in your package. I told you I'd take care of you. The rest of you'll find ten Gs each, minus one third of five hundred. The cut you promised Pop. Everybody satisfied?"

"You bet," said Shake in a stifled voice, then he blew his nose again.

"Thanks, Mr. Farrar, thanks," faltered Pop, happy in a way; but also, now that he knew the exact amount, a little disappointed. In his daydreams he'd convinced himself that he'd get a full share: ten Gs. After all, twenty-five hundred really wasn't very much dough. He looked at the others with envy.

WINDY was wildly counting his money, riffling it with a dirty forefinger which he kept moistening with his tongue. Suddenly he glanced up, coming to himself. He thought the big fellow was looking at him with marked disapproval.

"It's not that I think it ain't all here," he stammered, grinning ingratiatingly at Jim. "It's just that I like to count it. I never seen so much money all in one hunk before. Excuse me, Mr. Farrar."

Jim glanced around at them, fighting down a growing distaste, then he got up. Johnny quickly followed suit, anxious to be gone.

"You satisfied, too, Doc?" asked Jim.

"Certainly, certainly," said Doc, readily. "An agreement's an agreement. Only I'd like to see you for a minute alone, Farrar. Just a little private matter. Nothing to do with this dough."

Shake, Windy and Pop all turned to look at Doc, wondering what was up. Johnny glanced at Jim, saw his face harden, knocked wood unobtrusively, and hoped for the best.

Jim glanced at his watch. "All right, Doc. I got a couple of minutes."

"Thanks," said the little doctor, with mock graciousness.

The others started to file out, looking back.

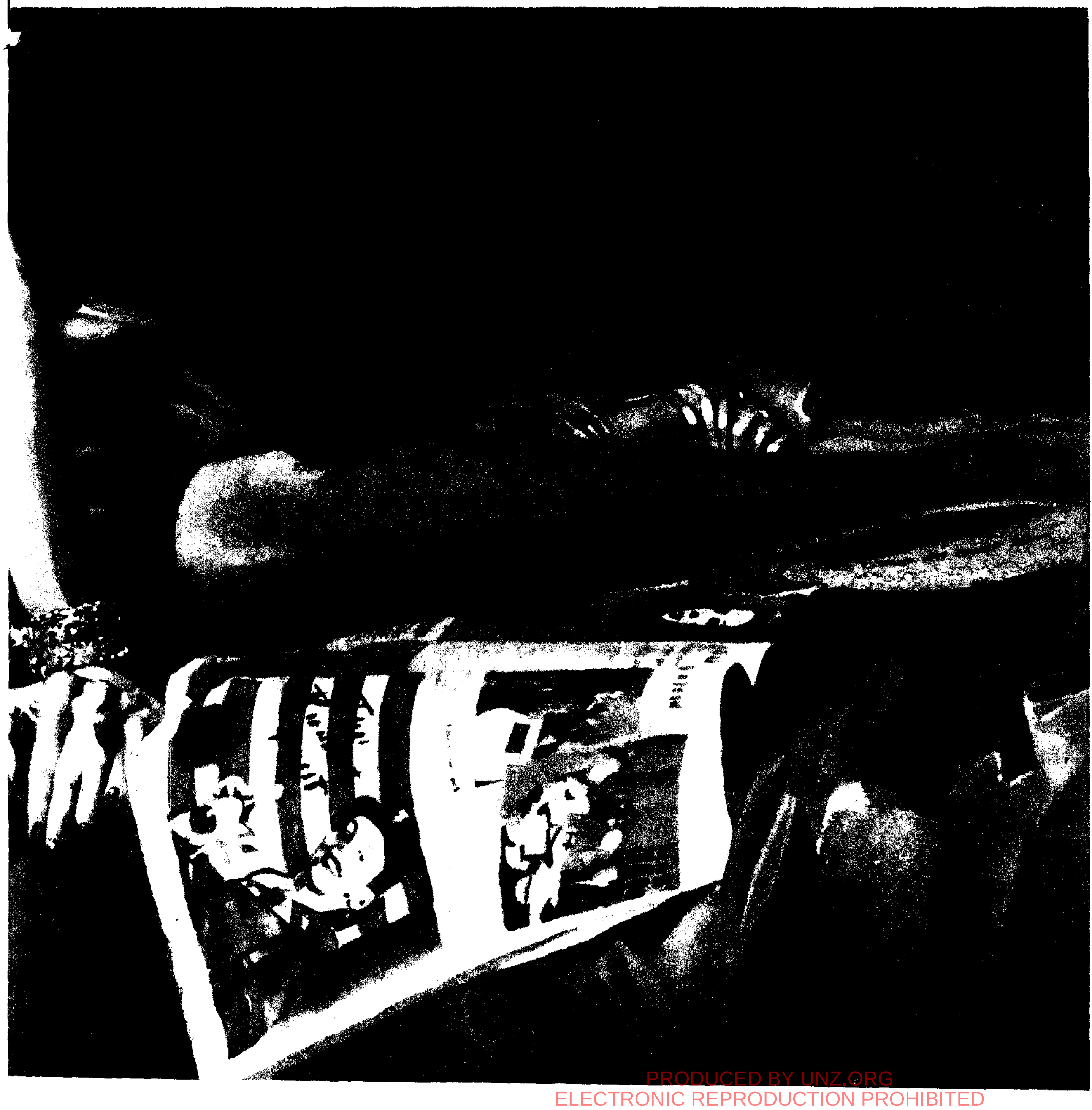
"We'll wait outside, Doc," said Shake.

Doc nodded. Johnny herded them out, then turned to Jim. "I'll look after them."

"Okay," said Jim. "I'll be right with you."

Johnny glanced from Jim to Doc, then

(Continued on page 42)



Tony tossed the magazine aside. "I understand from your pal, Johnny, that you had to go to Mexico on business," she said. "Well—it's all right by me. With little Tony on your hands you're going to need a million dollars"

Terpsichore and old lace

The famous cancan girls at Maxim's, with Lubov Roudenko, danseuse, being coy at the right. The lady with the legs is Lisette Verea. Miss V is not customarily headless—the face, as a matter of fact, is a good match for the legs. Below: Bathing girls in the 1907 manner complete with pantaloons. They sing, too

BROADWAY dug deep into the old theatrical trunk this season and came up with several bits of scented lace. One piece is Franz Lehar's The Merry Widow, a story of an oil-rich widow on the loose in Paris. Like the other bits of old lace, The Widow is a sellout.

Thirty years ago, audiences worried whether pure-hearted Prince Danilo or the wax-mustachioed mercenaries would win the widow in the end. But no more. Today, the audience laughs at the widow's merry dalliances and thoroughly enjoys itself. Broadway goes to see The Merry Widow for the same reason that Aunt Jen spends rainy afternoons reading yellowed letters: nostalgia. Broadway goes to hear the stringed strains of Viennese waltzes, the roaring cadences of military songs, to see the hobble skirts and saucy flirtations and picture hats and the loose garters adjusted by trembling swains. Nightly at the Majestic Theater, the uniforms in the audience fade as the house lights die, and the frilly petticoats of the girls at Maxim's come to life in the naughty cancan.

There are bosomy belles named Clo-Clo, Frou-Frou, Lo-Lo and Do-Do. They wear high, buttoned shoes and frilly, voluminous skirts. There is enough silk in the ancient bathing suits to satisfy a nervous paratrooper. Jan Kiepura, Polish tenor, is a tone-rich Prince Danilo. His wife, Marta Eggerth, is the oil-rich widow, Sonia Sadoya. Melville Cooper is an uninhibited Popoff. Down in the pit is Robert Stolz, conductor. Under his tender fingers, The Merry Widow and her music come to life. He alone can bridge the long gap in the playing of this operetta. For he conducted it first, in Vienna, in 1905, and nightly he breathes life into it anew.

It's corny. It's schmaltzy. It's lovely. ★★★

Left: This is the way Merry Widow waltzing is done. Gentlemen of the chorus twirl the ladies of the ensemble around a pink-and-blue stage. Old-timers in the audience hum with the orchestra and hark back to the days prewar, prespeakeasy and prespeed. The pretty girl dancing in the foreground is Milada Mladova

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KARGER-PIX

BLOODY SALERNO

Radioed by Quentin Reynolds

Four times the Luftwaffe came over the seven hundred Allied ships riding the tide off Salerno. They came at night, and the biggest ships shuddered in spray as the Nazi 88s whammed from the hills. It was pure, unpretty hell, and at dawn nothing could surprise General Mark Clark—not even the Axis sub coming toward him only a hundred yards away

INTERNATIONAL

On the feet-pocked sands at Salerno, units of Mark Clark's Fifth Army set up antiaircraft guns. That night, the Luftwaffe attacked these men, and the 700 ships in the bay behind them, four times

INTERNATIONAL

An Italian submarine draws close to a big United States ship to surrender. The crew is on deck. Reynolds went aboard an Eyetie submarine off Salerno

IN THE language of war, it was now H plus 15 on D day. To use language more understandable, this was the day we invaded the Naples area, and our assault troops had landed fifteen hours before. It was 6:30 now, and the air was soft and the skies clear, except when the raiders came, and then the sky was pockmarked with ugly black puffs where our antiaircraft shells were exploding. Either our aim was bad or the German planes were very good at evasive tactics, for, although they had already been over us five times, we had not been granted the fine sight of a single Hun plane plunging seaward in flames.

Their bombs had come very, very close to our control ship more than once. We lay there in the Bay of Salerno, a big fat ship so valuable to the success of the operation that four fighting ships had been especially assigned to protect us—if they could. We were the nerve center of the whole operation. Admiral Hewitt stayed on the bridge, directing the naval end of it, while General Mark Clark, commander of the Fifth Army, stayed in the operations room, talking by radio to his generals on the various beaches. Only by remaining here could he get the whole picture and thus shift his reserves to where they were needed. He was desperately anxious to get ashore with his staff, but up to now it had been impossible to set up a headquarters, with its complicated communications system, on land.

The main force of the American division had been forced to delay its landing because a large minefield had been discovered in shallow water just off the beaches. The assault forces of the Americans had landed right on schedule, but they had gone onto the beaches on small LCIs (Landing Craft Infantry), which slid right over the mines. The big LSTs (Landing Ship Tanks), with tanks, ammunition, antitank guns and supplies, had to wait until a fairly wide channel was cleared.

Meanwhile, the boys on shore were taking it. They had dug themselves in and were merely trying to keep alive. You can't do much against tanks and 88s that are firmly entrenched in high ground, with your little Tommy guns and rifles and hand grenades.

Now, finally, the minefield had been cleared and from the port deck we watched the long line of big ships go shoreward and we breathed easier. Within an hour our lovely antitank guns would be set up on the beach; our ack-ack guns would be pointing their noses skyward; our portable hospitals would be in operation, and the kids on shore would at least have a reasonable chance of survival. The first rule of an invasion is "Establish your bridgehead." Until you have done that, you can't attack.

The night fell over the bay and the whole 24-mile field of operations as suddenly as though someone had dropped a blanket from above. It is like that here in the Mediterranean. There is very little dusk, but why this is I have no idea.

We forgot the operation for one brief hour while we had dinner. We had soup, steak smothered with onions, French fried potatoes and apple pie. It was the best meal I'd had in six months. The cheerful Negro mess boys, supremely unconscious of danger, joked among themselves and confidentially urged "seconds" on us. I had five cups of American coffee and became an object of awed interest to the mess boys. They didn't know about the coffee made of acorns I had had in Russia for months, or the French coffee made out of God-knows-what I had had in Sicily the past two months. American coffee is the best in the world and I will very gladly fight anyone at any time who thinks differently.

After dinner we listened to the news on the radio. We heard that the Italian fleet was surrendering. Then BBC came on with the news of our operation. The announcer hadn't said a dozen words when the alert screeched through the ship. Once again they were here. But we waited to hear the last of the news.

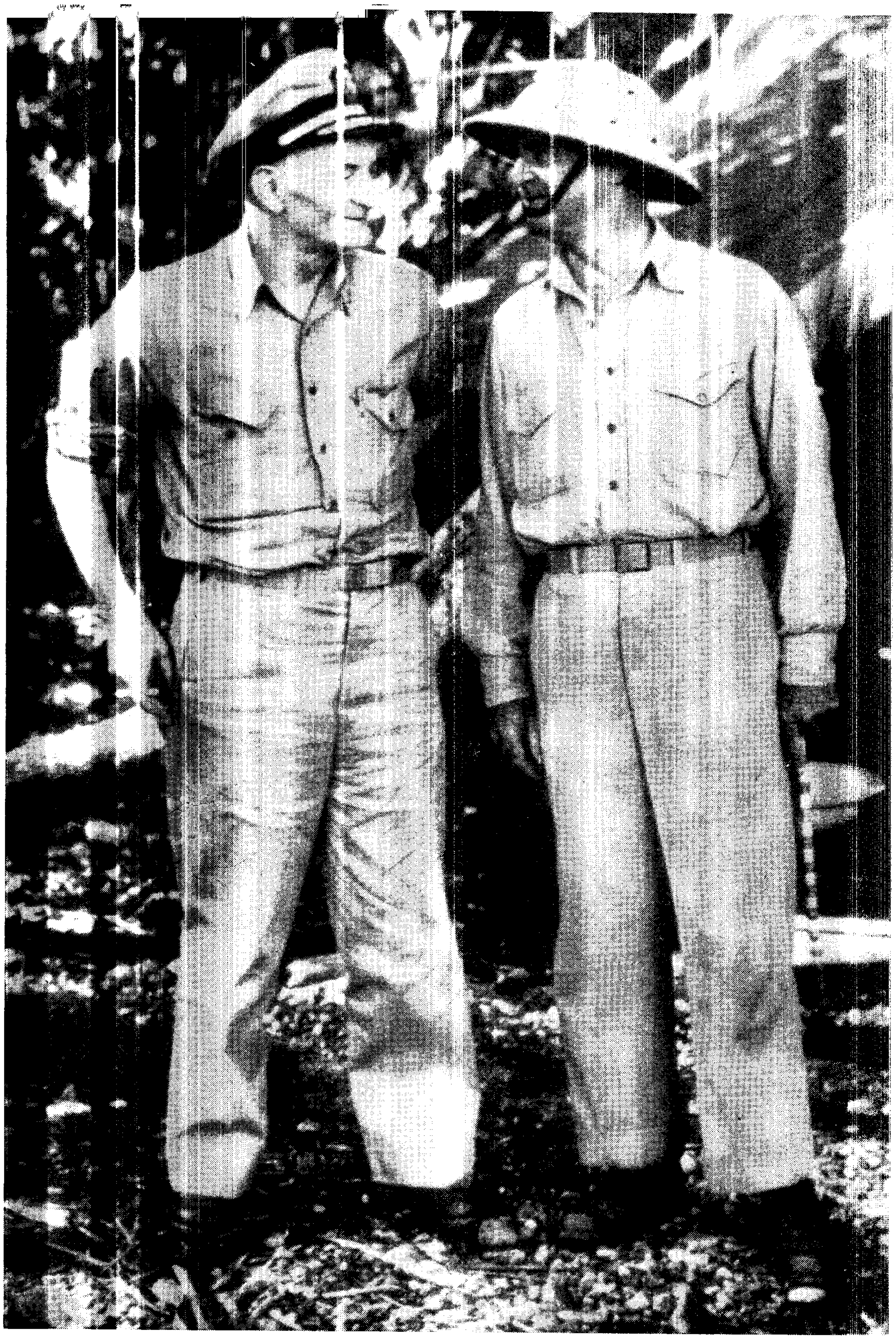
"On the whole," the smug voice from the loudspeaker said, "the operation in the Bay of Salerno is going according to plan. There is some opposition, but our men have landed and bridgeheads have been established. It may be another day before all opposition is . . ." The ship lurched. "Our air cover is keeping the Luftwaffe away and . . ."

The ship shook as though some playful undersea giant had pushed it. The ship shuddered. The ship trembled and our ears rang with the concussion of a bomb that had fallen close. Then our guns spat angrily into the void of the night. A British pilot who had bailed out that afternoon, and *(Continued on page 83)*

NAVY AIR BOSS

BY KYLE CRICHTON

John Sidney McCain is no storybook admiral; the dignity of the service is the least of his worries. But he is tough and he gets results. As one of his aides put it: When nothing can be done, McCain does something



PRESS ASSOCIATI

Admiral McCain (left) talks things over with Lieutenant General A. A. Vandegrift, commander of the Marines on Guadalcanal, at an American base in the Solomons

AT FIRST glance, Vice Admiral John Sidney McCain, Deputy Chief of Naval Operations (Air), looks like a cowboy. His face is lined and weather-beaten; he is thin and wiry; he moves with the deceptive aimlessness of a man who is accustomed to being successful.

When interviewed, he looks quizzically at his questioner as if to ascertain the visitor's seriousness in asking such a momentous question. He drops his chin on his chest, closes his eyes fleetingly as his head drops and looks up at an angle, his lower jaw chewing briskly on nothing at all. His left eyebrow seems at least half an inch higher than his right and his words, coming from the subterranean portions of his being, are invariably illuminating and startling. Obviously, he has never minced a word in his life.

Admiral McCain is the boss of Navy aviation, a job he won by his work in the South Pacific around Guadalcanal. He took up flying in 1935 at the age of fifty-one and among the remarkable military leaders of our time, he belongs right up at the top.

When he reached Noumea in New Caledonia, shortly after Pearl Harbor, he had only one small job to do: help keep the Japs out of the islands north of Australia and keep the sea lanes clear from San Francisco to New Zealand. With him as a staff were Capt. M. B. (Matt) Gardner and Commander Frederick Funke, Jr., not a soul else for over a month, not even a yeoman to type reports for them. What they found in the way of fighting aircraft were eighteen Consolidated PBY flying boats and the Army with forty P-39s.

Under Divine Protection

"From a military point of view, it sometimes seems that we had a crust in just being there at all," says the admiral. "Had the Japanese come down in August with the power they showed in October or November, or even in September, I don't see how they could have lost. Why didn't they? I don't know. God was with us!"

They say of the admiral that he has two languages, English and profane. He is also the despair of all proper officers who fret about the dignity of the service. His uniforms have a disconcerting habit of creeping up his back with the intent of strangling him, and on the way to any formal function, he will invariably manage to get caught in the rain or be splashed by the residue from a gas-station hose.

But nobody was worrying about the sartorial McCain in those early days in the South Pacific. He was tough and undiscouraged and he inspired the few men he had to a course of work that literally threatened to kill them.

When asked what he considered to be Admiral McCain's outstanding characteristic, Captain Gardner thought a minute and then said, "When there isn't anything to be done, he's the kind of fellow who does something."

They were hanging on by their eyelashes, knowing that the Japs could come down and occupy the islands one by one, leave a small garrison to defend them and make it the work of months to get them off.

"Damned if I know why they didn't do it," says the admiral, with some bewilderment.

It was all right to pray for more planes and men and more dumbness by the Japanese, but in the meantime, preparations had to be made for reinforcements that might never come or might come too late.

They pored over maps, flew over hopeless-looking islands, scoured the territory for airfields and sea bases. What they needed most was a harbor and a base from which they could get at the Japs at Tulagi. They were attracted by a place called Espiritu Santo, which seemed pretty good from the maps. They went up to investigate and found, to their delight and amazement, the best harbor in all the South Pacific, a landlocked, mineable body of water capable of harboring hundreds of ships. But when they wanted to build an airfield on the island, the higher command at Auckland said nothing doing—until July 12th.

In the meantime, they were keeping an eye on the Japs in the Solomons and particularly on the airfield the Japs were building on Guadalcanal.

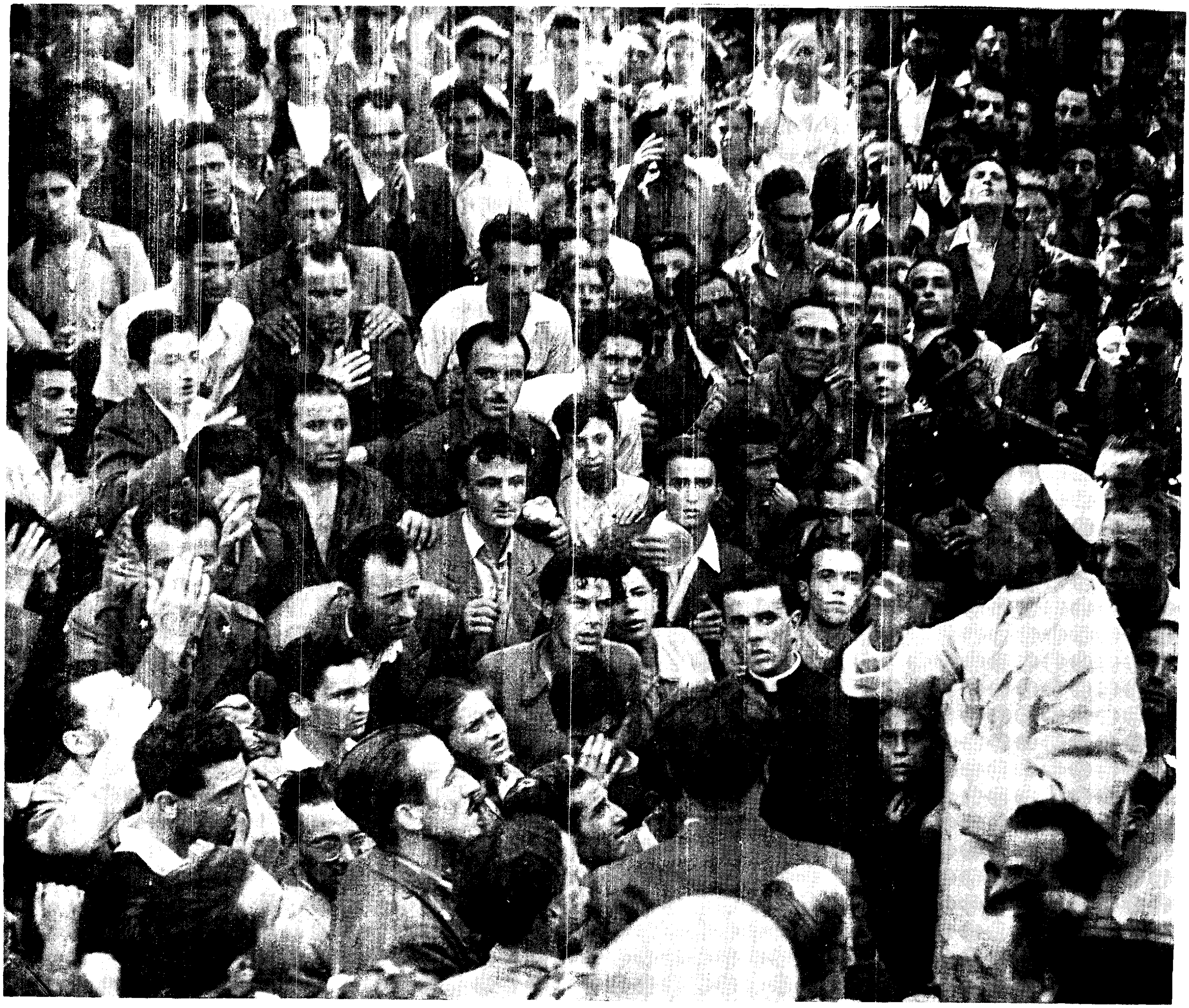
"The date set for the attack on Guadalcanal was August seventh," says the admiral. "We'd send up our scout planes, and they'd bring us back photographs of the progress of the airfield. It was nip and tuck whether they'd finish the field and occupy it before we could move in. As a matter of fact, there was about two days' more work on the field when we did move in."

Not until the history of the war is written will it be known how close we came to getting driven out of Guadalcanal. The Japs could have done it by coming down in force, but even their minor efforts were tough enough, a hundred Zeros at a time being faced by far smaller groups of our planes.

"Our fliers from all branches—Army, Navy and Marines—went up there and shot them down," says the admiral. "Those young pilots took a beating unequaled in the annals of war. Without relief, they fought day after day, night after night, for weeks."

The toughest job was getting in supplies and there were dozens of instances of heroism in the Navy in that work. In the early stages of the invasion, the planes at Henderson Field were running short of fuel, mainly due to losses of stored gasoline from enemy bombing. It was finish for the Marines if the Japs ever got control of the air. It was absolutely necessary to get aviation gasoline in there in a hurry and there were no fast tankers or cargo ships available for the job.

"We held a conference with the commanding officers of the small seaplane tenders," says the admiral. "They were converted from old four-stack destroyers, leftovers from the first World War. We *(Continued on page 24)*



ROME'S BLACK MONDAY

These photos are more than technically good; they are historic. They are rare, not less for the picturization of the Italian mass fright than for the Pontiff alone in a mob

AT ELEVEN o'clock on the morning of Monday, July 19th, Rome's 1,200,000 persons bent themselves to their new week's tasks after a warm week end. Wash was strung on clotheslines. Babies were sunned in parks. Betasseled Fascist officers exchanged salutes with dour Nazis. Everyone wondered how the Sicilian campaign was going. Far to the north, Mussolini stepped off a train, hunched in his fat stomach, and smiled a greeting to his master.

At 11:20, Romans shaded their eyes against the yellow sun. The hum was growing louder in the north and it was beating against the ears and the windows and the sidewalks underfoot. They saw four-motored bombers. Big, lazy-looking dragonflies, a black cloud of them. At 11:23, Colonel Samuel Gormley, a blond Californian, was sitting in the bombardier compartment of the leading Fortress. He saw the curving streets and ancient churches in the cross hairs. Then they disappeared, and the shiny rails of the San Lorenzo freight yards came into his ken. He glued his face to the eyepiece and pressed his thumb against the little cable release.

The first 500-pound demolition bombs swam gracefully from the belly of the Fortress and curved down and down until they were lost to the eye. Then there was a slight jar, and a great exclamation point of black smoke, shot with orange flame, stood up from the yard. War had come to Rome.

Other Fortresses followed Gormley's. And soon the unhit buildings of northern Rome were rocking with the concussion, and a pale, spectacled man in the Vatican knelt on a prayer bench and murmured his fervent plea through the incessant drone of five hundred American planes and the splitting shock of thousands of explosions.

At noon, just as the bells of Rome's thousand churches tolled, a second wave of bombers passed over San Lorenzo. As the last one flew southward, a wave of big Liberators plastered the Littorio yards with 700,000 pounds of high explosive.

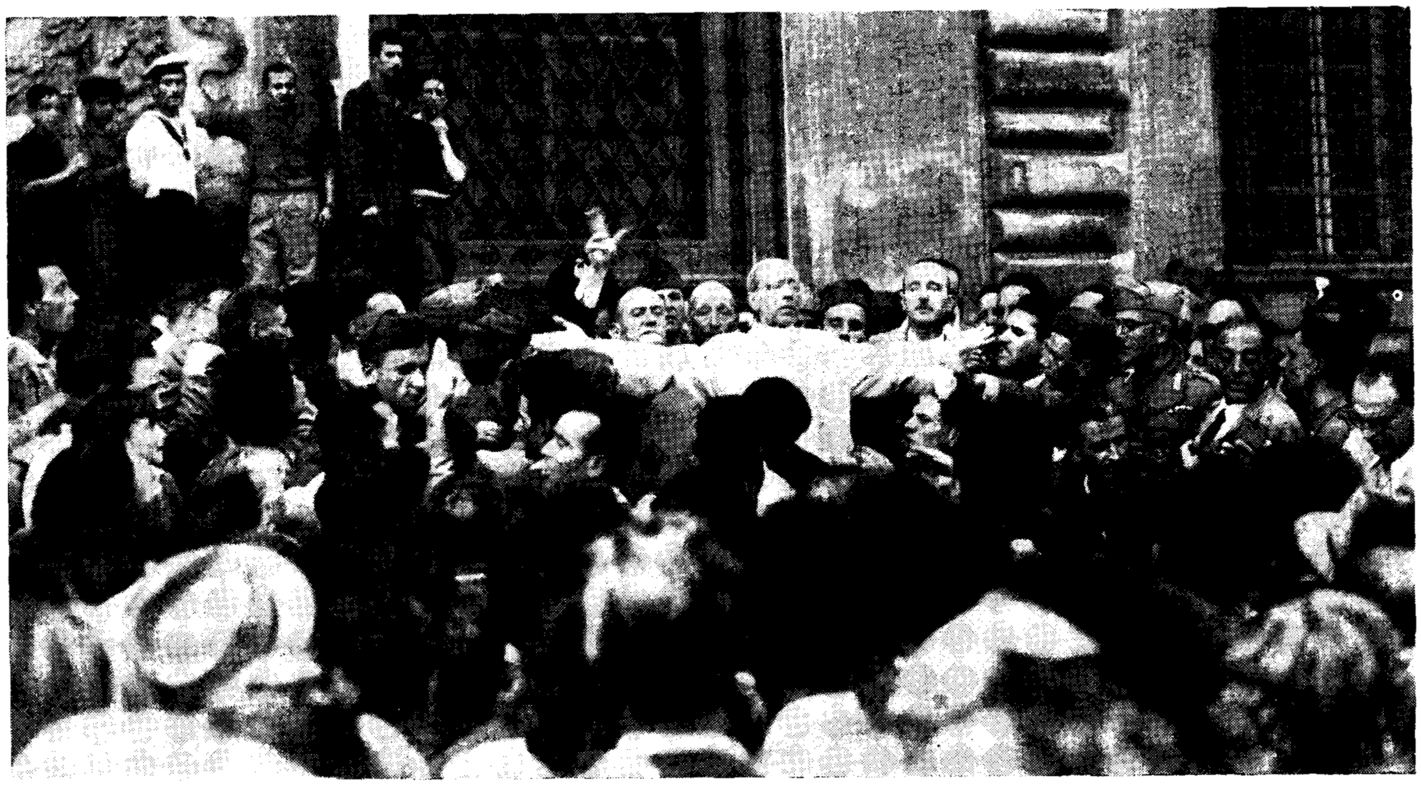
At 12:15, the people of Rome, great-eyed with fright, crouched in dank cellars and wept and prayed and stared slack-jawed at the incomprehensible fact that Rome was being bombed. At that moment, the medium Marauders and Mitchells whistled low across the rooftops and sped south to Ciampino airport, four miles away. High in the sky, twin-tailed Lightnings patrolled back and forth, looking for opposition.

It was done at 1:45 P. M. It was done, and so, in a sense, was Rome. People ran hysterically in the streets, looking for kin. Shouts and cries filled the air, and bands of people moved toward the smoke areas.

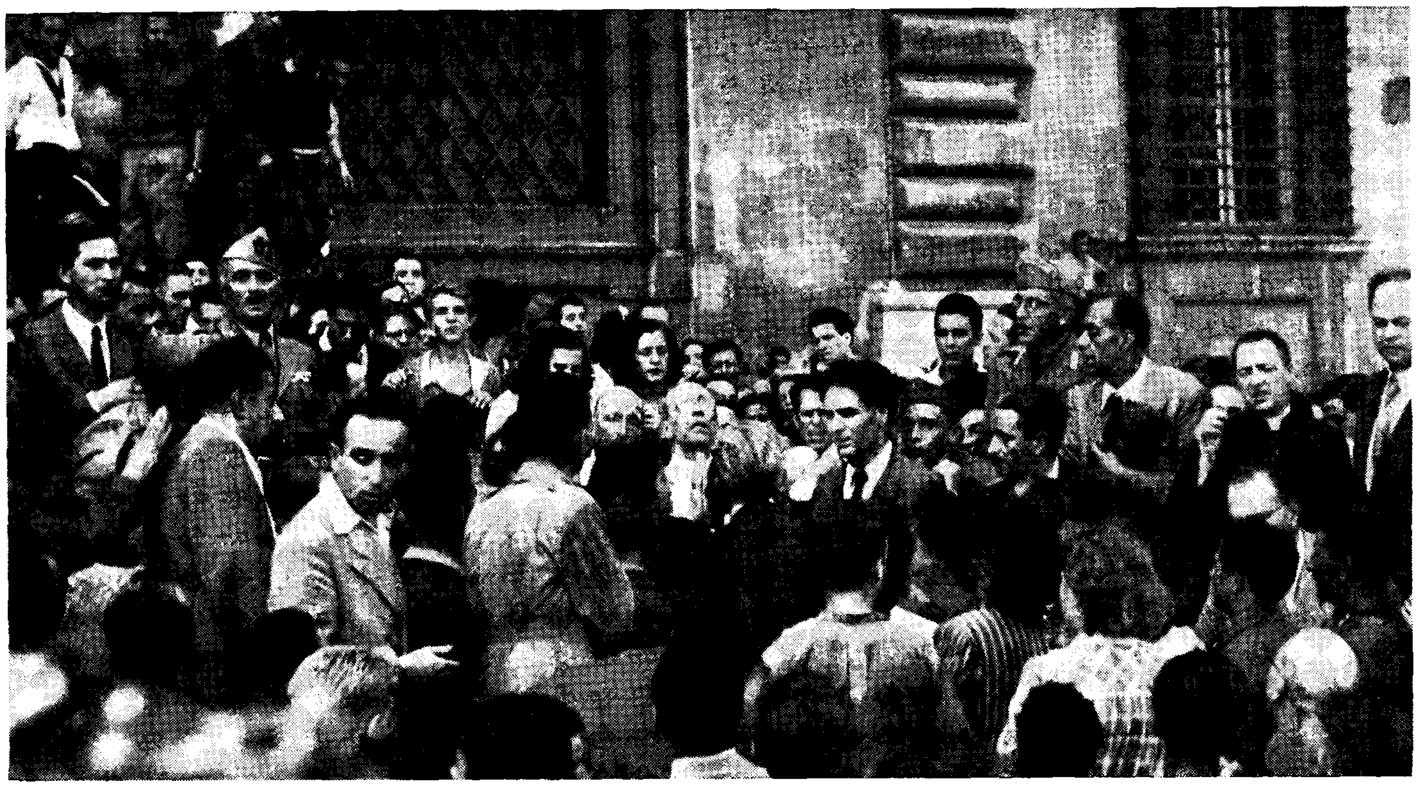
Then, above the bedlam, the shrill cry, "*Pax,*" was heard. It was then that the pale, ascetic Pope Pius XII left his prayer bench, got into his black limousine and left the Vatican to see the damage and to console Rome.

The abject fright of the people of Rome is clear in these photos. The effort of the Pope, his own heart weighted with worry, to bring order and reason to the mob, is also clear.

Two churches, both near freight yards, were hit. The nearest bomb to the Vatican was one that hit the Church of St. Mary of the Garden, 6,900 feet from the dome of St. Peter's. JAMES A. BISHOP



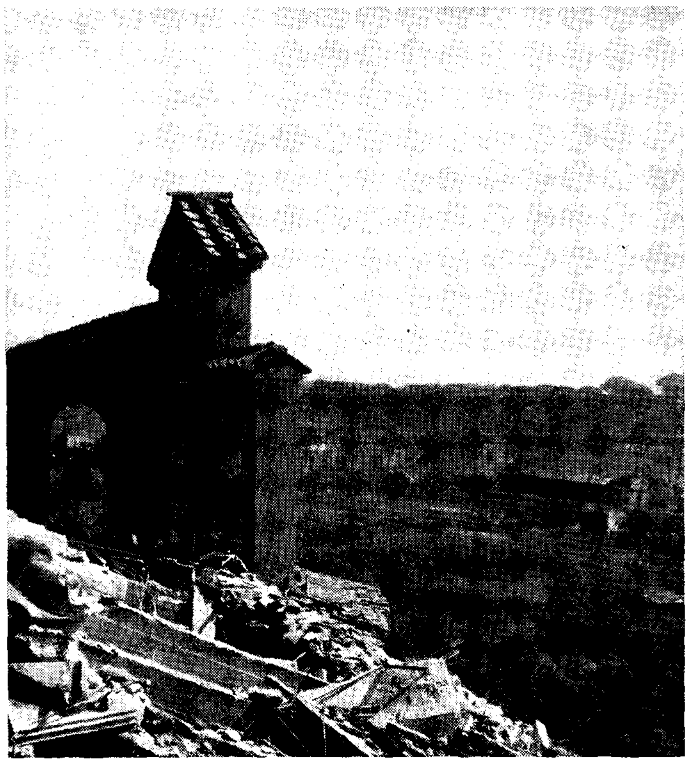
The spiritual head of 340,000,000 people gave no heed to personal danger as he was crowded to this wall. "Il Papa!" the emotional mouths screamed. "Our soul is touched," the Pontiff replied softly, "with unusual affliction . . ."



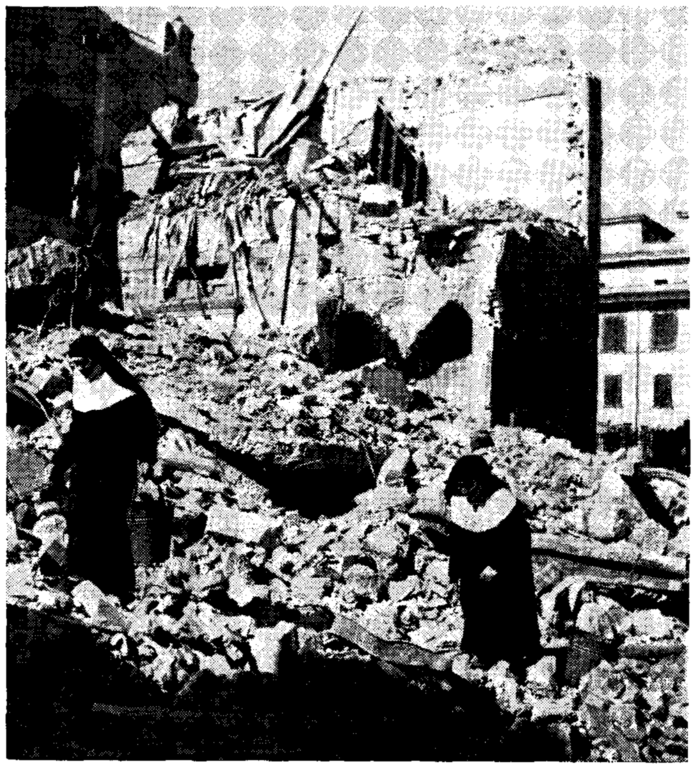
The cloud of Allied might has passed and the anguished eyes of the Pope turn to clear skies. He looks tired beyond endurance as he clasps his hands and leads the people in prayer. In the bedlam, few heard the thin voice

The shepherd calms his panicky flock. "Urbi et Orbi"—to the city and the world goes his blessing. The faces he sees are full of fright. They shush each other loudly as His Holiness the Pope pleads with the people of his beloved Rome to remain calm—and, above all, to pray

The Church of S. Maria dell' Orto was hit squarely. In this photo, the target, the freight repair yards, can be seen 200 yards away. The Berlin radio called the bombing: "A barbarous assault on a sacred shrine." Four thousand one hundred British churches have been hit by the Nazis



At far right, two nuns sort through the ruins of the church for sacred vessels. The church, named for the Blessed Mother of the Garden, was built in the 15th century. Freight repair yards which flanked it were electrified. So were the people of Rome, when the bombers appeared



Navy Air Boss

Continued from page 21

asked the skippers to estimate how many drums of gasoline each could carry. One by one they quoted their figures. Finally, Commander John Alderman spoke up and said: *'I'll take exactly twice that much.'*

"We didn't ask how. We simply gave him the job. He really loaded that ship of his with gasoline. He had drums in the living quarters, mess rooms, in the bunks and lashed all over the decks, topside and below. His little ship was a floating torch. One small bomb from a Jap plane would set him off. That lad carried the mail. He ran his ship through the Jap gantlet, in the dead of night, at full speed, and landed the gasoline at Lunga Point near Henderson Field. We learned later that the planes on Guadalcanal would have been bone dry next morning if he hadn't got through.

"On his way back from a second trip, in which he eluded an intercepting force, he was overtaken by Jap bombers. He shot down four of them, but one of the remaining five scored a hit on his stern that put the rudder out of commission. He managed to wabble the ship over to Tulagi, put into a cove, tied up to a cliff and concealed the ship with trailing tree branches and vines. While hidden there, he managed to improvise a makeshift rudder and finally got the ship back to a safe port where she has since been repaired and is again in service. That's the kind of boys we had out there."

On Guadalcanal, the Marines were learning fast, too. "It was tough at first," says the admiral, "with the Japs setting off their silly fireworks and trying to fool the boys with cries of 'Hey, Joe,' but the Marines soon caught on to that and proceeded to invent tricks the Japs would never in a thousand years have dreamed up. The outstanding fact of this war is the versatility, adaptability, courage and toughness of American boys. Presumably—before the war, that is—they were considered our softest generation. Rather, they go back to the pioneers."

In the meantime, Espiritu Santo was becoming a major port, and McCain was working with Chief Kelly of the cannibals in building new airfields. Gardner reported that the chief had demands before he would let his tribesmen work.

"A shilling a day, *kiki* (food and drink) and medical attention."

They weren't much as workers, but the first field was built in twelve days. It meant cutting down the coconut trees and taking off three or four feet of top soil to reach the coral base.

"Sam!" yells the admiral to Lieutenant Commander W. S. Sampson, his aide and pilot in the next room, ignoring the battery of buttons on his desk. "What was the name of that wonderful kid who built that first field on Espiritu?"

"Mathis," said Sam, coming to the door with a grin. "Lieutenant Mathis."

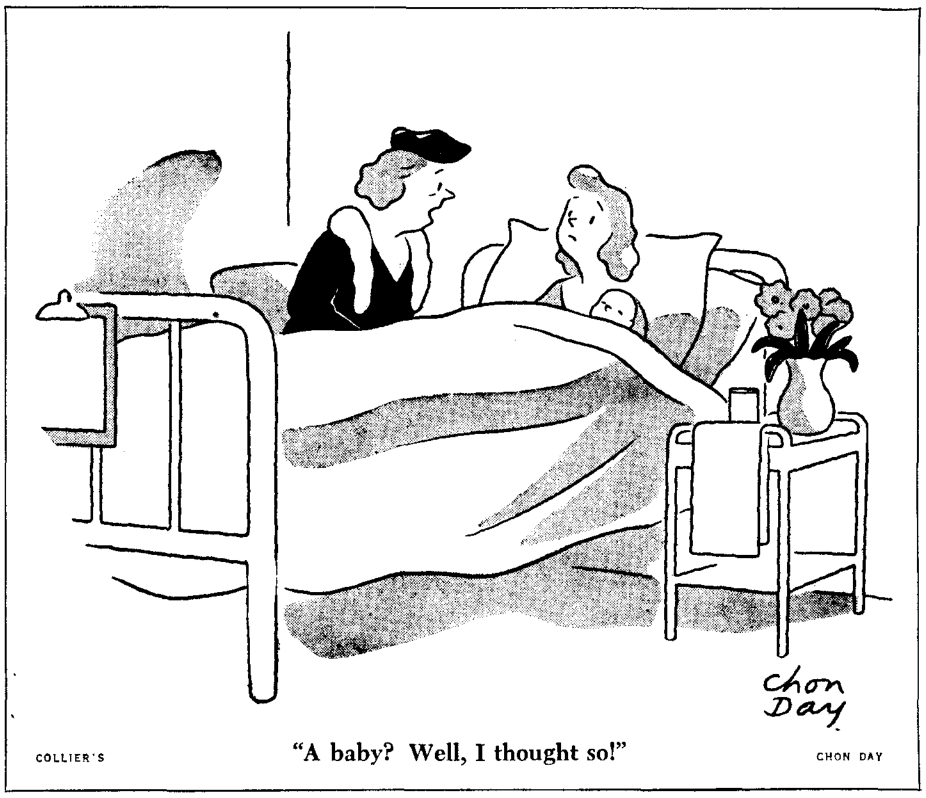
"Mathis, yes," concedes the admiral, "but if you're mentioning him, mention Lieutenant Commander Painter who built the second one in seventeen days, and General Rose who bossed the whole thing and did a great job. We found that the coral base wouldn't drain, but we soon fixed that up."

Crisis on Guadalcanal

It was shown clearly at Guadalcanal that the PBYs were no match for the Zeros, and a point was reached when it was necessary to use a few bombers as reconnaissance planes in "hot" sectors. Even though the fighters were knocking the faster and more maneuverable Zeros out of the air at the rate of eight and nine to one, the loss of the one plane, multiplied over daily battles, soon became serious. A crisis was reached on Guadalcanal when they were finally down to five fighters and fifteen bombers. It was then that a huge task force of the Japs was *reported three hundred miles off*, with battleships, carriers and accompanying destroyers and cruisers.

"We had about fifty ships in the harbor at Espiritu Santo," says the admiral, "but we soon got them out of there and scattered over the sea, leaving only two that had a few antiaircraft guns and might do us some good. We evacuated our huts and took to slit trenches and waited. Our bombers being used as scouting planes kept reporting the steady progress of the Jap fleet headed straight for us—and then, for no reason I was ever able to understand, they turned around and went back!

"It was probably because they were afraid of our carrier task forces or it might have been because they thought the bombers were just a few of a larger gang. I don't know. I do know that the B-17s continued and got two or three hits on a battleship. 'Blondie' Saunders commanded the B-17s."



COLLIER'S "A baby? Well, I thought so!" CHON DAY

Life was hard and McCain, born in 1884 and never a bruiser in physique, stood up with the best of them.

"I worry," he says, chewing briskly, "but I also sleep. I had a nap every afternoon down there, battle or no battle. I had good men; I trusted them."

If he missed anything at all, it was his games of cooncan, a form of rummy which is a sort of mania with him. In Washington at the Army and Navy Club, there is a cooncan game going on night and day, and he drops in there at intervals and picks up or drops eight or nine bucks and feels better for it. He is also an inveterate player of the horses and an incessant cigarette smoker, rolling his own in the old-fashioned manner.

"If I want to find him here in the building," says Commander Sampson, "I just follow that trail of loose tobacco around."

Since graduating from Annapolis in 1906, McCain has done everything in the Navy from action on the Asiatic Station to being executive officer of the New Mexico, Chief of the Planning Division, Bureau of Navigation, and Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics. He served on the cruiser San Diego on escort duty in World War I. He thinks it takes a Navy-trained man to be a Navy flier and deprecates the idea of a combined air force.

"Two of the greatest successes the British have had," he says, "were the bombing of the Italian fleet at Taranto and the sinking of the Bismarck. That was done with navy planes that could barely make seventy miles an hour. Lord Mountbatten was telling me once that the Germans never shot those planes down because they couldn't believe they were going that slow. They always shot ahead of them."

He thinks the United States Navy is great stuff and doesn't hesitate to say so.

Air Power Invincible

"The United States Navy had the most superbly trained fighting groups (carrier groups) that ever entered a war," he says flatly. "The next best were the Japanese. All the things we worked out in maneuvers before the war have been used since and have proved sound. Pearl Harbor was a body blow, but Midway saved our West Coast and was just as much a triumph as the other was a disaster. I've been the navigator and executive officer of a battleship and I know what the captain is up against. He might stop any *one* type of attack, whether it is dive bombing, torpedo planes, skip bombing or high-level stuff, but when you combine them all, as our Navy fliers do, there isn't a ship in the world with enough firepower to shoot them down."

He looks up with his humorous sidelong glance and chews a bit reflectively.

"You remember that old movie, Hell Divers? That had it all. We're still doing what we were doing then and it's worked like a charm. Equipment is better, and we are improving our methods all the time, but the basic tactics haven't changed.

"The Japs bought fifty prints of that picture, and our naval attaché at Tokyo once told me that if we had just one more film like that for the Japs to practice on, we'd never have to worry about them as a rival. 'They're crashing all over the islands,' he told me. But they picked up a lot from the film. The Germans also studied it but all they took from it was dive bombing—the Stuka."

The admiral leans forward in his swivel chair, flips a little tobacco from his bag of "makin's," rolls up the cigarette paper and licks it hastily, spilling flakes over his shirt.

There is no doubt about it: He is a great little man, with force, guts and the human touch that makes him an ideal leader of men. His mind must be quick and decisive, because he is unhurried, his desk is kept cleared, and he solves a dozen important problems a day.

With the full weight of American force soon to be turned against Japan, an idea of the task of the Air Chief of the Navy becomes apparent. He must collect the material, see that the planes are built, train the crews, distribute them where they will do the enemy the most harm. Admiral McCain knows the Japs from firsthand experience; he knows what will defeat them. He operates with not the slightest show of pompousness but with a full understanding of what our men are up against and what they will face in the future. He is a man of authority but a plain and simple man who commands respect by his achievements.

In announcing the thirtieth anniversary of the formal founding of naval aviation, Admiral McCain contrasted the beginnings of Navy aviation with its condition today. At the outbreak of the first World War, the Navy's air arm had thirty-eight officers, 163 enlisted men, fifty-four planes and one air station. Besides combat planes, and major carriers, the admiral listed the following sinews of its present strength:

Training program for 30,000 pilots and 100,000 mechanics a year.

A large but undisclosed number of "baby flat-tops" designed for convoy and ferrying, as well as combat duty.

An authorized lighter-than-air fleet of 200 airships.

Airplane strength multiplied six times in 1941 over 1940, doubled again in 1942, and with 1943 certain to triple 1942. By the end of the year, the Navy will have 27,500 planes.

Admiral McCain said that a tremendous construction program was undertaken by the Navy for the air arm when the global nature of World War II became apparent. This program, carried out in hundreds of areas, was ninety per cent complete by midyear, 1943.

Seventy per cent of the program was completed within twelve months. On August 1, 1943, the Naval Aeronautics organization was three times larger than it was a year ago.

A Fable for Admirals

Whenever the admiral stops to think about the magnitude of his job, he recalls the story of the swearing sergeant on Guadalcanal and gets a new perspective on himself. He was on Guadalcanal, trying to get a rest one night, when the Jap planes started to come over. He was sleeping in a little house on a hill but rolled out of bed to find a foxhole which a Marine lieutenant recommended. A Marine sergeant knew of a better hole and they headed for that.

Finally, they had word of a truly remarkable shelter, a long and deep trench beautifully and comfortably lined with Japanese matting. The admiral reached this haven, filled with about fifteen men, and a Marine who kept the night alive with profanity.

"Pipe down!" said somebody at length. "We got an admiral in here."

The offender was silent for a long moment and then vented his opinion of the state of the world generally.

"Well, I'll be good and almighty damned!" he sighed with disgust.

"Meaning," explains the admiral wryly, "how did *that* old so-and-so get in here?"

THE END

When the frost is on the ~~pumpkin~~

We hasten to assure you that there is no witchcraft involved in the scene suggested here.

There is, however, a degree of magic… resulting from the combination of glorious Four Roses Whiskey with certain other ingredients, and the vigorous shaking thereof.

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Put one part lemon juice and three parts Four Roses into a cocktail shaker. Add sugar to taste.

Shake well with cracked ice, strain into glasses and then, if you wish, decorate each drink with a cherry and slice of orange.

If your bar or package store is sometimes out of Four Roses, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other vital war products.

[illegible]

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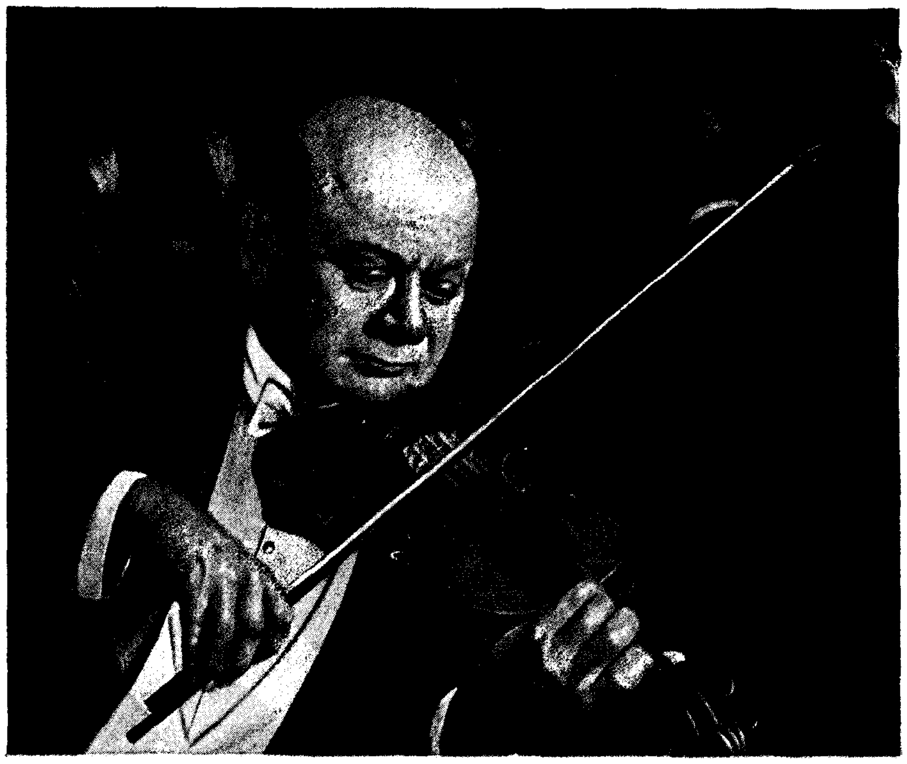

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• Not until he started singing with his college orchestra did Jan Peerce discover his magnificent tenor voice and start training it. Soon came engagements at New York's Radio City Music Hall, triumphs on leading radio programs, with symphony orchestras, with the Metropolitan Opera Company. Now, in your own home, you can hear this glorious voice, reproduced with its full, natural timbre through Victor Red Seal Records.

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A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

THE RETURN OF JOHN

BY MARY GARRISON

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

THE little old lady sat at her tenement window watching the brownstone house across the street. The sun was very hot and the dust hung in a haze.

Opposite, men in blue shirts darkened with sweat crawled through the rooms. They were tearing down the brownstone.

A huge bin, erected over the sidewalk, received lumber with shuddering crashes that shook the old lady's spine. Each rending jab of a crowbar seemed to tear something inside her. But she sat motionless and calm, watching.

It had been a fine house once. A fine house for the rich. Now it had even outlived its usefulness to the poor.

The roof was off and the light pouring in from above brought life to the attic windows, like long-closed eyes suddenly opened.

Harriet stood on the floor of the attic. Her new floor, her new attic, her new house. A round-topped trunk was open before her. Her eyes were misty and her hands caressed the heavy satin folds of the wedding dress as she laid it away. She had been very beautiful in it. Almost beautiful enough for John. So tall, so black of hair and eyes, so arrogant, he had stood beside her. ". . . to have and to hold . . ."

"Harriet!" his voice called commandingly from below. The sound of it sent a weakness to her knees and a fast beat to her heart. She hastily closed the trunk and ran to the stairs.

"Here I am, John!" she answered.

"Hold it, you mugs," cried the foreman. But he was too late. A large piece of the wall fell in, tearing with it an age's layers of wallpaper. Tearing through to the first layer of heavy purple grapes on the third floor. The little old lady looked away for a moment when she saw them, then turned again and watched intently.

Harriet stood in the middle of the bedroom listening, in the late silence, for his footsteps. The grapes on the wall had an exaggerated lusciousness—the overripe aspect of something gone beyond the stage of perfection.

The hurt in her heart tore at her, drowning her timidity in a sense of loss.

Feet fumbled on the stairs, into the room. His black eyes were filmed and bloodshot but he sensed the third presence in the room—the presence of ugly knowledge.

"Who is she?" Her plea was a whisper.

His lips thinned to a hard line. "Which one?" He almost sneered it.

Anger and guilt flared at her. He raised his fist and struck her. Then blood from her gashed forehead blended unnoticeably with the purple grapes.

". . . in sickness and in health . . ."

The little old lady's vigil at the window was broken only by the evening departures of the workmen. She sat on faithfully in the daytime, her patience unshaken. What are days—when years of waiting have passed?

When the workmen left at the end of the third day, the walls of the second floor gaped naked to the open sky. But even cheap paint could not peel back to damask long removed.

The drawing-room walls were smartly covered with damask. But the deep red suffocated her, and Harriet pushed it away with her mind as she pushed away these stuffy men jabbing at her while they tried to be kind. Tedious lawyers trying vainly to soften brutal questions.

"This is a great period of trial for you, my dear, but you must bear up and face reality. Did he give you no hint of his plans?"

She answered with her lips. Her mind clung to John. Her John. Always hers no matter what happened.

"Have you any idea who the—er—woman was?"

Her lips kept saying no as the questions poured over her, rolled off her.

He seemed to have left hastily, but they thought he must have planned it. Did she know he had drawn out fifty thousand dollars the day he left? The gambling had wasted the estate, what was left wouldn't cover the debts—did she know? Did she think he would come back?

"Yes!" her voice was low and confident, though her handkerchief was a rag in her hands. "He will come back!"

". . . for better, for worse . . ."

The workmen had taken down the protective platform over the sidewalk. The lumber in the bin had been carted away. The hallway of the first floor was exposed to view and presented a mean, shabby appearance, seared by years of poverty. The little old lady leaned forward.

The rich brown walls of the lower hall no longer seemed warm and comforting. They were an ugly backdrop for the curious strangers who came to bid in her lovely possessions, numbered items in a catalogue. Her friends, too, were acquisitive bargain hunters. Her last hired hansom stood at the door to take her away to oblivion.

The friends paused for a moment of guilty solicitude. What would she do?

"I can work," she said fiercely, defiantly, "until he comes back."

". . . for richer, for poorer . . ."

Now, today was the day she had grown old waiting for.

No one had known when she moved back to keep her vigil of years across the street—waiting for this day. Even had they bothered to keep in touch with her, she would not have let them know. Only when John came back would she tell them. For they never believed her.

"A little cracked," they would say. "Brooding over the past. Mooning over that rotter. Does she still think he'll come back to her?"

"Yes," she answered them silently. "He is coming back."

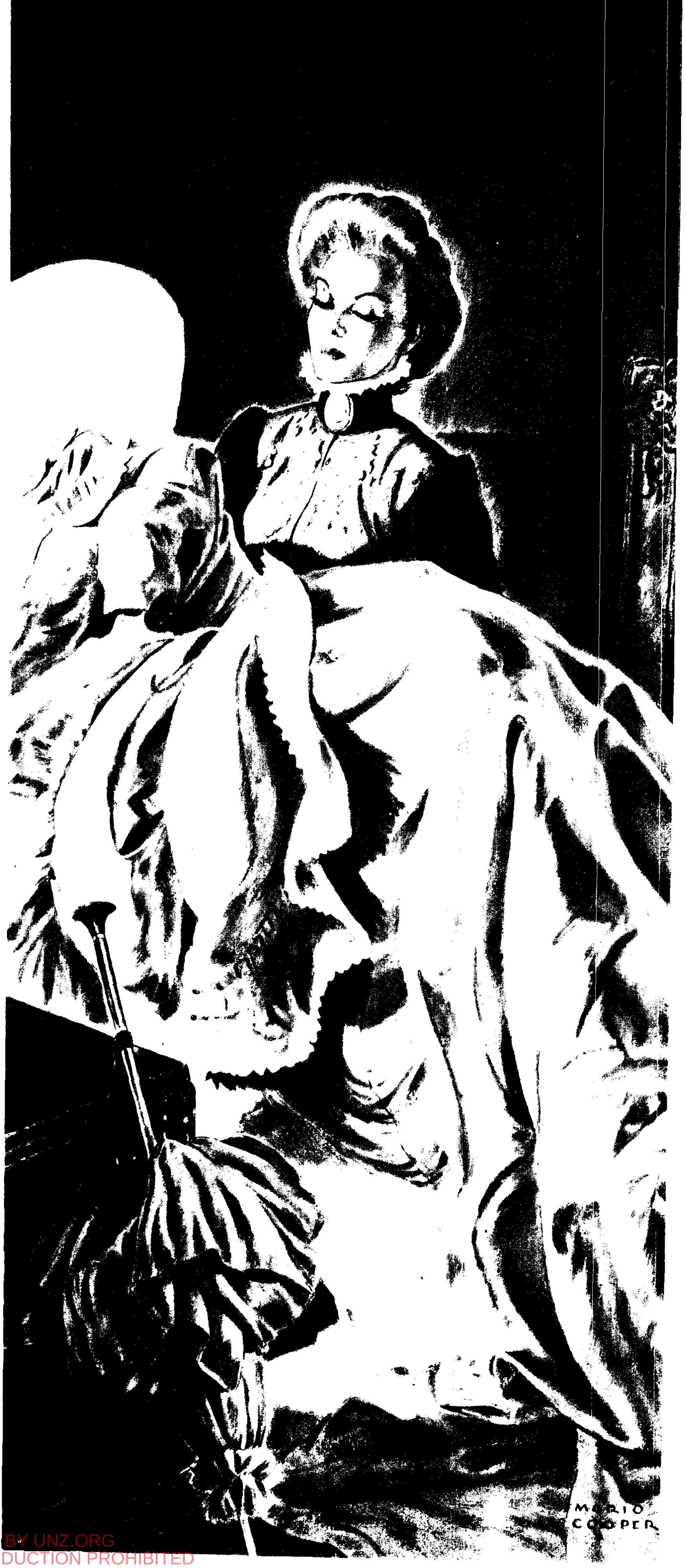
THE building was down now, down to street level, leaving a scar on the side of the house next door and a gaping wound in the block.

She clasped her hands in her lap and mused back over the years between.

The fifty thousand dollars were almost gone now. The money had lasted well. It had lasted, as she had planned, until this day. For today was the day that John was coming back.

She smiled to herself with satisfaction. Today they would dig up the foundations and uncover the grave in the cellar. The mortal remains of John, where she had buried them, would see the light of day again.

". . . till death do us part."



Harriet's eyes were misty and her hands caressed the heavy satin folds of the wedding dress as she laid it away. She had been very beautiful in it. Almost beautiful enough for John

ORANGE BLOSSOMS IN SPRINGFIELD

Jay was just a kid who wanted to talk to someone about the old home town—till he learned that listening did just as well

By Pvt. Jerry Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

I THINK Springfield, Ohio, is the greatest town in the world. But the blond kid that bunks next to me says I can keep it if I just give him Rapid City, South Dakota. Over on the other side, there's a guy who claims no sane man would want to live outside California. Why, there's even a kid in my barracks who wouldn't trade his home town with the Grand Lama . . . and he comes from Pittsburgh.

So you see it's not the street paved with cobblestones and shaded by poplar trees, or the forest you once were lost in when you were a kid. It's not a row of small stores on a familiar block, or the smoke pumping out of a factory in the valley. It's all the things you didn't know you'd miss till you went away. It's home.

I guess it's a pretty old chestnut, but the war certainly cracked it open right on top of my head. Home is where the heart is, and my heart is in Springfield, Ohio.

Well, one night me and a buddy of mine named Jim went into Washington. We had been invited to a dance. So had every other guy in uniform, and most likely they'd all be there.

Jim's what you'd call a good mixer, I guess. He's friendly, and it shows all over his face. With me, it's different; it's all inside of me, and before I get a chance to bring it out, people walk away. I guess people have more time in Springfield. It really doesn't matter about people here. We'll be pulling out soon, and from here it's God only knows where. One thing is certain. It won't be Ohio.

Jim and I had slowed down to look at the Jefferson Memorial, when I noticed him talking to another soldier who had two girls with him. By the time I turned around, Jim introduced me to them like they were kids from his home town that he'd known all his life. He sure could make friends in a hurry.

"Miss Bates and Mary-Ellen, this is a buddy of mine, Private Jay Gates. Oh—and this here is Sergeant Bergen."

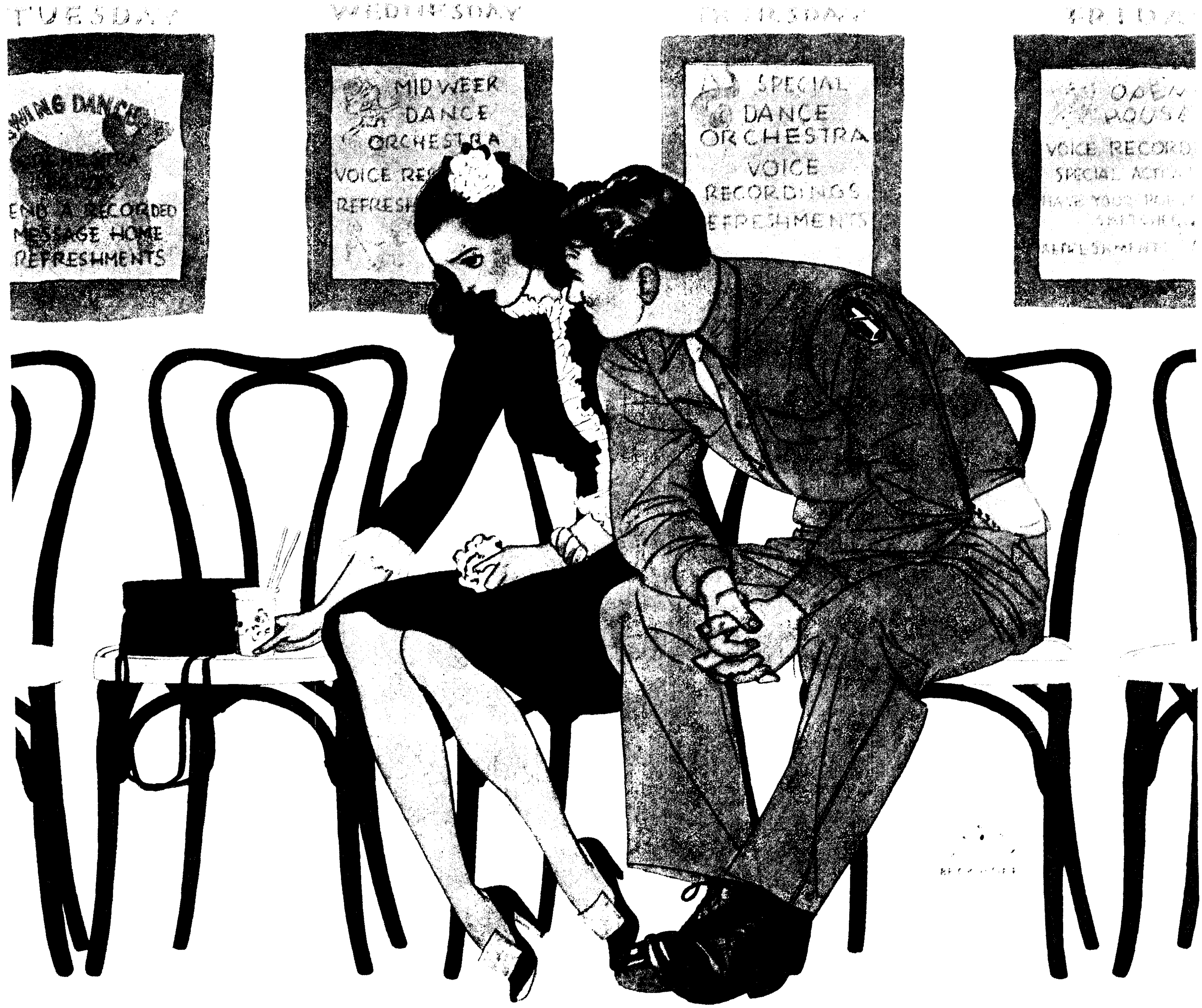
"Hi-ya," said the girls.

The sergeant acknowledged the introduction with a nod. I nodded back trying hard to think of something to say. Nothing came, so I just stood there.

"Listen, Jay, me and the sarge are goin' to take the kids out to Maryland where we can buy a drink, so you don't mind if I don't go to that rat race with you, huh?"

"Heck no, Jim." Now I had something to say, at least. "You go ahead. Nice to have met you girls. Good night, Miss Bates and Miss Mary-Ellen. Good night, Sergeant Berg," I said. *(Continued on page 68)*

As I finished talking, Eda looked away. I could tell she was fed up listening to me



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THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
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CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST!

Moscow-Chicago "Flight 2" wheels into its glide to the North Pole Airport of *Tomorrow*... half-way stop on shorter routes over the top of the world. Built on eternal ice, the airport will be heated and automatically kept snow-free by radio rays. With administration buildings, maintenance hangars and hotel accommodations, it's being projected *now* by aviation engineers . . . Men Who Plan Beyond Tomorrow!

* * *

SEAGRAM thought of the future six years ago. When "Gone With the Wind" topped the best-seller lists. When the German dirigible Hindenburg burst into flames at Lakehurst. 'Way back then, the fine whiskies in Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN were carefully blended for flavor and stored away to mellow. Through six calendars these rare whiskies have been treasured for *Tomorrow* . . . so the V.O. of today will always be smooth and gracious—preferred for the WORLD'S LIGHTEST HIGHBALL.

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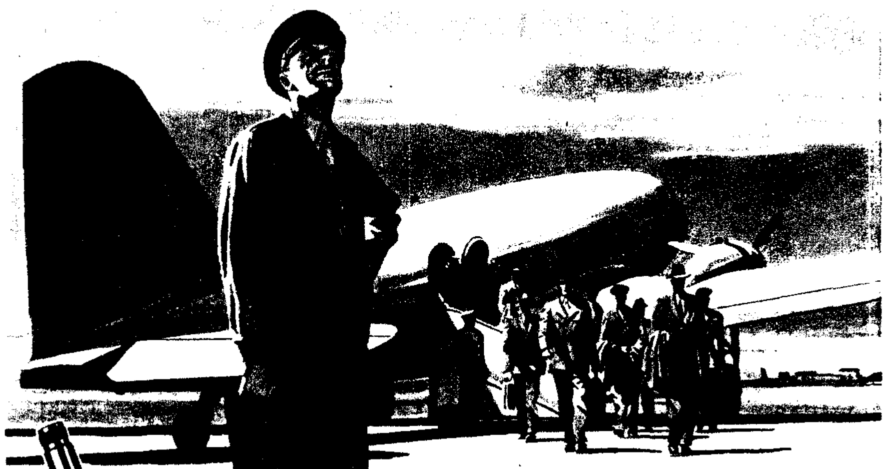
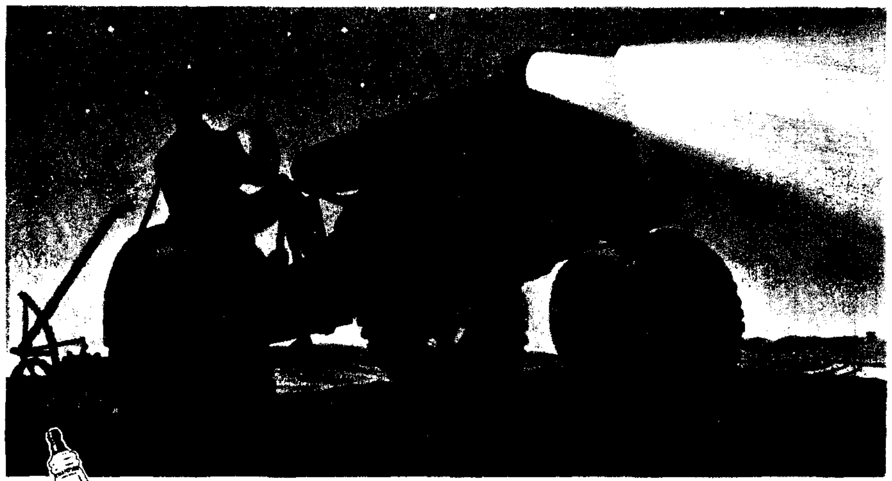
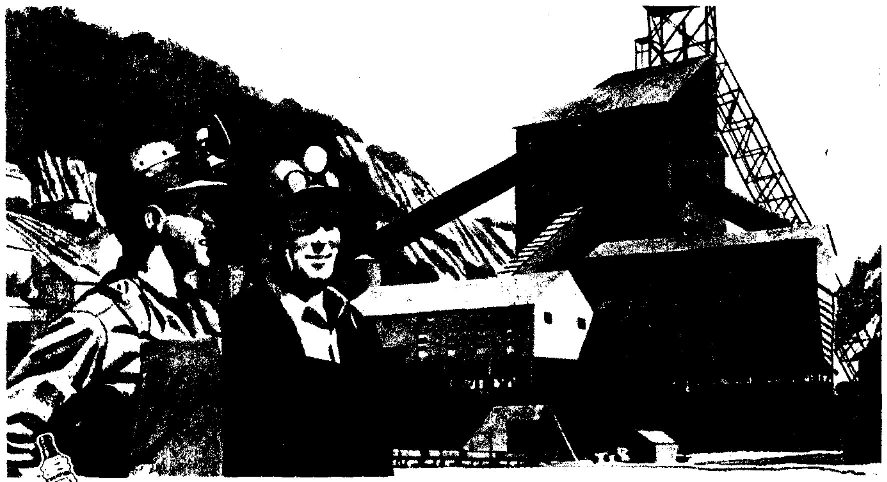


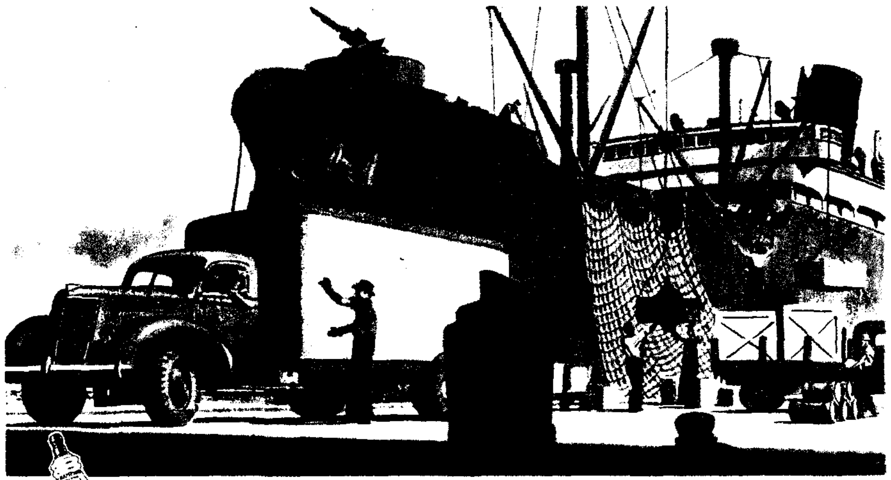
IN THE AIR. The air transport lines probably carry more important people on important missions than any other type of transportation. Dependable Champion Spark Plugs are enjoying rapidly-growing favor with leading air line companies.



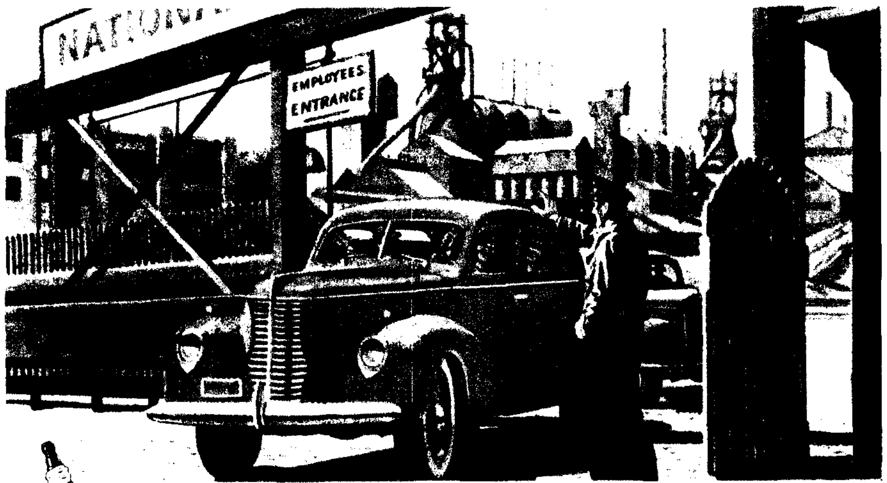
ON THE FARM. "Food will win the war and write the peace," and no one knows that better than the farmer. Short of manpower, and with the imperative need for unprecedented production, he knows he can depend on Champion-equipped power-driven equipment.



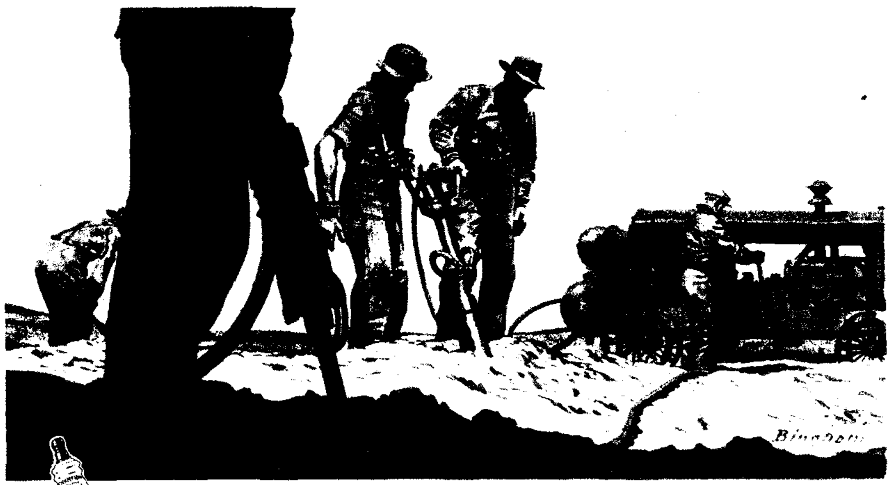
IN INDUSTRY. In mines, factories, on bridges, at dam sites, the stand-by plant is ready to go into action should normal power fail. Dependable Champion-equipped engines are ever ready to furnish power for vital tasks in thousands of industries and utilities.



IN TRUCK TRANSPORTATION. The nation depends on truck transportation. 54,000 communities are served exclusively by motor vehicles, and 20 major cities receive all milk by truck. Here again dependable Champion Spark Plugs excel and are preferred.



IN CIVILIAN TRANSPORTATION. Greater numbers of war workers than ever before depend on their own cars in driving groups to get them to and from work. Champion Spark Plugs are one source of efficiency and economy that everyone knows he can depend on.



ON CONSTRUCTION JOBS. You've often heard the staccato banging of a pneumatic hammer. Most of the husky compressors are driven by engines equipped with dependable Champion Spark Plugs, thus helping to speed important construction jobs.

BACK THE ATTACK—WITH WAR BONDS

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

ground or flying—guarantee their lordships that if they'll but go down into the English countryside and hang over the fence of any Yank air station—heavy or medium bombers, fighter, or recon—they'll perceive that the future of English aviation is safe in the hands of English kids, who by the thousands daily haunt dromes, mobile repair units, and other scenes of American flight activities. Young England literally is a pal to the Eighth; wherever and whenever Yank airmen are at work or play, their little friends swarm.

One Yank bomber station reports that English mothers in its neighborhood, lacking candy because of rationing, bribe their kids to eat porridge—young England's parallel horror to young America's spinach—and go to bed early, by promising to wake them up to see the Forts go by in the dawn's early flight. The job of "School Attendance Officer" (Hookey Dick) is no longer a sinecure in these parts.

"Just like kids at home," a Yank crew chief told me, "these kids know more about our own planes than some of us do ourselves."

A demonstration of their alertness occurred when a London daily published a front-page photograph of American planes in action over the Mediterranean and called them Liberators. No motors, not much of the fuselage, few of the features making identification easy appeared in the picture—only the double-tailed rear ends. But hundreds of kids sprang to postboxes all over England with corrections. The planes were Mitchells.

The reddest blush of the war, however, mantled our own Stars and Stripes, which has been publishing an excellent series of plane identifications. It carried a Luftwaffe silhouette which it labeled a "Ju.-88-A6." A very small and very dignified boy marched in and tacitly pointed out to a cringing staff that while the sketch was undoubtedly a Junkers, it wasn't the model named but one still in the experimental stage.

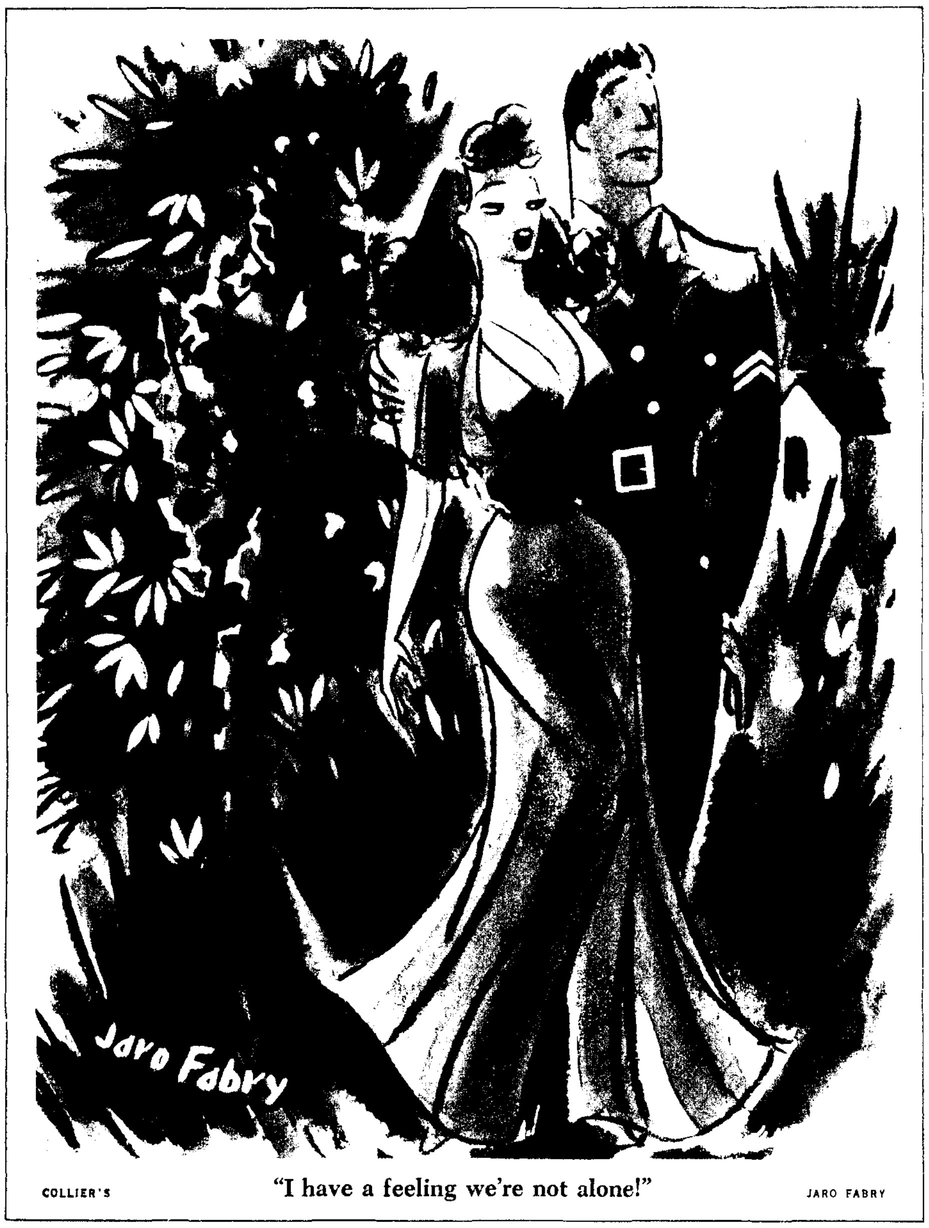
TO THE neat and graphic slanguage of airmen has come another notable addition. Desk officers of all branches save the air were called "swivel-chair officers" in the last war. Now they're "serge polishers."

In the R.A.F. and the U. S. Eighth Air Force there are many nonflying officers who for one reason or another—oftenest because they've finished their full share of flight duties—wear wings. Fliers who are still on combat duty amiably refer to these comrades as "Penguins."

Yank airmen have adopted R.A.F. slanguage and have made contributions to it. You've heard "dim view," "pranged" and "browned-off" (the latter with some unprintable variations).

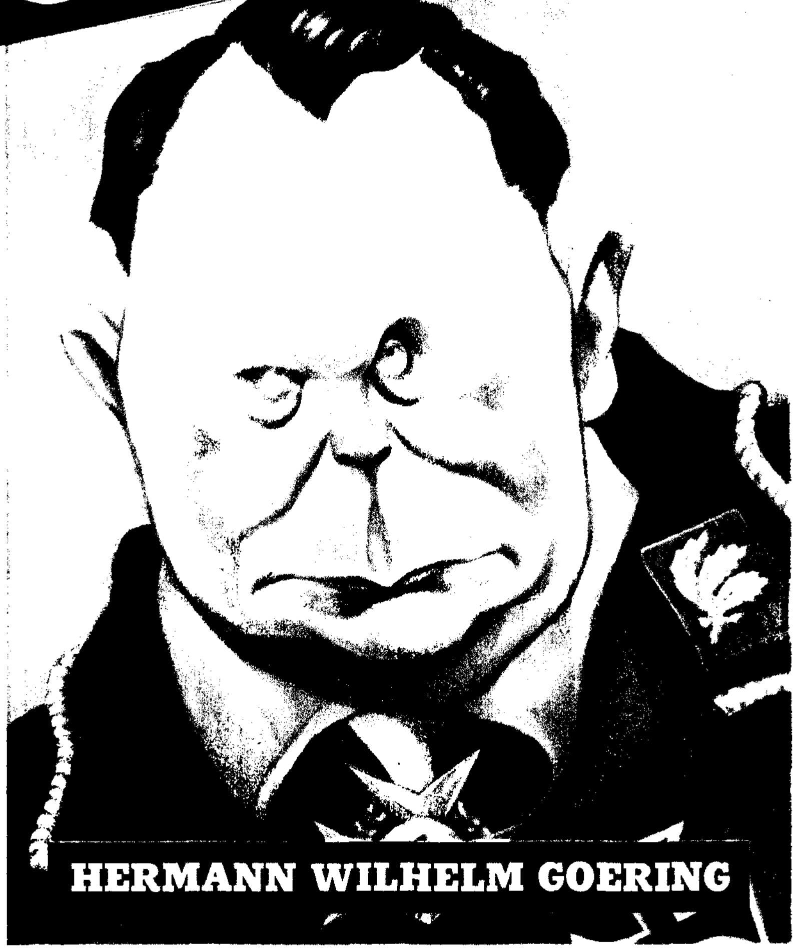
Here are some R.A.F. localisms, which may not be familiar to you. The squadron armaments officer is "Mr. Fireworks." "Bombphleteer" is one who drops propaganda leaflets. A "Balbo" is any large or mass flight of Allied planes, while a similar enemy formation is "a solid lump of blitz." Coastal command planes that protect fishermen in the North Sea are known as "Kipper (things you don't like for breakfast) Kites." An R.A.F. rear gunner fights from "the dustbin." And to be without hope at all—like the Luftwaffe now—is to be "completely cheesed."

W. B. COURTNEY



COLLIER'S "I have a feeling we're not alone!" JARO FABRY

THE Guilty



HERMANN WILHELM GOERING

XII

THREE-HUNDRED-POUND Hermann Wilhelm Goering, with his lion cubs, gargantuan appetites, fantastic uniforms, jewelry, rouge and bellowing laughter, works hard at giving the impression of a jolly, good-natured soul, different in every way from the killers and sadists that make up Adolf Hitler's inner circle. Even American correspondents in Berlin were persuaded to believe him a "salty, earthy, lusty fellow," clownish but kindly, who disapproved of mass murder, the inhuman treatment of Jews, and the Nazi plunge into world war. Bosh! In 1937, the Fuehrer named Goering as his successor, and when did Hitler ever put faith in jolly, good-natured souls? He made his selection because he knew that the whale-bellied Reichsmarshal, under his calculated buffooneries, was every whit as deadly as Heinrich Himmler, and as cruel as Julius Streicher.

Look at the record of the man! It was Goering who built up the Luftwaffe to be the spearhead of Germany's assault on Europe, demanding of every flier an inhuman ruthlessness. In Poland, Holland and England he directed personally the bombing of nonmilitary objectives, and it was by his orders that low-flying planes strafed French highways packed with fleeing men, women and children. It was Goering who set fire to the Reichstag as an excuse for days and nights of blood and terror, and Goering who brought back the headsman's ax from the Middle Ages for the execution of Nazi victims. By his own boast, he "widened" his instructions at the time of the purge in 1934, assassinating men guilty of no other crime than that of standing in his way. It is true he urged publicly that Jews be given the right to leave Germany, but in the same breath grinningly levied a fine of one billion marks on the Jewish population, making emigration impossible. And no protest came from him when Himmler turned every ghetto into a slaughter pen.

As Economic Dictator of the Reich, Hermann Goering has killed on a vaster scale than any other Nazi, for it was his round skull that evolved the horror of "slave labor." Not only did he establish "work camps" in every occupied country, but he imported thousands upon thousands of Poles, Czechs, Dutch, Belgians and French to slave and die in the fields and factories of the Reich.

In his position as overlord of all industry, Goering also thieved on an unparalleled scale, for the blood lust of the man is only equaled by his money lust. His palace in the Leipzigerplatz is a museum, filled with art treasures from captured lands, and his huge Karinhall, built on a confiscated estate, is another storehouse for his loot. Everything in it was stolen, even the jewels that bedeck the sculptured bust of his dead wife. At the time of his second marriage in 1935, not only did the state pay for his spectacular wedding, but Goering netted a handsome profit from the sale of seats in the cathedral. His fortune today is estimated at $10,000,000, the bulk of it carefully salted away in other countries. And, cynically enough, through the medium of a Rumanian Jew.

A morphine addict after the first World War, and once confined in an asylum for the insane as a paranoiac, under Hermann Goering's Falstaffian veneer, his dementia still persists, together with the cunning that so often goes with madness. Of all the men about Adolf Hitler, not one is more dangerous or more guilty than this gross, hulking savage who so cleverly exploits the superstition that there is no harm in a fat man. Remember him! ★★★

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

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COLA
I EVER
TASTED!"
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CANADA DRY
Spur
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The cola drink with Canada Dry quality

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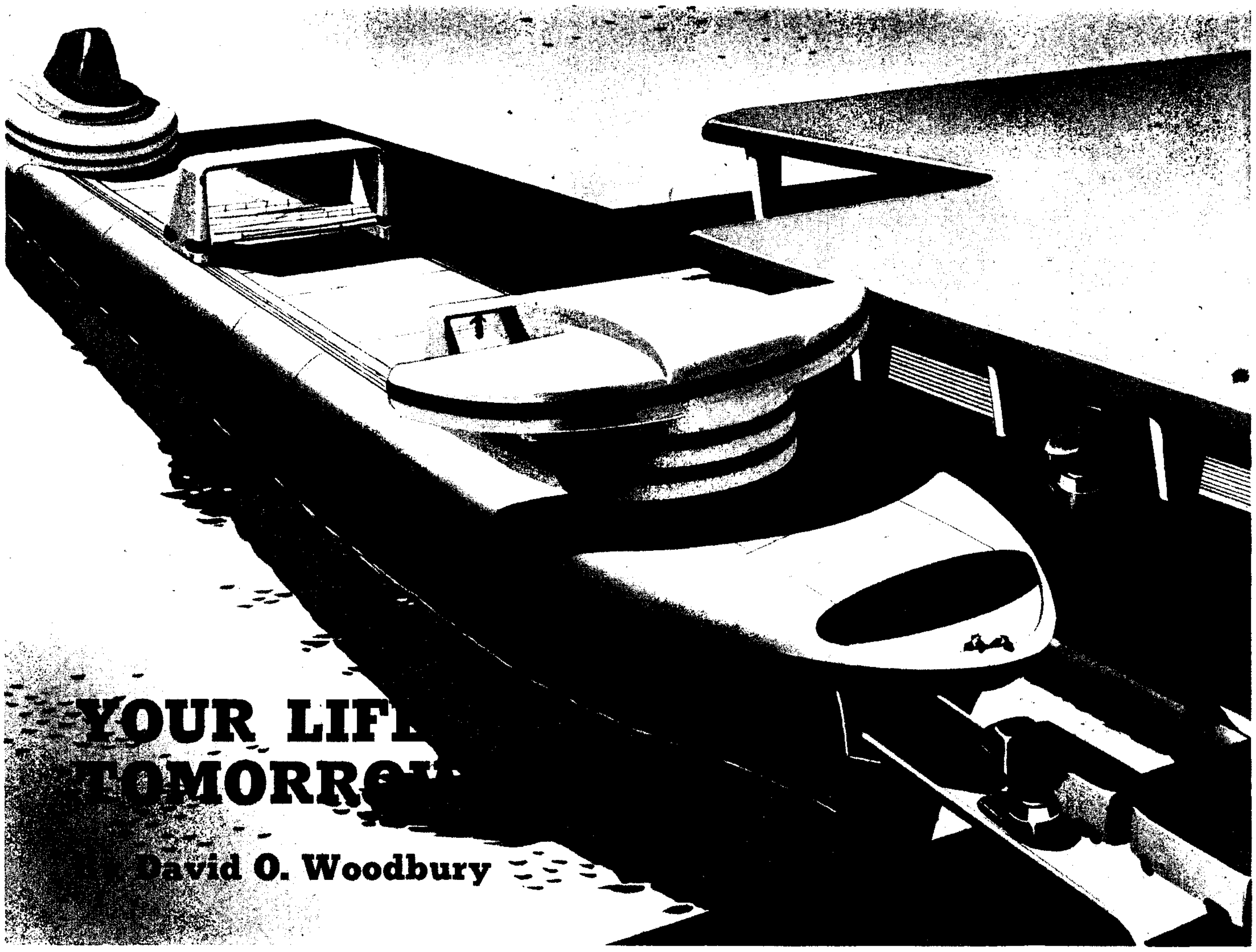


YOUR LIF
TOMORR

David O. Woodbury

KENNETH THOMPSON

Ships Will Save Fuel

A new high in economy for America's Merchant Marine is forecast by the Navy's latest war vessels, pioneering now in the highly efficient steam-power plants formerly used ashore. A few years back, designers insisted it was impossible to generate, in the crowded vitals of a ship, the enormous steam pressures and temperatures that make electric power stations so economical. But war has blasted away this conservatism; new materials of unheard-of strength have been evolved to make marine super power plants possible also.

By the use of greater ranges in temperature and pressure, thousands of heat units that once went up the stack with the smoke have been salvaged. Our Navy today is winning its battles because it needs 25 to 40 per cent less fuel, thus gaining enormously in cruising range and armament-carrying capacity.

Tomorrow, steam at thousands of pounds pressure and hundreds of degrees superheat will give freighters a third more cargo space by requiring less room for fuel storage, or will make possible commercial vessels that travel at the speed of ocean greyhounds.

Anesthesia by Ice Pack

A whole new postwar technique for minor surgical operations is forecast, in which the anesthetic will be a common ice pack instead of drugs. Already in use with the Armed Forces, the method is so simple and effective that an operating room is unnecessary. Complete insensitivity of the area to be operated is obtained by packing it with ice bags for two hours. Immunity from pain lasts about twenty minutes after the chilling stops. There is no damage to the tissues; disagreeable after-effects such as postoperative shock and nausea are wholly absent.

While the use of cold has been found valueless for treating cancer, it definitely slows up the natural chemical processes going on in the blood and tissues under treatment. Chilling will have great value, it is claimed, in dealing with limb injuries. The poisons which always accumulate in the blood below a tourniquet, to cause shock after their release into the body, can be largely avoided by refrigeration while the tourniquet is still in place. The pain caused by stopping the circulation will also be wiped out. Research promises that even emergency amputations will be performed with cold anesthetic provided by cooling apparatus carried in ambulances and installed in first-aid stations.

Recreation for Everybody

America tomorrow must produce the implements of peace as never before. To do this effectively, it will need a new standard of recreation for all the nation. There must be a new kind of play—organized to provide every citizen with the special type of off-hour fun he enjoys most.

If plans now on the drawing boards mature, every city, large and small, will have a completely equipped "leisure center." Large areas will be set aside in beautiful districts and provided with buildings of glass and steel, presenting every known facility for exercise and fun.

There will be nurseries and sand beaches for young children, with trained personnel to supervise games and constructive activities like carpentry and painting. For young and active adults there will be swimming pools, tennis courts, golf courses and athletic fields; gymnasiums, bowling alleys and all forms of indoor sports. And for those who only want to relax, there will be lawns and terraces, sun decks, restaurants, beer halls with orchestras, theaters and reading rooms. A central hall will provide movies and informative lectures.

The leisure center will integrate all the scattered forms of recreation so hard to get in a big city. It will be municipally owned and completely democratic—an important meeting place for old and young, rich and poor alike. Its success will be assured as soon as all the people can be educated to the value of the systematic play.

How Cold is the Sky?

Weathermen of the future will make accurate predictions weeks, even months, in advance by the use of the new science of air-mass analysis. One vital factor in this system is the exact determination of sky temperatures many thousand feet up—a job that now requires that free balloons be sent up to radio back high-altitude conditions.

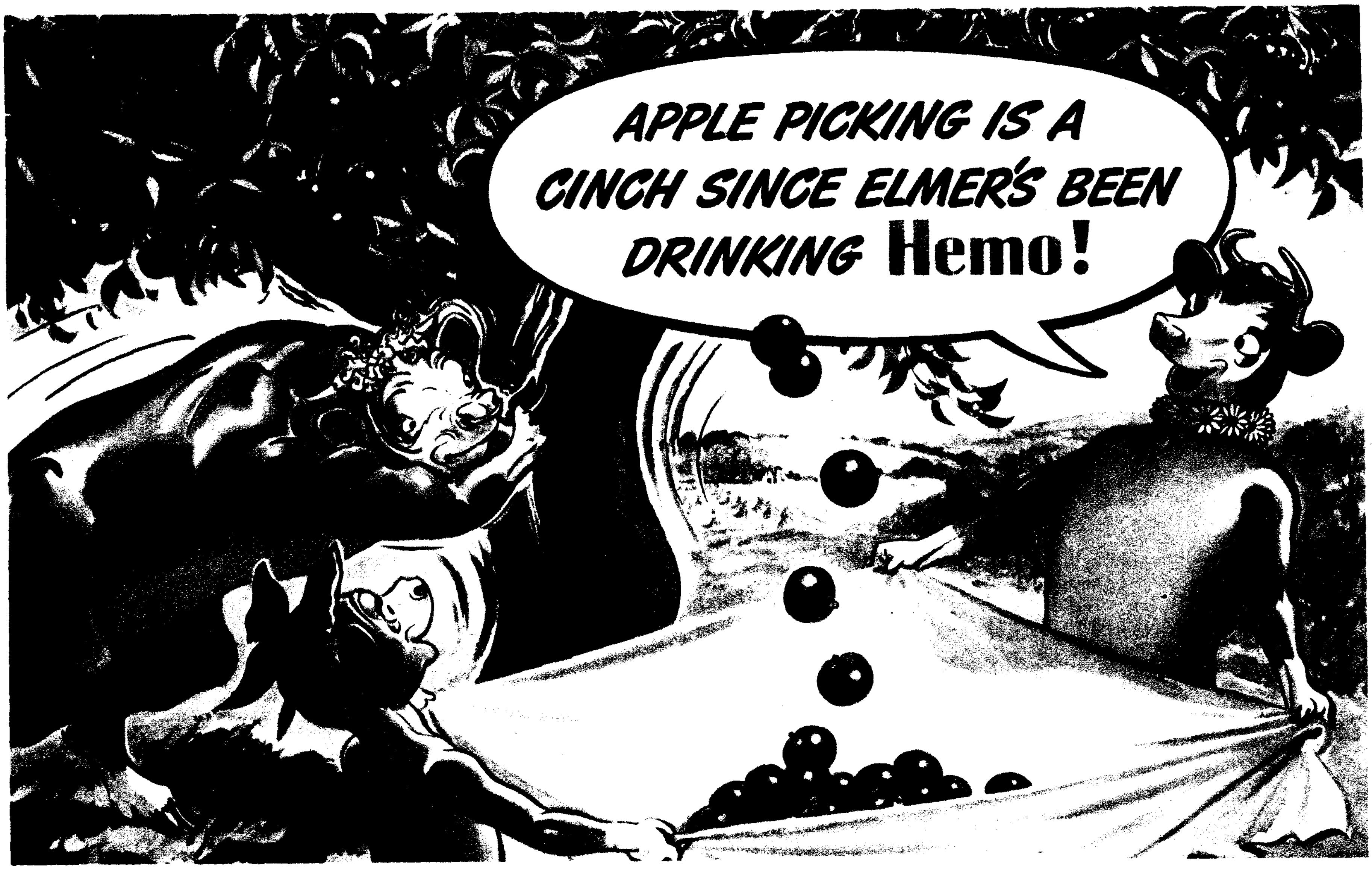
Tomorrow, if meteorological researches succeed, high air temperatures will be measured on the ground by simple, permanent instruments. Recording thermometers will be insulated from ground heat by polished aluminum shields while exposed to the sky directly overhead. The quantity of radiation from above will give an accurate measure of upper air temperatures whenever there are no clouds.

Besides figuring largely in long-range work, the new apparatus will be useful in predicting all-night local temperatures, especially in the Southwest where clouds are few. Fruitgrowers, who fear sudden winter cold spells above all things, can thus expect accurate warnings of a coming freeze in time to protect their trees.

Plastic Punches More Rugged Than Steel

A curious paradox of the war—soft, almost rubberlike plastic forms that will outlast steel many times over in punching out intricate metal shapes for fighting planes—will bring about a revolution tomorrow in the high-speed production of saucepans, mudguards and countless common metal objects. These plastic punches will operate in huge presses, cutting down manufacturing time, saving labor and doing a better job than the best steel punches can do today.

This new and important use of plastics was discovered in the desperate drive to step up plane production in the face of the steel shortage. It will pay many a future dividend in the rush to replenish our supply of consumer goods when victory restores civilian manufacture. ★★★


APPLE PICKING IS A CINCH SINCE ELMER'S BEEN DRINKING Hemo!

More power to YOU...with HEMO,

the new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em!

JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:

The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!

PLUS

The Vitamin B_1 in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!

PLUS

The Vitamin B_2 (G) in 4 servings of spinach!

PLUS

The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!

PLUS

The Niacin in 3 servings of carrots!

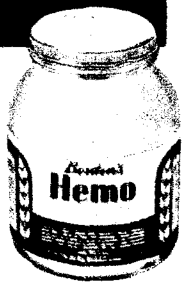
PLUS

The Iron in ½ pound of beef!

PLUS

The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings
of cauliflower and 1 serving
of cooked green beans combined!

Borden's Hemo



IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

"CINCH OR NO CINCH," bellowed Elmer, "shaking these blasted apple trees feels a lot like work to me. I'm knocking off for lunch!"

"So are millions of other American workers knocking off for lunch," commented Elsie. "And it worries me to think that 3 out of 4 of them may not get enough vitamins with their meals! Government nutritionists say that's so . . . Now, you take all those people—"

"You take 'em! I'll take another HEMO," said Elmer.

"Then you'd be smart for once," replied Elsie. "Getting needed vitamins that way! *Just one glass* of HEMO (2 teaspoonfuls mixed in milk) gives you half your daily needs of Iron, Calcium, Phosphorus; and Vitamin A, B_1, B_2(G), D, and Niacin."

"What about Vitamin C?" demanded Elmer. "I see you left that out. Got a grudge against it?"

"No, indeed, dear!" smiled Elsie. "But war conditions prevent putting Vitamin C in HEMO. We'll do so as soon as possible."

"Stop *talking* about food, woman, and produce the lunchbox!" groaned Elmer.

"But, darling!" protested Elsie. "*You* were to carry the lunchbox—*remember?* I said *I'd* carry the thermos of HEMO!"

▶ A glass of HEMO and a sandwich make a delicious, nutritious lunch. *Try it!* Get HEMO made up in any flavor you prefer at your soda fountain.

For making HEMO at home, the full-pound jar (enough HEMO for 24 grand and glorious drinks) costs 59¢ at drug or grocery stores. *Only 2½¢ a serving!*

© Borden Co.

EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME!
A LOT MORE IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO YOU—THE NEXT TIME YOU GO AND SPILL EVERYTHING YOU KNOW, TOMMY TATTLER!
I AM NOT A TATTLER! YOU SAID YOU WISHT SOMEBODY WOULD TELL JACK. SO I DID! SO THERE!
BUT TOMMY! YOU CAN'T TELL A PERSON HE HAS BAD BREATH!
OH, YES YOU CAN, SIS! 'CAUSE I DID! I TOLD JACK TO GO SEE HIS DENTIST, TOO—JUST LIKE YOU SAID HE OUGHTA!
JACK SEES HIS DENTIST!
TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
I FIXED THINGS GOOD AWRIGHT! LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED TO JACK AND SIS—AND LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS — Saturday Night — NBC Network

Action This Day

Continued from page 13

America must know, however, that to get peace, a lasting peace, she will be obliged to do something more than say, "Let us have peace!"

Peace means tranquillity with order. It means "good will to all men." And just as buildings destroyed must be rebuilt, so, too, the fabric of man's spirit must be rewoven with threads of justice and charity. Sorrow and suffering have united many groups of people and many nations, and universal sorrow and suffering may weave a cloth of gold in trust and understanding, in tolerance and helpfulness. Can such a thing be? Frankly, I do not see that it can be, but I certainly hope so and pray so, and millions are doing the same.

Shamrocks for the Guardsmen

I have been busy visiting sick and wounded, conducting religious services, giving informal talks. One day at the request of the commanding officer of a British regiment of Irish Guards, I distributed shamrocks for the men to wear on St. Patrick's Day. This is a custom of the Irish Guards. Incidentally, they are very proud because General Sir Harold Alexander, Deputy Commander in Chief of all the Allied forces in North Africa, is an Irish Guardsman.

Another day I had luncheon with General Carl Spaatz, and twelve other high-ranking American and British air-force officers. General Spaatz had just been made Lieutenant General, and I am sure that you have read all about him. He is quiet, very matter-of-fact, and very optimistic. This system of British and American officers living together helps them work together most efficiently.

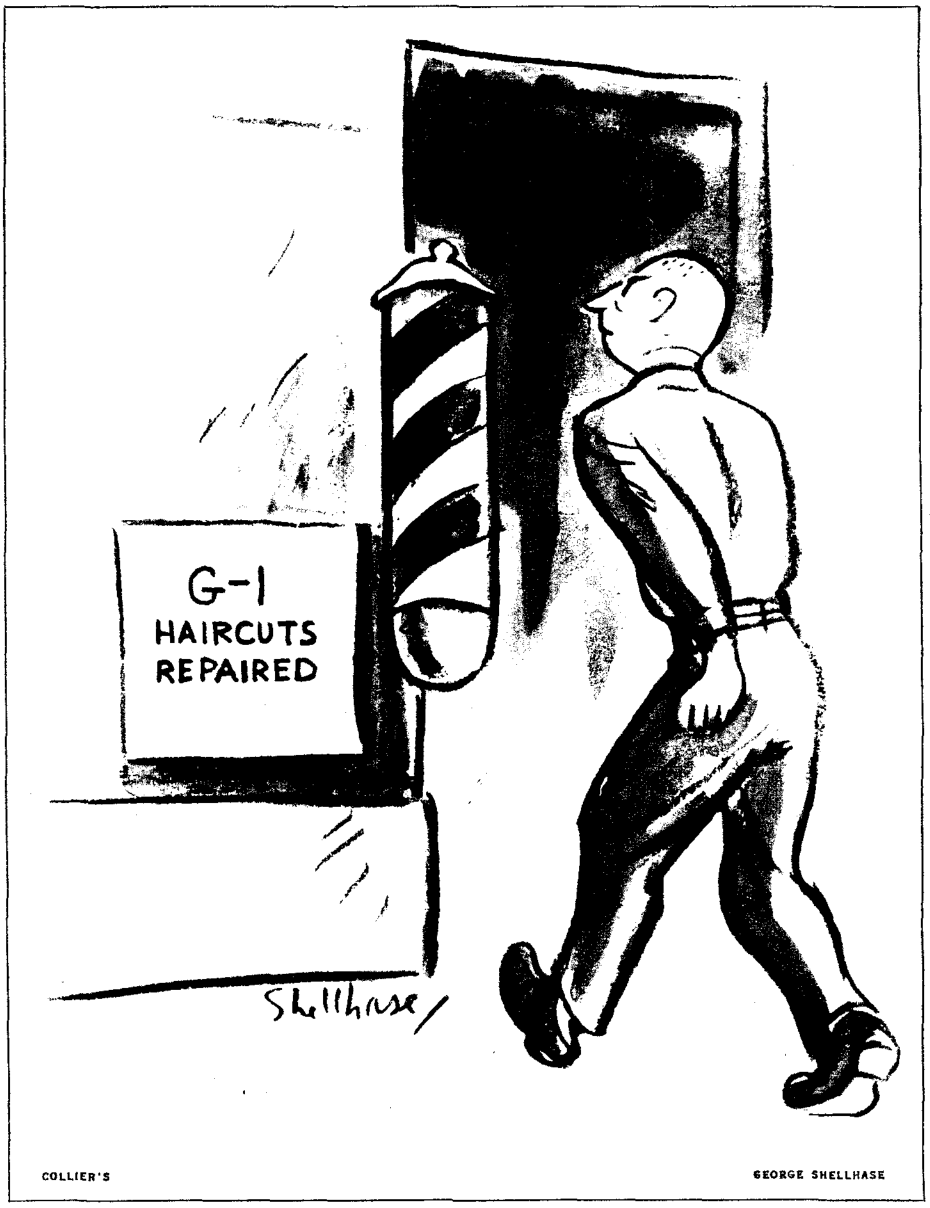
In a single day, I was received most cordially by Lieutenant General Mark W. Clark in his headquarters and afterward went with his chief of staff to General Clark's home where he invited other staff officers and visiting officers.

When I finished dictating my last letter, I went to an airport and recited the Rosary with Father Forrester's men. There were about two hundred men present for the afternoon Mass and Rosary. The place is an old shed, with an earthen floor, but, as Our Lord said, wherever two or three gathered in His name, there would He be in their midst. So I feel that Our Lord was very much present with us that afternoon as we participated in these religious exercises and sang several hymns.

On St. Patrick's Day, I was a passenger on a transport carrier with four officers and ten soldiers. We had a cargo of medical supplies. We flew "on the deck" most of the way, which means that we just skimmed the ground. This lessens the probability of detection from planes above and prevents attacks from below. However, the Germans at this time in this particular area were not attacking isolated planes.

The planes have various names and figures painted on them to record the number and kind of missions in which they have been used. For example, small parachutes stamped on the nose indicate each mission with paratroopers. Bombs on the plane represent the number of bombing missions; red crosses show the number of trips taken with wounded; and square blocks designate missions with soldiers or cargoes brought to the front. And there are other varieties.

Late in the afternoon, I offered Mass


G-1
HAIRCUTS REPAIRED
Shellhase

COLLIER'S GEORGE SHELLHASE

for eight hundred American soldiers. Afterward, as usual, I met each soldier personally. In my general talk, I told them that I was just as happy to be observing St. Patrick's Day with them in this leaky, barnlike hall in North Africa, as I would have been in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. It was a large group of men to be together in this particular sector, and they were men, real men, every one of them. I shall not forget this association with them.

Father William Walsh and Father Patrick Ryan, both Regular Army chaplains from St. Paul, Minnesota, accompanied me that evening to the headquarters of a bombardment group, where we were the guests of Colonel S. J. Donovan of Portland, Maine.

Officers of the command were present to celebrate St. Patrick's Day, crowded into a room in the old farmhouse, which serves as Air Force headquarters. The dinner was a very special one as Colonel Donovan had located some turkeys.

Hospitality of a General

We left this place about nine o'clock and drove through heavy rain and mud to the headquarters of Major General James H. Doolittle. General Doolittle really embarrassed me with his kindness, for, despite my protestation, he gave up his room to Father Walsh and me. We did not have very long to sleep, as an early Mass was scheduled for me at a hospital.

Again we rode through the darkness, the rain and the mud, to the hospital, which is staffed largely by doctors and nurses from Camden, New Jersey. Doctors, nurses and some patients stood around in their muddy boots in the combination building that served for recreation and religious purposes and attended the service. Chaplain T. J. Kelly of Cleveland, Ohio, assisted me. After leaving the hospital, I visited a Negro ordnance unit, where I saw many soldiers from New York.

I would like to mention the names of all the chaplains I met and to tell something about the life and work of each one of them, for each one of them is a very individual person. For that matter, every person in and out of the armed services has a story and is a story. Some of the chaplains are really supermen, and tragic emergencies demand supermen. Chaplains are also required to be resourceful. Father McCreedy of Philadelphia had an underground chapel which accommodated one hundred and fifty men. Father Chataignon of Galveston, Texas, was moving so fast that I think he must have had his Mass kit with him at all times, for I never caught up with him.

I have mentioned Father Forrester's afternoon Mass, where I led the recitation of the Rosary for two hundred soldiers and nurses. The nurses present on this occasion serve in the air transport service, evacuating the seriously wounded. This nursing service under Army Nurse Grogan, of St. Paul, Minnesota, has done remarkable work in saving lives that otherwise would certainly have been lost. But again, why particularize? Everyone I meet in every outfit that I visit in every service is contributing something to the cause of victory, something to the cause of peace.

SOMEWHERE OVER
THE MEDITERRANEAN
March 19, 1943

My dear father: At General Doolittle's headquarters I met General Vandenburg and members of his staff. These opening days of a new campaign are exciting, and I am in a whirling cycle of emotions. I marvel more and more at the tremendous task of planning everything, producing and manufacturing everything, getting it over to North Africa, and getting it where it is needed. If we only have an opportunity and a will to put such thought, such energy and such help into building up the world after this is over, I really think we could succeed.

The roads in North Africa are lined with long convoys and great centers for storing food, ammunition, and other supplies. The preparations for taking care of the wounded seem to be very well attended to: many evacuation hospitals, many airplanes for removing seriously injured troops, and even doctors, chaplains, and attendants to parachute down to the wounded. Many things that we pride ourselves on doing well at home are done equally well over here.

General Alexander had invited me to his headquarters for luncheon and had sent his car and Captain Clark, his aide-de-camp, for me. After luncheon, General Alexander's chief of staff and Air Marshal Conyngham brought me to the war room.

The walls of the tent are covered with all kinds of maps showing the position of the various troops. Other pertinent facts, also, are given in great detail, not only those which concern us but also forces opposing us. This is the head of the operations section of the North African campaign. I freely admit that it was an emotional ordeal to stand in that tent and see the outline of the plans, hear the difficulties, and know of the consequences involved in the fighting of this battle of Tunisia.

When I returned to General Doolittle's headquarters, I heard of the death, in England, of Cardinal Hinsley. While I had intended to remain longer in this particular area, still I felt that, since I intended to go to England during my trip, now would be the most appropriate time and thus I could attend the cardinal's funeral.

I decided to leave at once, and here I am, writing to you from a plane flying over the Mediterranean toward Gibraltar. The ride gives me a chance to reflect on the experiences of the past few weeks. I am thinking of battles, of things connected with battles, and also of other things. I am thinking that there will still be many problems in North Africa even after the war has left, to blaze northward. There will still be national, racial, economic and social problems.

Land of Conflicting Eras

The Arabs live in the same way now as they have lived for hundreds of years. A walk through a native quarter of any city or town is disheartening. Many of the people want to work only just enough to gain enough to live. An ordinary sight, yet a strange one, is to see a full-grown, strong, healthy Arab standing by the side of the road, holding up one egg in his hand to sell it to some passer-by for five francs, or ten cents. He will sell one egg for five francs but he will give two eggs for a box of matches. Here we are back farther in time than when the Indians sold Manhattan Island to the Dutch.

One general told me that he could not get his laundry done for money, but he could get anything done in exchange for some article. In some parts of Africa, a native may not work for money, but he will work hard for two weeks for a pair of overalls.

One viewpoint of the soldiers that is stressed, but I do not think sufficiently, is that they worry more about their loved ones at home than they do about any imminence of danger here. In fact, one soldier went to the extent of saying, "My mother is the real soldier." Their desire to receive mail cannot be overemphasized. They keep reading the letters they receive, over and over again until the ink fades and the paper wears out. Whether they be generals or privates, they have pictures of loved ones in their rooms, huts and tents;

Social Security

How does it affect YOU?

THIS MAN...
retired from business, lives quietly but comfortably on his income of $100 a month—$40 from Social Security and $60 from his life insurance policy.

THIS MAN...
cannot afford to retire after 65. Not having saved through life insurance or other investment, he now lacks income to supplement the $40 monthly check which Social Security will pay him if he quits work.

THIS WOMAN...
is the wife of a man over 65, who is receiving a Social Security check. Her "wife's allowance" at 65 will add 50% to the family income. She will have a small income from Social Security during her lifetime.

THIS WIDOW
is young, with two children—Dick, aged 9 and Sally, 5. The family enjoys a $70 monthly check from Social Security. But after Sally reaches 18, Social Security will pay no benefit to the widow until her 65th birthday.

THIS DEPENDENT PARENT...
in his 50's but a victim of ill health, cannot qualify for a monthly Social Security check. On the death of his son, a dependent parent receives benefits only if no widow or child survives, and then only at age 65.

THIS CHILD...
under 16 when her father died, qualifies for a $20 Social Security monthly benefit until she reaches 18, if in school. Normally, her mother or guardian receives the check.

THIS REPRESENTATIVE...
is the friendly Mutual Life man in your community. Schooled in Social Security matters, he is able and eager to help you to get a clear picture of your future income prospects under Social Security. The law's benefits, though rarely sufficient for comfortable living, do afford a splendid foundation on which to build—with life insurance—for your own leisure years and for needed family protection.

IMPORTANT SOCIAL SECURITY AND LIFE INSURANCE DATA

Write for **FREE** *Social Security* **FILE**

It lists the seven types of official records needed to collect Social Security benefits and provides for their convenient safekeeping. Foresighted planning will help to obtain benefits without delay when due. You and your husband will also be sent a special chart on which to record future Social Security benefits for every member of the family. Just mail this coupon today to Department CS-5.

NAME.. AGE..........

ADDRESS..

OCCUPATION..

THE MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK

"First in America"

Lewis W. Douglas, *President*

1843 · OUR 100th ANNIVERSARY YEAR · 1943

34 NASSAU STREET · NEW YORK CITY

"Working Hard, Pard?"

COWBOY: You said it, Jockey! Branding is just *one* extra chore I'm helping with since most of our hands are in uniform. How about you?

JOCKEY: Busier than ever. The makers of Jockey Underwear—of which I'm the trade-mark—are working hard on war contracts. And because Uncle Sam rightly gets first call on raw materials, civilians often have to hunt for Jockey. Yet the demand is the greatest in our history!

COWBOY: You tellin' me? I've had plenty of trouble getting Jockey myself—and that's true of just about all the branded things our outfit buys.

JOCKEY: It shows how much trade-marks mean to the American people, Pard. Trade-marked merchandise is first with them because they know that the manufacturers stand behind it, and that they'll get full value for their money. The brand you're putting on that calf is a good illustration.

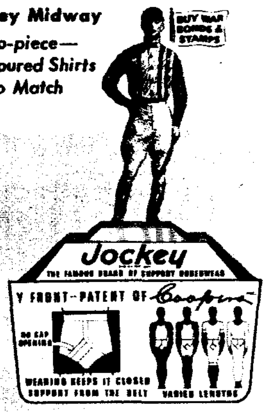
COWBOY: How do you mean, Jockey?

JOCKEY: Well, that brand is *your* trade-mark. It helps keep rustlers from stealing your cattle because it makes it practically impossible for them to sell through legitimate channels. You wouldn't knowingly put your brand on any steer headed for the black market, and you won't find other brands or trade-marks on meat sold in the alley.

Brands are placed only on products of which producers and retailers are proud . . . and people are willing to shop for them because they know that, through research in design and materials, the manufacturers are giving them the best available under wartime conditions. In general, that's how all types of trade-marks work.

COWBOY: Never did think of it that way before, Jockey, but it's the truth!

Jockey Midway
Two-piece—
Contoured Shirts
to Match



TRADE MARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Jockey Underwear
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Coopers INC.
KENOSHA / WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by Speedo Knitting Mills, Pty. Ltd., Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S. I.

they carry snapshots of their dear ones wherever they go.

To my mind, this thought of home, this remembrance, this loyalty to home and to spiritual values, is the most important foundation of the soldier's morale. He lives, he is brave and cheerful, he suffers, fights and dies for those at home and in the homeland. Occasionally, some think they "help morale" by producing vulgar shows for the soldiers. They produce dirt all right, but they do dirt in every sense of the word to the boys and the country. I was told that, at a camp show, Joe E. Brown was entertaining the men, and one soldier shouted some improper suggestion. Joe interrupted the show long enough to reprove the heckler, and the crowd applauded Joe.

We are in sight of the shores of Spain and shall arrive soon in Gibraltar.

Journey Among Mailbags

London, England
March 23, 1943

My dear father: I flew from General Doolittle's headquarters in North Africa to Gibraltar in less time than it took a telegram to cover the same distance. I had wired Gibraltar asking for a reservation on a plane leaving for England. However, the nonarrival of the telegram made no difference because there were no transport planes scheduled for departure. The only available plane bound for England was a freighter filled with mail sacks, leaving at midnight.

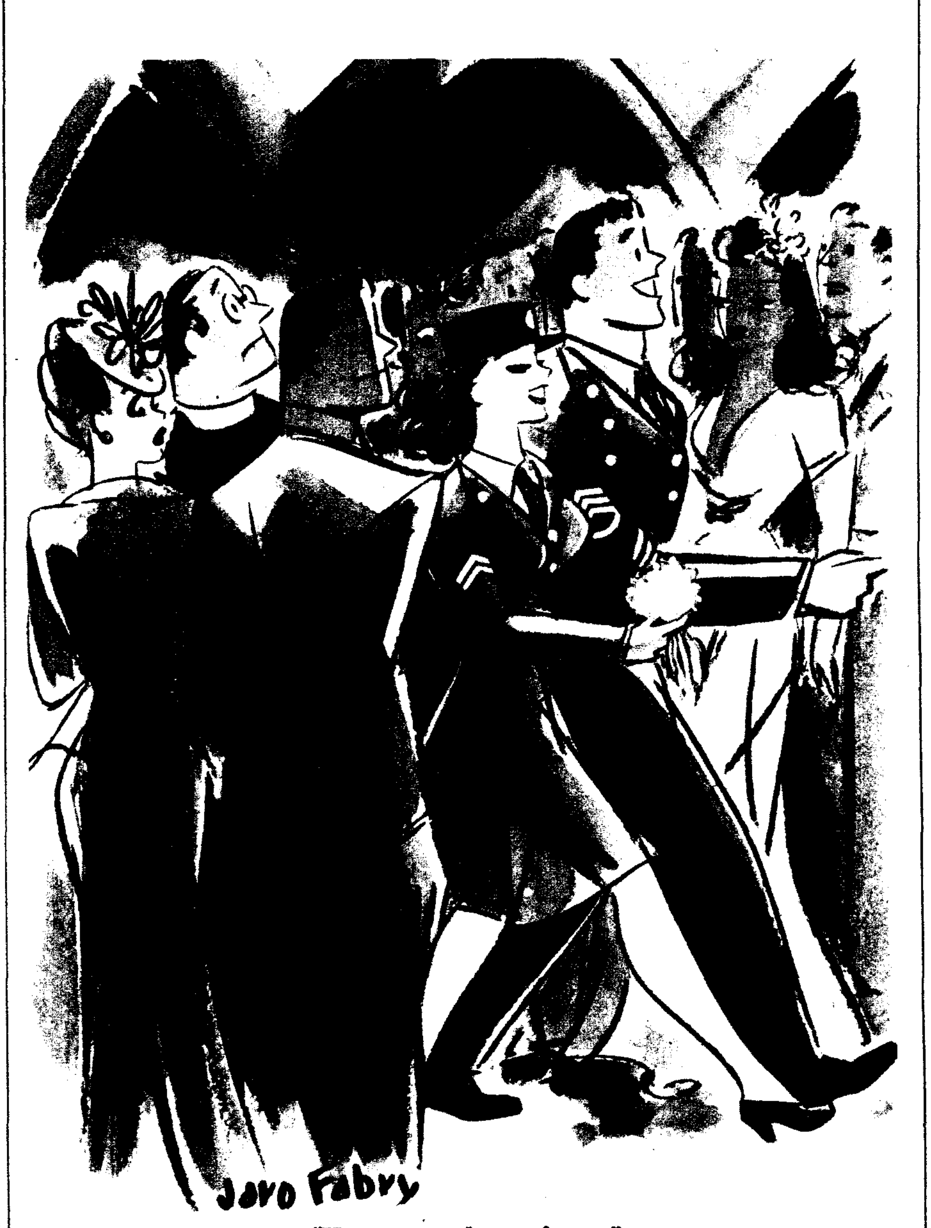
Since I did not know the day of the funeral of Cardinal Hinsley and did not wish to be late, I decided to become part of the cargo. The plane was completely and solidly packed, and I crawled into the middle of the packing. There was no possibility of communicating with the crew. There were many sacks of mail, but each mail sack had small sharp corners so that I was unable to use any one of them for a pillow. I had no overcoat or blanket, and during the long nine-hour journey, I was extremely cold and uncomfortable, for we flew at a considerable height.

Between the cold and the corners, I could not sleep a wink. I recited my Rosary; I tried to keep from freezing by moving my fingers, clasping my arms, and thinking of many hot places where I had been, to compensate for the cold. Fortunately, the trip was not rough and I was not punctured into a sieve. At long last I arrived at an airfield somewhere in England.

I went to the parish church and got myself thawed out. Later in the morning, I proceeded to London by train. Since no one knew that I was arriving at Gibraltar, I did not expect anyone to know that I was arriving in London. I hoped to rest and get cleaned up; for, not only I, but also my clothes needed cleansing. However, the British were embarrassingly alert, and I was surprised when I got off the train at Paddington Station to find a large crowd to greet me, and the largest line-up of cameras that I had ever encountered.

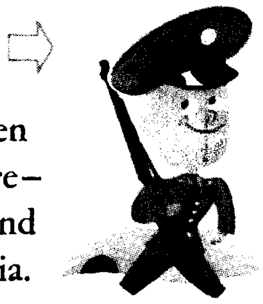
Among those who came to meet me was Archbishop William Godfrey, the apostolic delegate whom I had known in Rome both when he was a student and when he was rector of the English College. Archbishop Godfrey invited me to be his guest at the Apostolic Delegation, and I accepted his hospitality.

In starting to leave the parking place at Paddington Station, the apostolic delegate's car turned too sharply, hit a U. S. Army car parked next to it, and punctured a tire. This incident was called an



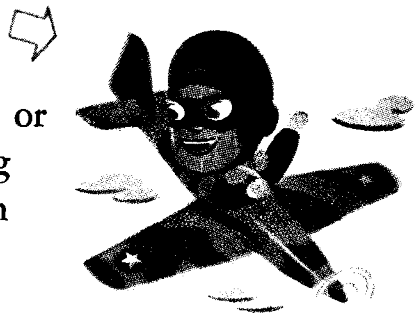
COLLIER'S "Hut—two—three—four—" JARO FABRY

GOING TRAVELING THIS WINTER
for a change of climate?



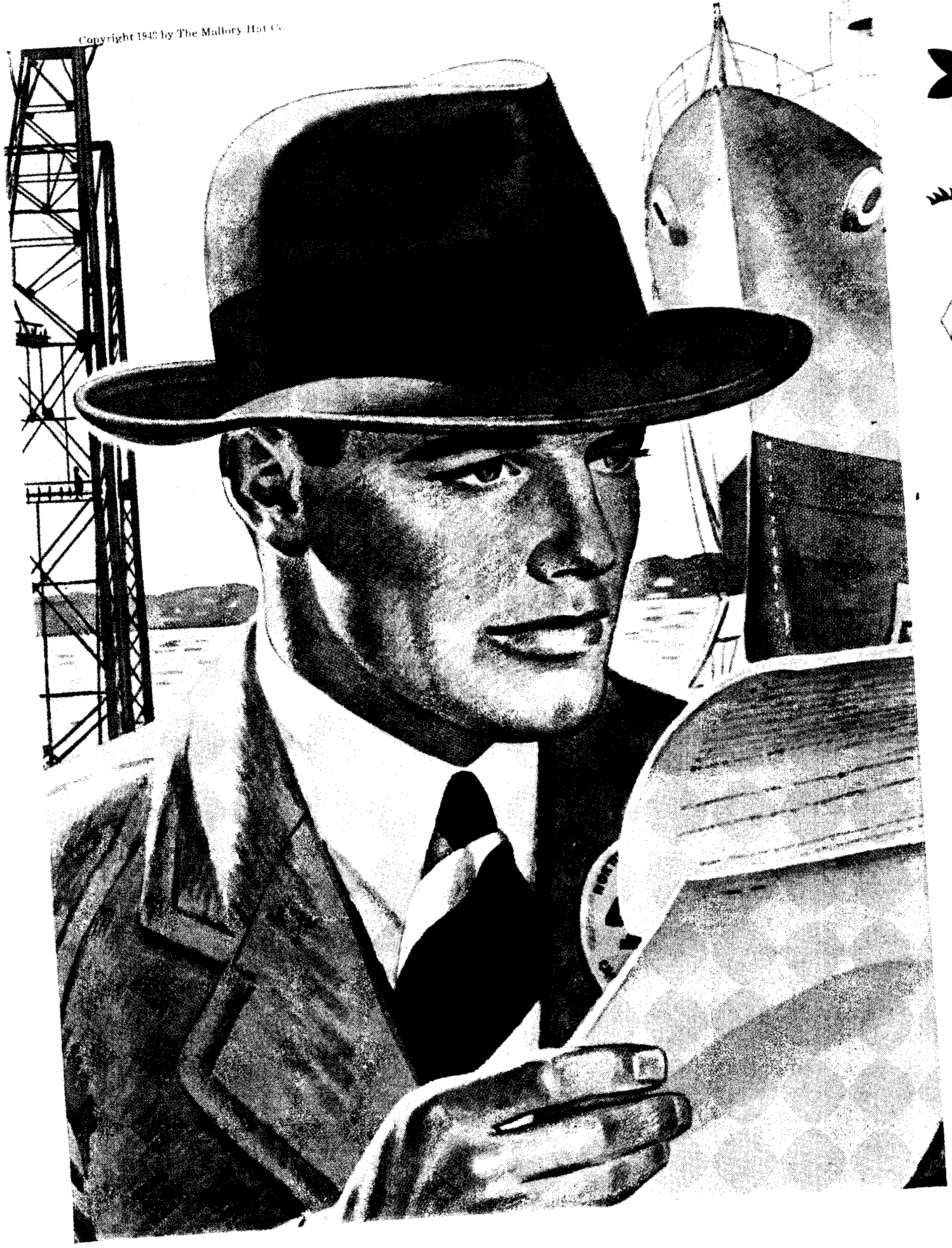
This hat will be seen everywhere—from Iceland to Australia.

Very smart for you if you're traveling by boat.



Perfect for day or evening wear in the air.

For those "delightful and unexpected little side trips."



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MALLORY *hats*

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The *Cravenette* process protects The PILOT'S fashion freshness from all kinds of bad weather. You won't have to discard it just when it's become an old friend. *Cravenette* hat protection is a "plus" that costs you nothing extra, and is exclusive with Mallory. Another "exclusive" is The PILOT'S new hand-crafted Club-edge brim that's specially designed to be worn either turned up or snapped. In any of several smart new Mallory Fall colors. $6.50

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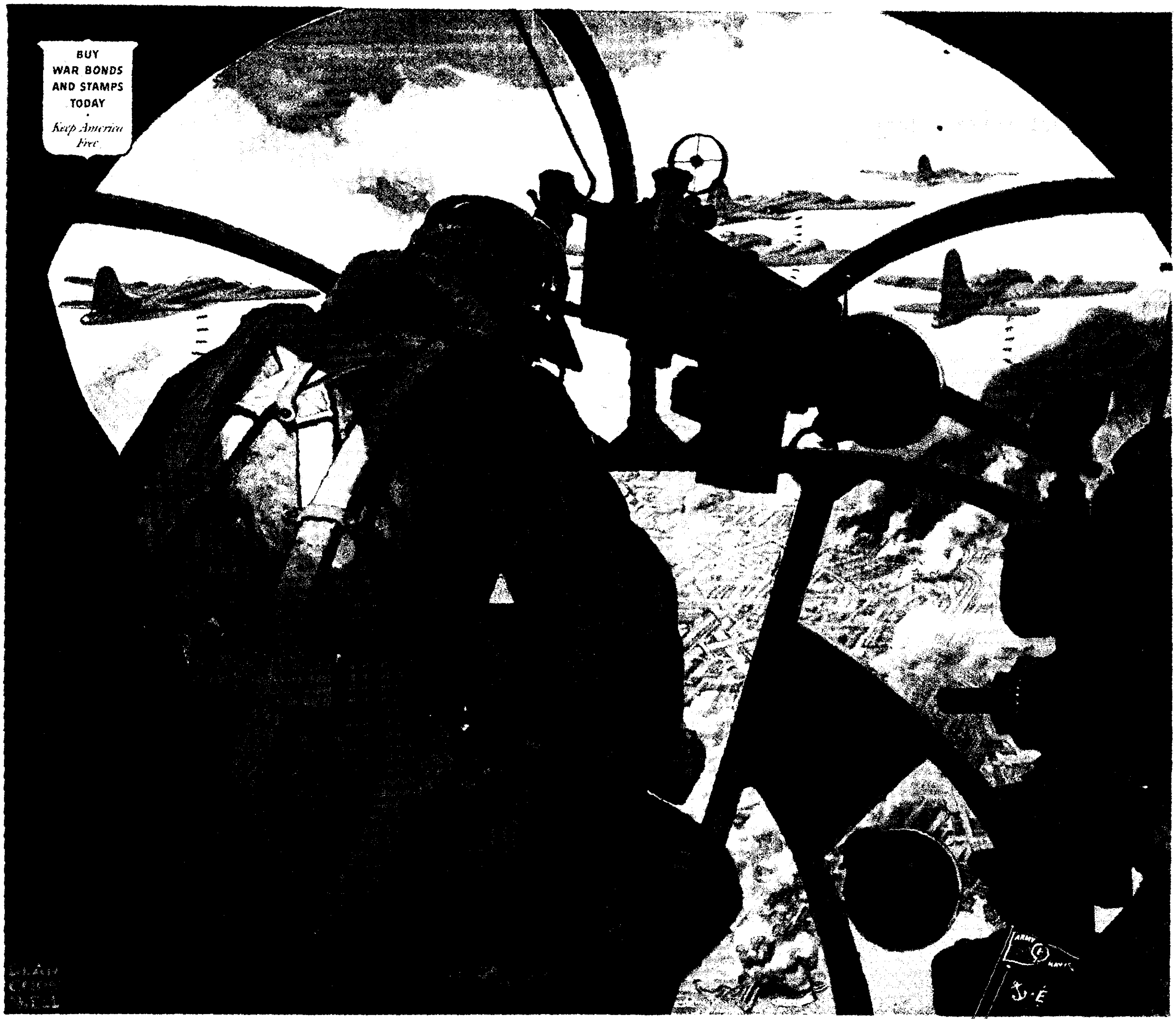

The Army-Navy "E" flies above three Fisher plants for excellence in aircraft production and from two others for tank production, while the Navy "E," with three stars, is flown by still another Fisher plant for its naval ordnance work.

Straight steer *by Fisher*

TWO amazing instruments—the gyro horizon and the directional gyro—help to give the American bombardier his big moment. Both are designed by Sperry Gyroscope, and built by Sperry and Fisher Body.

In precision flying, these delicate indicating instruments help a pilot to keep on his designated target. In blind flying or night flying they help him keep the true course to his objective.

Precision beyond anything ever attempted by Fisher is a "must" in their manufacture. Rare and special skills are necessary every step of the way.

Craftsmanship gave us the answer, just as it gave us the answer to bomber, tank and anti-aircraft gun problems.

Craftsmanship has never yet let us down.

And today you may be certain that as long as there's a micrometer and a microscope left in the world, our men will do their best to give their brothers in the air a straight steer—by Fisher.

armament
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DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

accident, and I was in a "crash." Later, telegrams began to arrive, and Bishop McIntyre was among those who sent queries to the Administrator of Westminster Cathedral to learn if I had been injured. I wasn't.

The next morning, I met General Frank M. Andrews, Commander in Chief of the United States forces in the European area. Instinctively, one likes General Andrews. One would be puzzled to know his profession if he were not in uniform. He seems to be an "all-round" man, kind, considerate, incisive. His men idolize him. They are proud of him. They know that he foresaw the war and foresaw the way in which it would be fought. (Editor's note: General Andrews later died in a plane crash over Iceland.) I called on Mr. Freeman Matthews, chargé d'affaires of the American embassy. Mr. Matthews told me that Mr. Winston Churchill had invited me to luncheon with him at the famous Number 10 Downing Street the day after the cardinal's funeral. I asked Mr. Matthews to tell the Prime Minister that I was grateful.

I passed Monday visiting units conducted by the American Red Cross in London. Mr. Harvey Gibson and Mrs. S. Sloan Colt were with me on these visits. These clubs are not only well conducted, but they are well patronized by thousands of our boys. American people would be gratified to see that in London, a great leave center for the soldiers, everything possible is being done to make them feel at home. Of course, it is easier to do things for soldiers in a great city like London than in isolated places where many of our troops are stationed.

That evening I had dinner with Mr. Anthony Biddle, the American ambassador and minister to many of the governments-in-exile. I met General de Gaulle at the ambassador's home. He is the champion and the leader of a large group of his fellow countrymen. His figure is the rallying point of a great portion of those who believe that the government of France forfeited its right to be the government when it remained in France and agreed to an armistice with Germany. The general was the French officer of highest rank who rejected the armistice, escaped to England, and continued to incite French opposition to the Nazis.

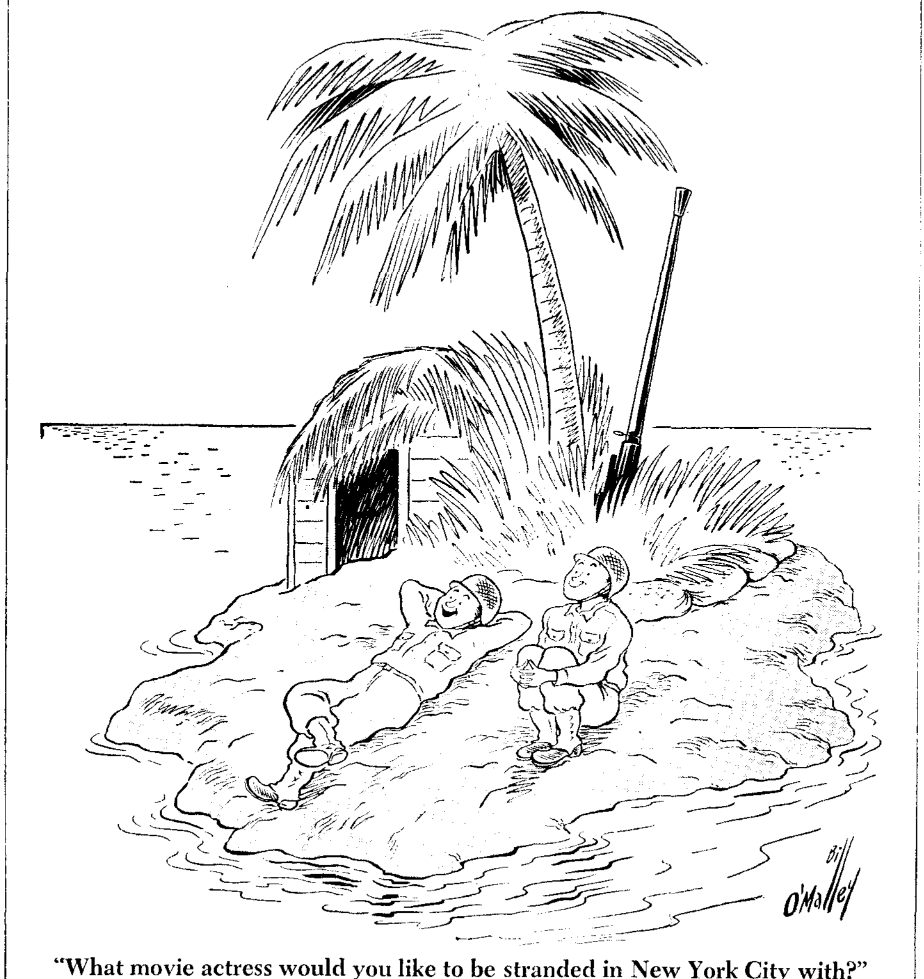
This morning, Tuesday, March 23d, was the funeral of Cardinal Hinsley. The apostolic delegate and I went to the cathedral together. The ceremony was most impressive, largely attended, and one that showed appropriate honor to the great priest and stalwart Englishman that was Cardinal Hinsley. He was already a man burdened with years and with service in Rome and in East Africa when Pope Pius XI named him to the See of Westminster. He was comparatively unknown in England because the greater part of his life had been lived abroad. Seventy years old when he became archbishop, in less than eight years he became universally respected and beloved.

The Cardinal's Requiem

The cardinal had requested to be buried with as little ceremony as possible, with few candles around the catafalque, and with no eulogy. However, as usually happens in such cases, popular demand prevailed over the cardinal's own desires, and the fullest honors were given him. I was privileged to give one of the absolutions at the cardinal's Requiem. Archbishop Downing's eulogy was simple, direct, appropriate and adequate. By special permission of the English authorities, the body was interred in the cathedral.

Tomorrow I am to have luncheon with the Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill. It will be the first luncheon at which he will have guests since his illness.

In the third installment of Archbishop Spellman's letters, he has lunch with Winston Churchill and returns to Africa to visit Tripoli and devastated Malta. It will be published next week.



"What movie actress would you like to be stranded in New York City with?"

COLLIER'S BILL O'MALLEY

THE SITUATION'S WELL IN HAND!

NO '5 o'clock Shadow'!

Sure—you're *always* in command of the situation when your chin is clean and smooth. So make certain you avoid messy "5 o'clock Shadow" by shaving with a *genuine* Gem Blade.

Why Gem Puts You at Your Best . . . Gem's the single-edge blade, you know, that's made by the makers of your Gem Razor. It *must* fit precisely. That's why Gem shaves are so easy on the face, look so well, last so long. Make your next shave a Gem shave!

Your Gem Razor must last you for the duration; dry it carefully after each shave.

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SLOPED TO CONFORM TO YOUR NECK
HAND-MEASURED FOR ACCURATE FIT
BALANCED PROPORTIONS IN FRONT, BACK AND SIDES

The beauty of a Manhattan Shirt is its perfectly tailored collar. A Manhattan Shirt collar looks right from *every* angle. It follows the precise curve of your neck from front to back. Every Manhattan is Size-fixt to stay your size for keeps and Man-formed to flatter your figure.

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FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

If you have any difficulty obtaining Manhattan Shirts, please be patient. Inquire at your favorite store again; shipments are made frequently.

Notes from New Guinea

By Sgt. Chas. D. Pearson

ILLUSTRATION BY THE AUTHOR

New Guinea isn't exactly a resort but it is far more habitable now than it was before the Uncle Sam Improvement Company went to work on it. The Air Corps' flying boxcars have hauled in everything from tractors to hairpins and continue to haul in more all the time. Air strips have made it possible for planes to get to a lot of formerly inaccessible places. One run that used to take 35 days now takes 35 minutes. Back home when something like a road had to be built you'd see surveyors, inspectors and blueprints in a huddle for days. Here they just go out and build the road.

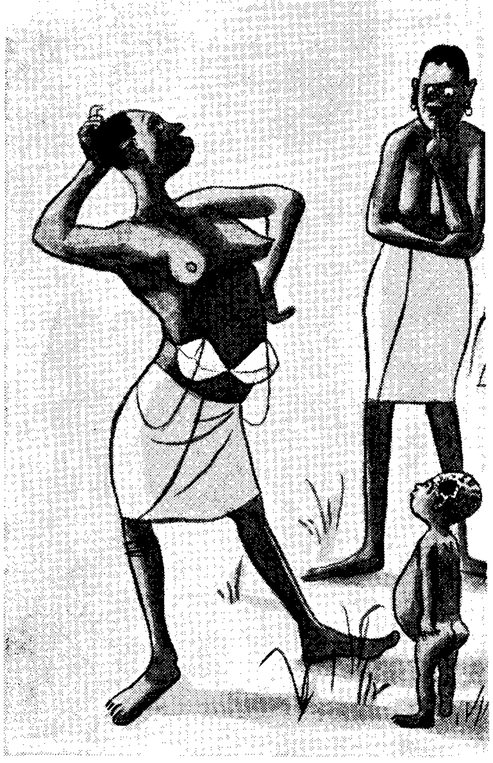
All civilians have been evacuated and traffic is strictly military. There's one exception: an old, faded blue sedan with the top gone and fenders rusted away. A Port Moresby resident gave it to one of the soldiers after it had been hit by bomb fragments, and the soldier fixed it up. His biggest problem was fitting it with a salvaged truck radiator. Since there is no place to go on the island he uses it in an official capacity during the day. At night he carries buddies to motion pictures at other camps.

The dampness is perpetual. After all sorts of experiments to combat it the Army finally is moving up on stilts and into trees. Platforms are built of hard wood and floored with split bamboo. Pyramidal tents are erected on the platforms. You reach the front door by climbing up a ladder. The ever-necessary air-raid trench is built somewhere underneath, which makes the trench reasonably dry. In the past, G.I.'s who couldn't swim came close to drowning while sweating out Jap night raids. This way you have only lizards and centipedes to worry about.

Except for those who live in Port Moresby, the natives parade around lightly clad. Gals generally wear what amounts to the equivalent of an old pen wiper. Children get by with strings of beads. These natives are generally always without bracelets, trinkets or charms of any sort because souvenir-happy Yanks have bought them all. Until the Department of Agriculture banned grass skirts from import into the United States an acre or so of grass went down every day to build hay dresses for the little girls back home.

One unanswered question is whether the natives are more curious about the strange ways and belongings of the newcomers or whether it's vice versa. An Army nurse gave a brassière to one of the New Guinea girls and sort of waited to see what she would do with it. The Dobadura deb disappeared into the bush, and later that day returned wearing the bra around her stomach. All the small items which she would normally have carried in a little net pouch were now in two convenient pockets.

If you're not around at chow time you're just not going to be fed because there is no place where you could possibly eat. A couple of Air Force boys, on one of those rare things, a day off, went fishing and forgot about chow time. One of them figured it might not be a bad idea to go back through the near-by native village and try to mooch a meal. It was easier than they had figured. The boss man said, "You have kaikai," which is one way of saying, "Will you hang around and put the nosebag on with us?" The meal turned out to be a four-course dinner, starting out with some stalks of sweet cane, followed by coconut meat and bananas, which had been wrapped in leaves and roasted. For no good reason at all the latter tasted like potatoes. The last course could not be identified. It came out of the community pot, but was reported to be good.



An Army nurse gave a brassière to one of the New Guinea girls

These natives eat only one meal a day, but it's so big they spend the evenings sitting around groaning and massaging swollen bellies with coconut oil. Incidentally, natives remove the outside husk of a coconut with a sharpened stick in some few seconds. It takes a soldier twenty-five minutes if he has an ax, a screwdriver and a jungle knife.

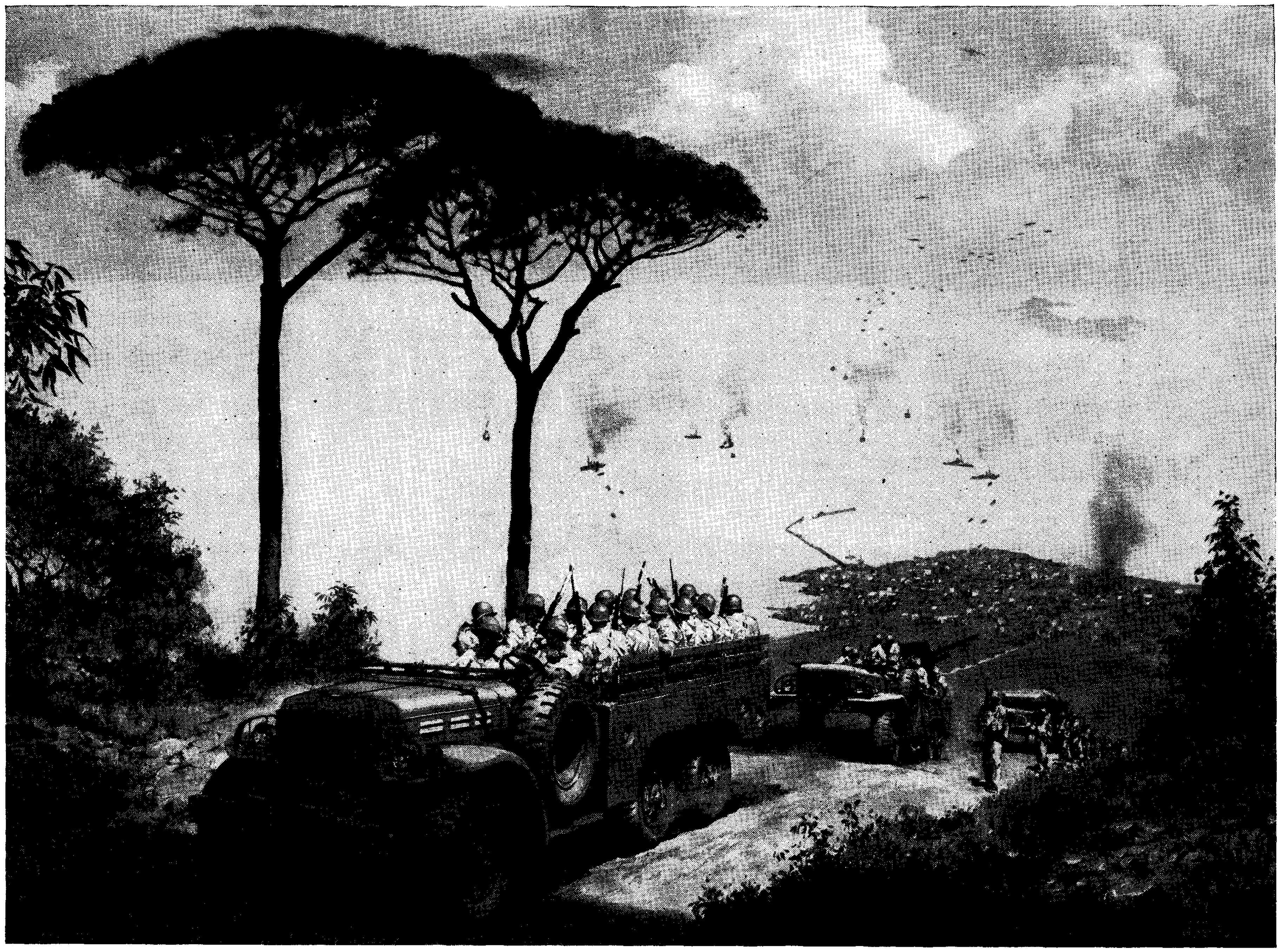
Many a sergeant who gives orders now, but knows that when the war is over his wife will give them, looks with admiration upon the native men who sit around while the gals do more work per capita than Army mules. Everybody works but father.

Japanese wreckage has been put to some local use. Bayonets have been cut down to throwing knives for the popular pastime of tossing at cardboard targets on which is plastered Tojo's puss. Shell cases have been cut down to ash trays. Natives use Jap ammo pouches for handbags.

Recently, a pilot bailed out of a plane, drifted earthward and finally ended up in a large tree. A rescue party, sent out after him, found they had to cross a river full of prehistoric-sized crocodiles. Deeming it inadvisable to try a crossing in their small rubber boat, they radioed that information back to their base, and in a short time a pursuit plane appeared over the spot and started strafing the crocodiles. With all guns open the ship looked like a skyrocket going backward. The plane flew off and the rescue party proceeded safely across the river.

At one camp, plumb in the middle of a coconut grove, the personnel walks around with faces turned up. Coconuts do not fall frequently but when they do they smack the ground with the impact of blockbusters.

New Guinea has been made habitable and it probably is as good a place to fight a war from as any. But, in the average dogface's opinion, if Manhattan was only worth twenty-four dollars, New Guinea isn't worth two cents. It's a nice place to visit but no place to live. ★★★



Dependable Invasion Equipment

SHIPS, guns and battle trucks . . . These are the primary invasion tools with which Dodge is so strongly identified.

Dodge makes the famous Sperry gyrocompass for more dependable navigation and maneuver of invasion fleets.

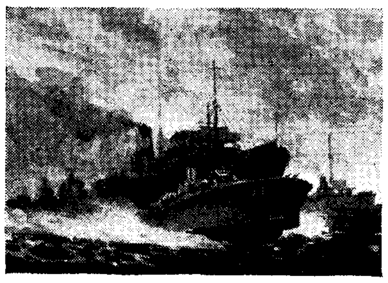
Dodge makes basic parts for the famous Bofors 40 mm. cannon for anti-aircraft defense on the ships and shore.

Dodge makes the fighting vehicles for the fast movement of troops and weapons, once the invasion bridgehead is gained and held.

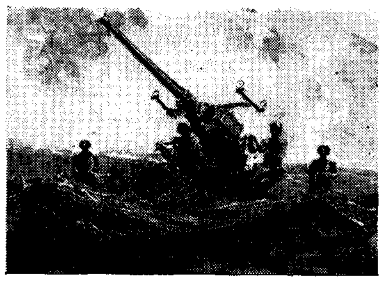
* * *

This is today's chapter of the Dodge military story which goes back to General Pershing in Mexico and the original A.E.F. in France.

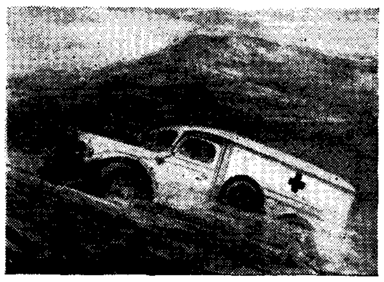
The story comes dramatically down to date in the American landing actions of today, and in the efficient conquest and victory which follow the landings.



The Gyro-Compass is one of the most intricate and precise manufacturing jobs ever undertaken.



Parts for the Bofors 40 mm. Anti-Aircraft Cannon were put in quantity production by Dodge.



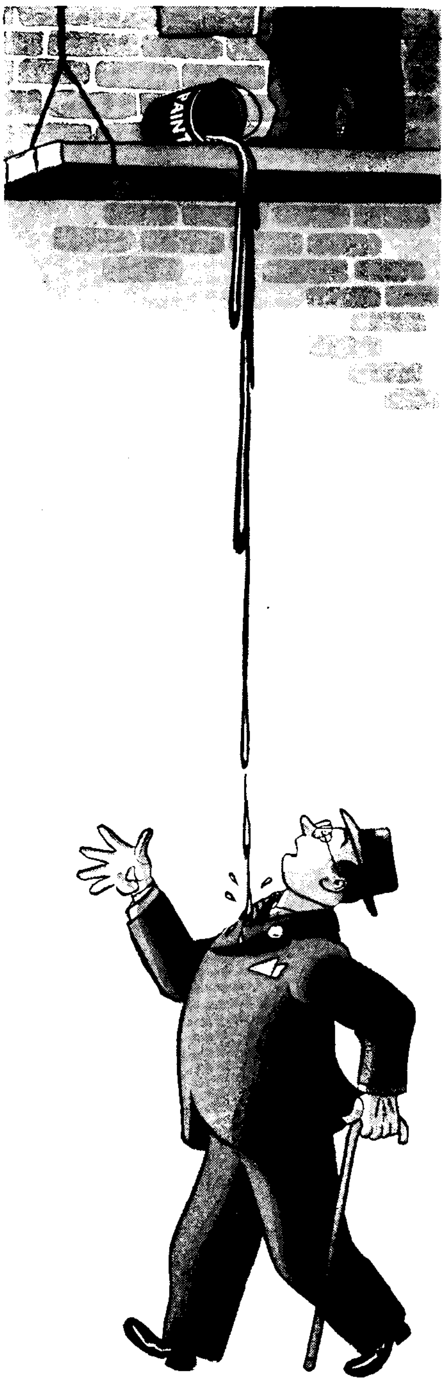
The Dodge ambulance is a dependable vehicle of mercy in every Allied invasion theatre of war.

Listen—to Major Bowes every Thursday, 9 P. M., E. W. T.

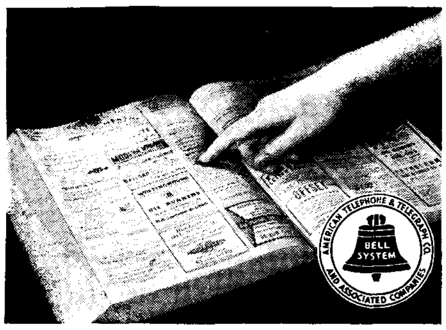
DODGE

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

[BACK THE ATTACK — WITH WAR BONDS]



To find a Cleaner



. . . just look in the Classified section of your telephone book

When you walk into trouble, the Classified will help you out. Whether you need a cleaner, a lawyer or an insurance agent, the Classified tells who and where.

Get acquainted with the Classified. It's convenient. It saves time. It helps you find what you want when you want it.

Nobody Lives Forever

Continued from page 17

hesitated, swallowed, and went out, shutting the door softly.

"Pretty smooth," said Doc.

"You think so?" asked Jim with narrowed eyes.

"Yeah. That just goes to show what a bank roll means. It takes capital to operate. Maybe a guy does have to lay out thirty grand or so; if he's got it—fine. I never saw the guy yet who wouldn't lay out thirty grand to net a million."

"Get to the point."

"The point is: Pop, Shake, and Windy are two-bit crooks. You can push them around all you please. That's your business. But you can't push me around."

"I just handed you ten grand. Is that what you call getting pushed around?"

"In a way—yes."

"Not in my language." Jim put on his hat and turned to go.

"Look—Farrar," said Doc, "I don't want any trouble with you. I know you're a bad boy to monkey with. But so am I."

"I'm going to get sore in a minute," said Jim mildly.

"I wouldn't advise it. First place, I got a rod in my coat pocket. Second place, I can spoil your nice little setup in five minutes. All I have to do is sing, and you're out over thirty grand for nothing: strictly for nothing." Doc laughed sardonically. "It was a good idea to marry the dame. But I got a better idea. Cut Doc in—that will make it much cozier."

Jim controlled himself. This took a little finagling. He didn't want a coked-up small-time bad man running loose, gumming the works; on the other hand, at the moment he didn't want to strong-arm Doc—that could come later.

"The trouble with you is, Doc," he said quietly but bitingly, "you're neither a crook nor an honest man. You've never yet made up your mind which you are. You're inclined to be a rat on both sides of the fence. Now that's bad."

Doc smiled calmly. "All right, call me names."

"A guy's got to pick out a set of rules and stick to 'em; he just can't make 'em up as he goes along. At least, it's not healthy."

"I feel all right."

"What I'm getting at is: an agreement's an agreement."

"Exactly, and thirty per cent of a million—we'll say just one million to be fair—is three hundred thousand dollars. But—I'm not crazy. I'm not asking for anything like that. I just want in on the play—that's all."

"I'll have to think it over, Doc," said Jim, looking at Doc judiciously and rubbing his chin as if he actually was thinking it over. In reality, he was wondering if Doc could be stopped any way short of a rub-out.

"Don't think it over too long."

"You can always call Johnny. He's at the Ocean View Hotel, Santa Monica."

"And you and the missus are at the Marwood, where my bigmouthed friend, Charley Evans, is the manager. He thinks you're a wonderful couple. Told me all about it without prompting."

Jim turned. "Good night, Doc. Take a tip. Get off the junk for a while. Maybe you'll see things differently."

"I doubt it. Good night, Mr. Farrar."

WHILE Jim was talking to Doc, Johnny finally managed to get Tony on the phone.

"Look—Tony. Jim's here. He'll be down to see you soon. Watch your step."

"Well—that's news," said Tony, lazily. "How is my big boy? Was he glad to see you—his only friend and pal?"

"Cut it out, Tony."

"Did you let him know how society was getting along at La Junta Beach? The prize social note is as follows: Mr. John Doyle of Florida is now taking his siestas with Miss Antonia Blackburn, also of Florida by way of Chicago and the Holland Tunnel."

"Here comes Jim."

Johnny hung up abruptly, and got out of the phone booth without Jim seeing him.

TONY'S attitude puzzled Jim. When he came in she was lying on the divan, reading a magazine. She looked up, her face calm, and said offhandedly, "Hello, Jim. Did you have a nice trip?"

"Yeah," he said, glancing at her, surprised.

He'd expected a violent reaction of some kind, and in a way he'd looked forward to it. No matter how angry Tony became—sometimes she lost all control of herself almost to the point of hysteria—she got over it quickly; and her emotions, just as violent as before, veered in another direction: she either burst into tears and cried as if she'd lost everything in the world, or she became wildly amorous. Jim often wondered if this extreme emotionality didn't explain the hold she had over him.

Puzzled, Jim reacted in a characteristic way. He stalled. He took off his coat and put it with his hat in the hall closet, then he loosened his tie, lit a cigarette, and sat down opposite Tony, who lay looking at him with what seemed like complete indifference.

THERE was a long pause. Tony tossed her magazine aside. Her bushy red hair was going every which way—she had no make-up on except lipstick, and she seemed younger, more wholesome, less artificial. Even so—compared to Gladys she looked like a theatrical trollop: promiscuous, greedy, and treacherous.

"I understand from your pal, Johnny, that you had to go to Mexico on business," she said. There was something in her tone that made Jim sore, something cold and jeering.

He decided he'd give her a jolt. "Yes," he said, bracing himself for what he was certain would follow, "big business. I married a million dollars."

Tony laughed and said, "I expected that."

"Smart girl—aren't you?" said Jim, annoyed by her attitude.

"Sort of. Well—it's all right by me. With little Tony on your hands, you're going to need a million dollars."

"I was getting by with less."

"But things are different now."

Jim got up, came over to Tony, and stood looking down at her. "Listen, honey. Maybe I didn't hear right, but it sounded like you were threatening me. Don't get too big for your pants. It's not healthy."

Tony studied Jim's face, more than a little upset by a feeling she'd never experienced with him before. She was afraid. To her Jim had always seemed lazy and good-natured, smart in his way, all right, but very susceptible to women, and not too hard to manage. Now in his face, which usually had a certain softness about it but at the moment looked lean and hard, and in his narrowed dark eyes, she sensed, for the first time, a bleak quality, an inhumanity, a mercilessness, which filled her with uneasiness.

Her attitude changed completely. She looked up at Jim with a soft, compliant expression. "Are you in love with her, Jim?"

"Of course not. What are you talking about?" Jim spoke harshly, sensing a victory.

Tony turned away from him suddenly and burst into tears.

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The 2-layer UNDERWEAR

When Doc came in, Shake was sitting at the table leisurely shuffling through a stack of books he'd just bought at a secondhand bookstore. He glanced up at Doc briefly, then looked again. He hardly knew the little doctor, who was wearing an expensive double-breasted blue suit, new black shoes, a black Homburg hat, a white shirt with a fashionable low collar, and a dark blue tie. A white handkerchief with a light blue border was carefully arranged in his breast pocket. Doc had been to the barber's where he'd had a massage and a close shave; and his coarse black hair, which almost always looked shaggy, was nicely trimmed and pomaded.

"Well—for gosh sake," said Shake, genuinely startled. "You look like Chi in the old days, Doc."

DOC studied himself in the mirror complacently. "Just shows you what a little capital will do. The guy downstairs didn't know me. Now I'm ready for business."

"What business?"

"Any that comes along. I've got that front I've been talking about."

"Yeah," said Shake, "but . . . Look. We just made a big score. Why don't you relax, Doc?"

Doc laughed sardonically and sat down, carefully pulling up his trousers to preserve the crease. "Shake," he said, "I just moved into the Marwood Arms."

"What?" cried Shake, then he laughed. "Stop kidding."

"I'm not kidding."

Shake stared at Doc for a moment, puzzled, then he realized that the little doctor meant it. "But—Doc; I can't live there. Too expensive."

"Who said anything about you living there?"

"But I thought we . . ." Shake's face fell. He looked like a kid ready to burst into tears. The flaccid dewlap under his chin trembled slightly.

"No," said Doc, lighting a cigar. "Doc's on his own from here on in. You should have seen the face on my old inseparable pal and companion—Charley Evans." Doc laughed scornfully. "He didn't want me, but what could he do? I had the dough to pay in advance—two hundred and fifty bucks for one month: robbery! And I knew he had some vacancies. He's always shooting off his big mouth. Besides, we went to college together. He was stuck." Doc laughed again.

Shake's mouth dropped open.

"But—Doc; that's where the big fellow beat the sucker." His eyes narrowed suddenly, and his sheeplike face took on a look of exaggerated cunning. "What are you pulling, Doc?"

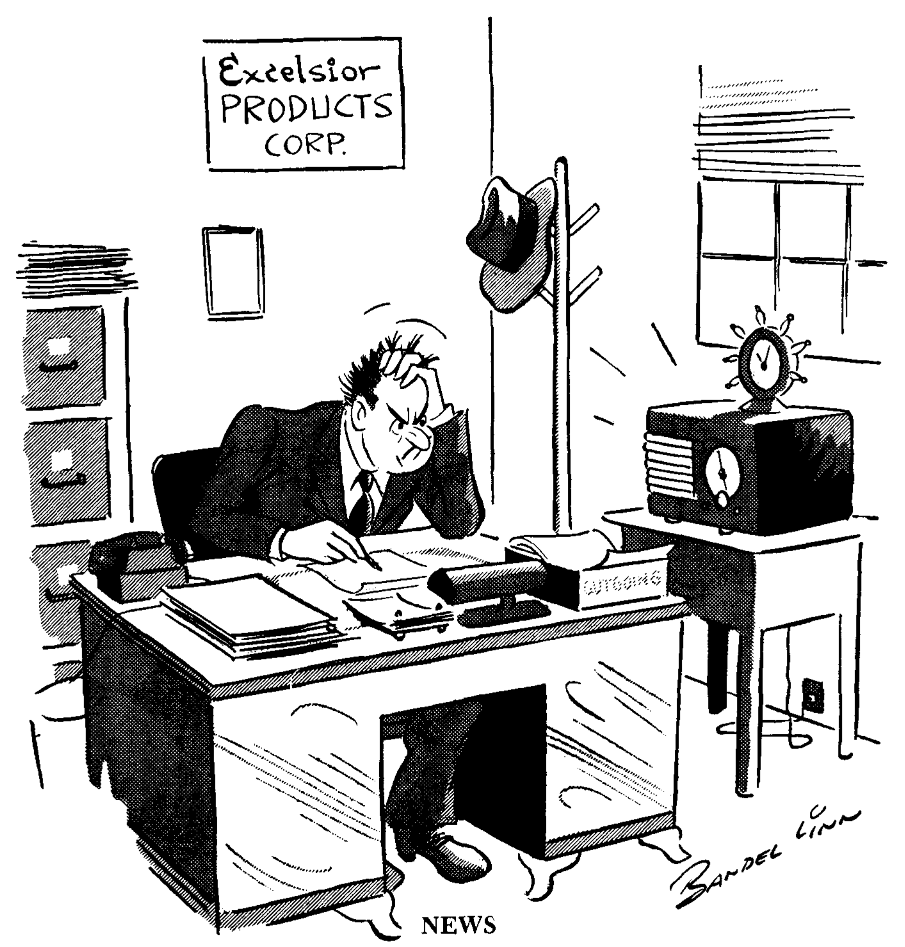
"Nothing. Nothing. Any place that's good enough for Jim Farrar's almost good enough for me." He laughed and slapped his thigh. "I figured it might be a good hunting ground since we did so well there once."

"You're going to get in a jam. Why don't you relax for a while—enjoy your dough?"

"This is just petty larceny to what I'm going to have." Doc puffed on his cigar meditatively, then got up. "Well, I guess I'll be on my way. I got to go over to a luggage store and pick up a couple of bags I bought, then I'll drop by Oviatt's and pick up the rest of my new clothes, grab a taxi and I'm all set." He turned and walked toward the door.

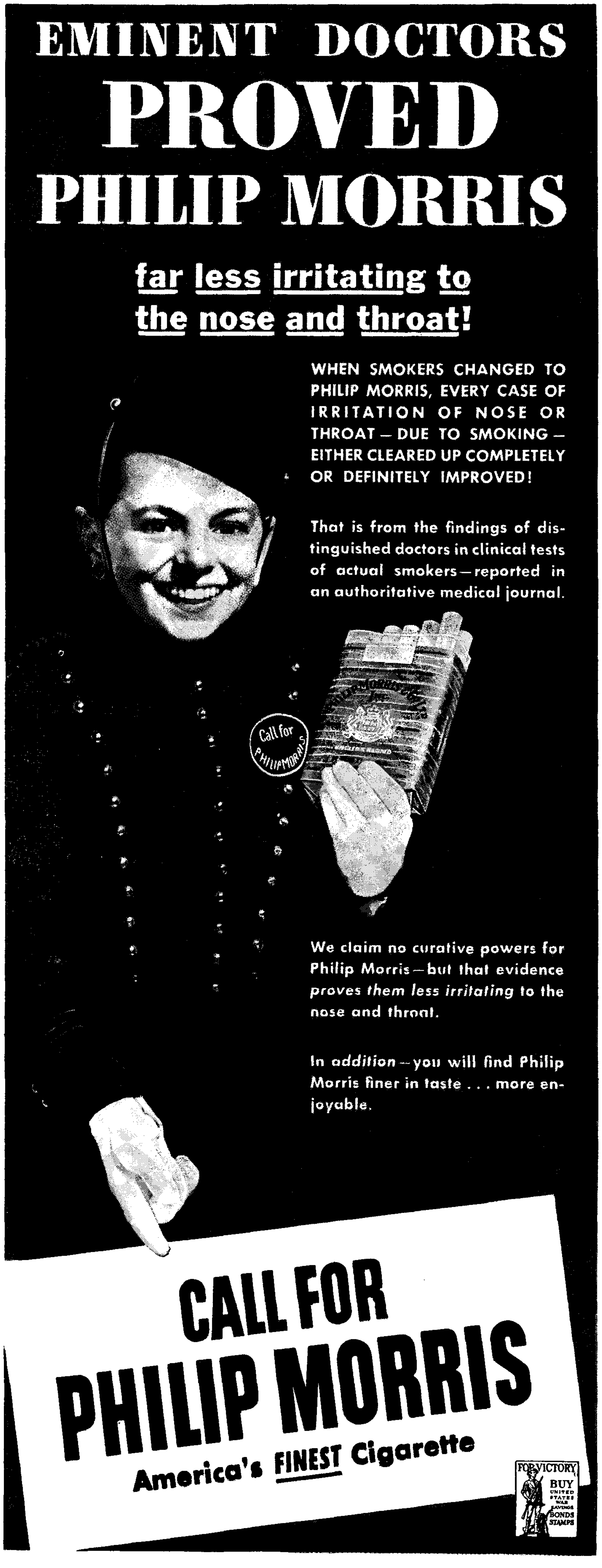
Shake was hurt. It seemed mighty heartless of Doc to walk out—just like that—after all they'd been through together. A vague uneasiness began to grow on him. It was going to seem lonely without Doc.

As the little doctor reached the door, Shake got up. His hands were trembling



". . . Now let us say that you are a manufacturer: WPB has permitted production of metal pot scourers, flour sieves, carpet sweepers and, in some cases, lunch boxes and baking pans. If you are manufacturing rugs, floor coverings, draperies, mattresses, fur coats or luggage, you cannot use promotional selling practices; this is a voluntary agreement. If you have brass or wire mill products on hand, the WPB will not permit you to deliver them after October 30th—unless you are filling an order under CMP. Of course, it is possible that there will be exceptions in some cases, but, as a general rule, these restrictions will apply"

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN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We claim no curative powers for Philip Morris — but that evidence proves them *less irritating* to the nose and throat.

In *addition* — you will find Philip Morris finer in taste . . . more enjoyable.

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Even worse! This kind of starchy stiffness keeps *your* chin up—but *her* thumb down!

Only the Van Heusen Shirt has the famous Van Heusen collar attached!

FOUND at last! The one white shirt that pleases everyone! Pleases *her* with its good looks; pleases *you* with its comfortable, can't-wilt collar. *Looks* starched but *isn't!* Woven—not just sewed but *woven*—to fit the human neck! Get Van Heusens today—Sanforized, laundry-tested. Also in a wide variety of patterns and collar styles. Phillips-Jones Corp., New York.

1 *Smoo-ooth! Collar can't pucker—it's woven in one piece instead of usual three layers of cloth. Looks starched, is soft!*

2 *Like magic! Always folds right, irons perfectly, for the foldline's woven in. Keeps a clean curve around your neck.*

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and he had an all-gone feeling in the pit of his stomach.

"You can take my old clothes and throw them in the sewer—or sell them if you like," said Doc. "I'm brand-new from the hide out. And, Shake, I'll make you a present of that Gladstone bag of mine: it cost me seventy-five dollars in Chicago."

"Thanks, Doc," Shake faltered. "It's going to seem mighty funny around here without you and Windy."

"Windy! Where is that guy?"

"Frisco. Left at noon."

"What's he going up there for?"

"Remember that dame he rolled drunks with? He took her on a trip. Says she's a very nice woman."

"I'll bet!" said Doc, laughing. "Two bits Windy turns up in a couple of days, broke. He would pick a drunk-roller! A dame like that'd kill a guy for ten bucks—let alone ten Gs!"

Shake hesitated, then said in an unnatural voice, "Give me a ring once in a while, will you, Doc? I might get sick or something, and I got nobody. I don't want to be dumped in no hospital."

"Oh, relax, you big chump," said Doc, scornfully. "Nothing'll ever happen to you. You'll dry up and blow away at the age of ninety. If you were like me, you'd have something to worry about. So long."

Shake took a step forward toward Doc and made a move to shake hands with him, but Doc, with one of his abrupt movements, was out of the door, which shut with a bang.

"That Doc!" said Shake, aloud. "He's a queer one. You'd think he'd only met me yesterday." Shake was deeply wounded. He sat down and began to look listlessly through the books he'd had so much fun buying: they didn't mean much at the moment. "And that dirty Gladstone bag," said Shake, outraged. "That's some present!". . .

When Pop came out of the pawnshop where he'd been forced to stay longer than he'd intended, he noticed by a street clock that his watch was slow. He immediately got very much upset and ran off, looking for a taxi. The old Pop would not have become so flustered over the possibility of missing a train: another one always came along sooner or later. But Pop was confused. Now he did not live according to plan. He merely acted on impulse.

He realized dimly that he'd not shown his usual acumen in dealing with the pawnbroker. The so-and-so had robbed him. His old pal, the telescope, had been worth a lot more than the pawnbroker had allowed him on it. Pop hated to part with it, but resisted this feeling, considering it weakly sentimental. After all—what was a telescope? Nothing but a metal tube with some glass in it. It was silly to attach any value, aside from a monetary one, to it. And yet—it had been through rough times with him; and on many occasions had provided him with a much-needed meal.

Pop hesitated and seriously considered going back for the telescope. But a taxi came along and he got into it. As they drove through a crowded Los Angeles street on the way to the station, Pop looked about him like one in a dream. He actually had nearly three thousand dollars in cash; he actually was leaving the big California city where he'd been a familiar figure for years; and he actually was going back to his birthplace, that small Indiana town where he could live out the rest of his life in peace.

"Hot, ain't it?" said the taxi driver, turning and grinning.

"Yep," said Pop. "I'm sort of glad I'm getting out. It's not the kind of heat [illegible] like."

"Going back East?"

"As far as Indiana—that's my home state."

"I'm from Illinois myself," said the driver. "But I'll take California every time. All I wish is—they'd let me stay here. But I'll be in Iceland or Ireland or God knows where pretty soon. I'm being inducted a week from today."

"That's tough."

"Yeah," said the driver, sadly. "I wish I'd never got divorced now. There I was with a wife and two kids. I didn't know when I was well off. But a guy can't foresee a thing like that." The driver pushed his cap back and meditated. "At that—I don't know. My wife was hard to live with. And them kids—boy!"

"Maybe the war won't last," said Pop indifferently. "Maybe they'll get it over quick."

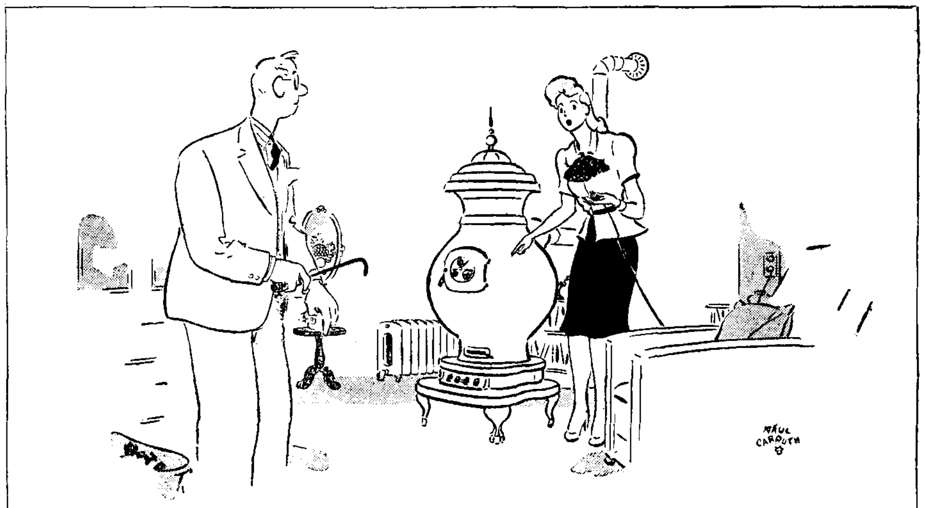
"Not the way we're going. Oh, well. My old man went through a war. I guess I can do it." The driver turned and looked at Pop. "Them trains are mighty crowded right now and you never know whether you're going to eat or not. They feed the soldiers first. Better pick up something in the station; take it with you; then you don't have to worry."

TOWARD one o'clock that night, Pop woke with a start. He was riding in a tip-back chair in the tourist sleeper. He stared up in bewilderment at the dimly lit ceiling of the car. He couldn't orient himself; the slight swaying of the train and the lickety-lick of the wheels puzzled him. He felt terrible. Pains were shooting all through him.

Suddenly he sat up—realizing where he was; an old man starting out alone on a wild-goose chase. And for a second he saw himself and the world with startling clearness: his dream blew up like a punctured tire.

"I'm an old fool," groaned Pop. "I should have put my money in the bank and stayed right in L. A. Kept my telescope, raked in the dimes and whatever else I could get my hands on. I never did like Indiana—even when I was a kid."

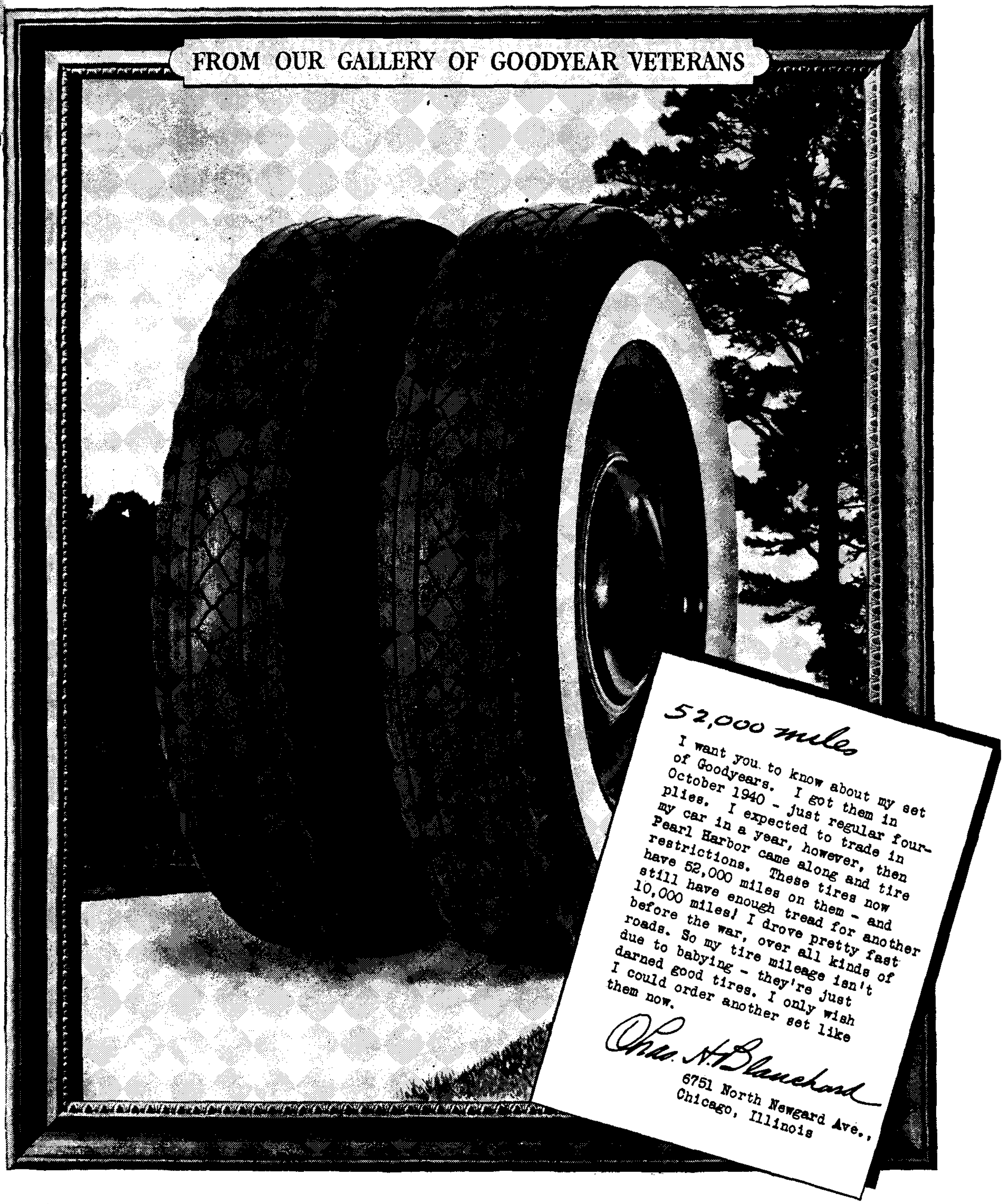
The pains grew worse. Pop was wide awake now. He began to shake. With an



COLLIER'S "Okydoke, John. Now where do I plug it in?" PAUL CARRUTH

"Since rationing... you can SEE the difference in tires!"

GOODYEAR
TIRES


FROM OUR GALLERY OF GOODYEAR VETERANS

52,000 miles

I want you to know about my set of Goodyears. I got them in October 1940 - just regular four-plies. I expected to trade in my car in a year, however, then Pearl Harbor came along and tire restrictions. These tires now have 52,000 miles on them - and still have enough tread for another 10,000 miles! I drove pretty fast before the war, over all kinds of roads. So my tire mileage isn't due to babying - they're just darned good tires. I only wish I could order another set like them now.

Chas. H. Blanchard

6751 North Newgard Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois

IN the twenty months folks have had to get along on prewar tires, they've found out that Goodyears *do* have the quality-plus we dealers have always claimed for them.

There's no longer any question about that. Today motorists who bought Goodyears before Pearl Harbor have the proof right on their wheels!

Look at these Goodyear veterans

Here on this page, you see pictured one example of how Goodyear tires are standing up, typical of many cases among our customers.

And mind you, these tires had piled up sizable mileage before gas and speed restrictions began. Now after 52,000 miles, they're still carrying on.

Nor is that all. Carcasses as sound as these will be good for many thousands of miles' additional use, when the time comes for a Goodyear Extra-Mileage recapping job.

SYNTHETIC RUBBER TIRES ARE HERE

Now — sooner than expected, but in very limited number — Goodyear synthetic rubber tires are available to essential civilian drivers holding "B" and "C" cards. In them you will find the same structural excellence, the same tire-building skill that gave prewar Goodyears such long life.

Whether or not you are eligible for these synthetic rubber tires, make the most of the reserve mileage remaining in your present Goodyears. Have them inspected regularly; install LifeGuards to protect them from puncture injuries; follow wartime driving rules. As the miles mount up, you'll be saying like so many others, *"As soon as I can get new tires again, you can bet they will be Goodyears!"*

• • •

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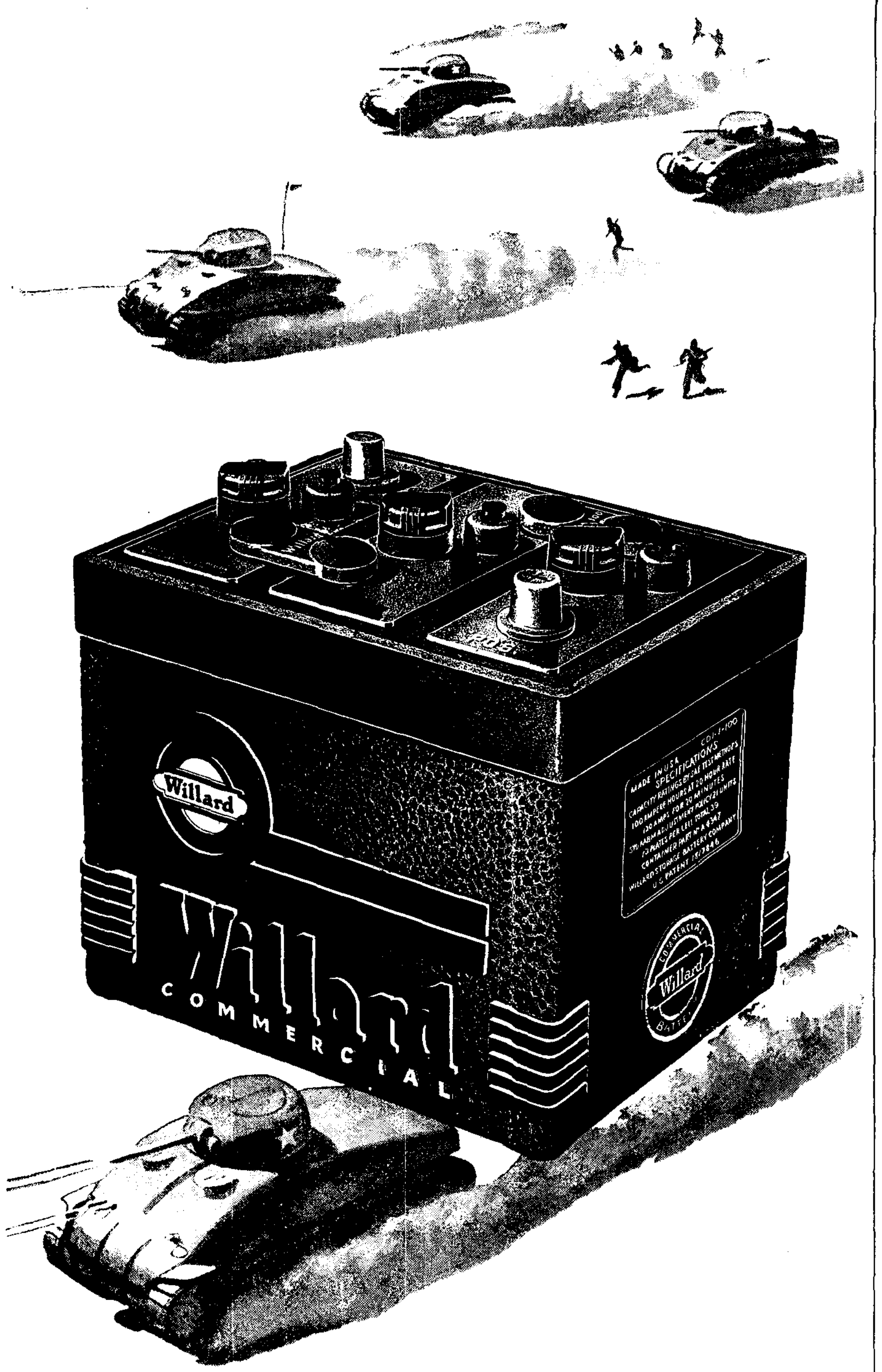

Over There—and Over Here

The same group of skilled men builds Willard Batteries both for essential civilian use—and for the tough assignments on the fighting fronts. The same materials are used—the same high standards followed. In order to *save* manpower and materials during these critical war days, we ask you to make *your* battery last just as long as possible. Your co-operation will make *more* Willards available for tanks, jeeps, trucks, radios, walkie-talkies—and scores of other military applications. But if you *do* need a new battery—buy wisely—buy a Willard.

Willard "SAFETY-FILL" BATTERIES

-have the power to carry on!

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effort he pulled himself out of the chair and got unsteadily to his feet. A sudden animal fear of death took hold of him: he began to sweat—a cold clammy sweat that chilled him to the bone. The train swayed round a bend. Pop made a grab for the chair, missed it, and fell.

The next thing he knew he was lying with his head propped up on a stranger's knee. The stranger had on a uniform.

"Is he all right?" a woman's voice asked anxiously.

"Yeah," said the soldier; "I think he just fainted. Poor old guy."

Several men came hurriedly down the aisle.

"Here's the doctor," said somebody.

Pop protested, but the doctor bent down and gave him a cursory examination, then he used his stethoscope.

"Ever had any trouble with your heart before?" asked the doctor, a sleepy, solemn-looking man with a too-perfectly trimmed slight mustache.

"It's not my heart," said Pop, indignantly. "I lost my balance and fell."

They took Pop off the train at Phoenix and he went to the hospital under the care of a doctor, who met the train. Pop didn't mind the ride in the ambulance. He was sweating from weakness, but outside of that he felt all right.

Later in the day he said to the doctor who dropped in to see him, "Listen, Doc—when can I go back to L. A.?"

The doctor, a young man with a strong, healthy, red face, rubbed his chin and smiled. He liked this old bird.

"I thought you were on the way to Indiana."

"Changed my mind."

"Your people will be disappointed."

"What people?"

"Oh," said the doctor, then he bent down and felt Pop's pulse. "Young man," he went on, "haven't you ever been told it's dangerous to go around in this wicked world carrying a roll like that?"

Pop started: "Where is it?"

"In the hospital safe. You'll never see it again. That's going to be the amount of my bill."

Pop grinned feebly. "How about L. A., Doc?"

"We'll talk about that later."

"I'll make it, won't I?"

"Sure." The big young doctor grinned and Pop lay back, feeling very contented.

On the way to his office the doctor met Pop's nurse.

"Funny old fellow, isn't he?" she said.

"An old reprobate—or I don't know anything," said the doctor, grinning. "I like him."

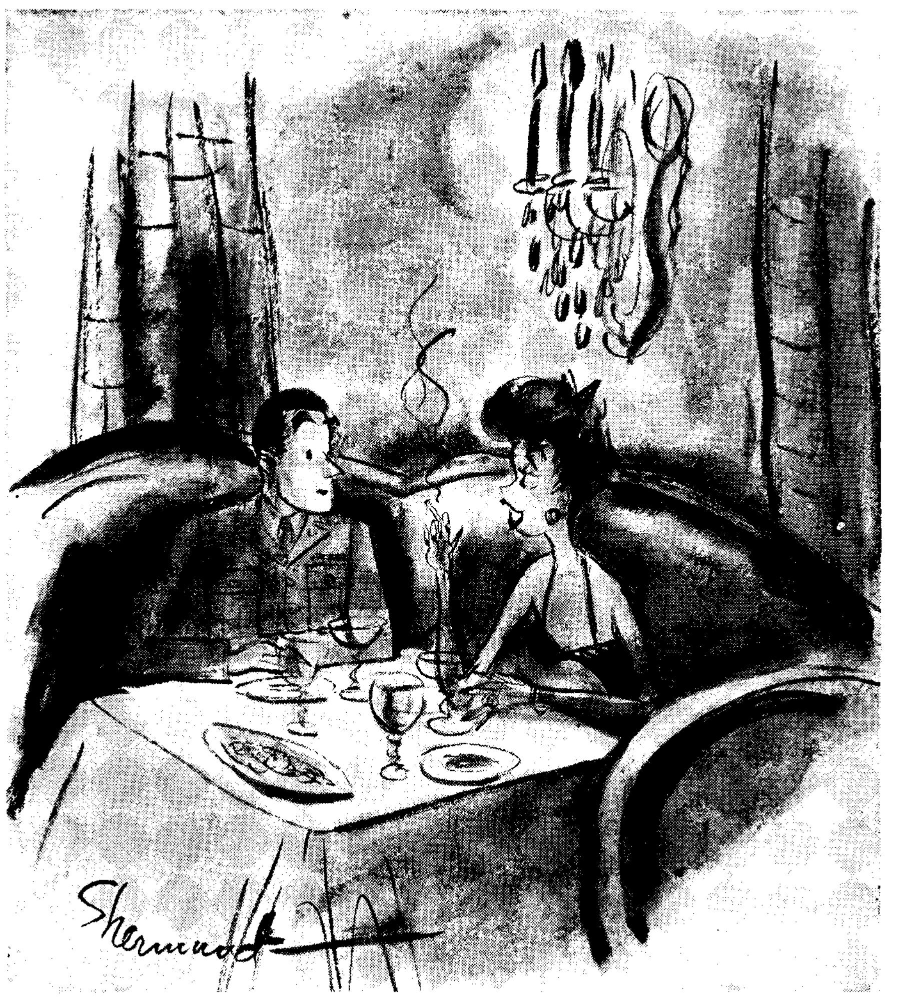
"So do I. He's so anxious to get back to L. A. You'd think the rainbow came down there."

"I hope he makes it," said the doctor, shrugging, his face falling slightly.

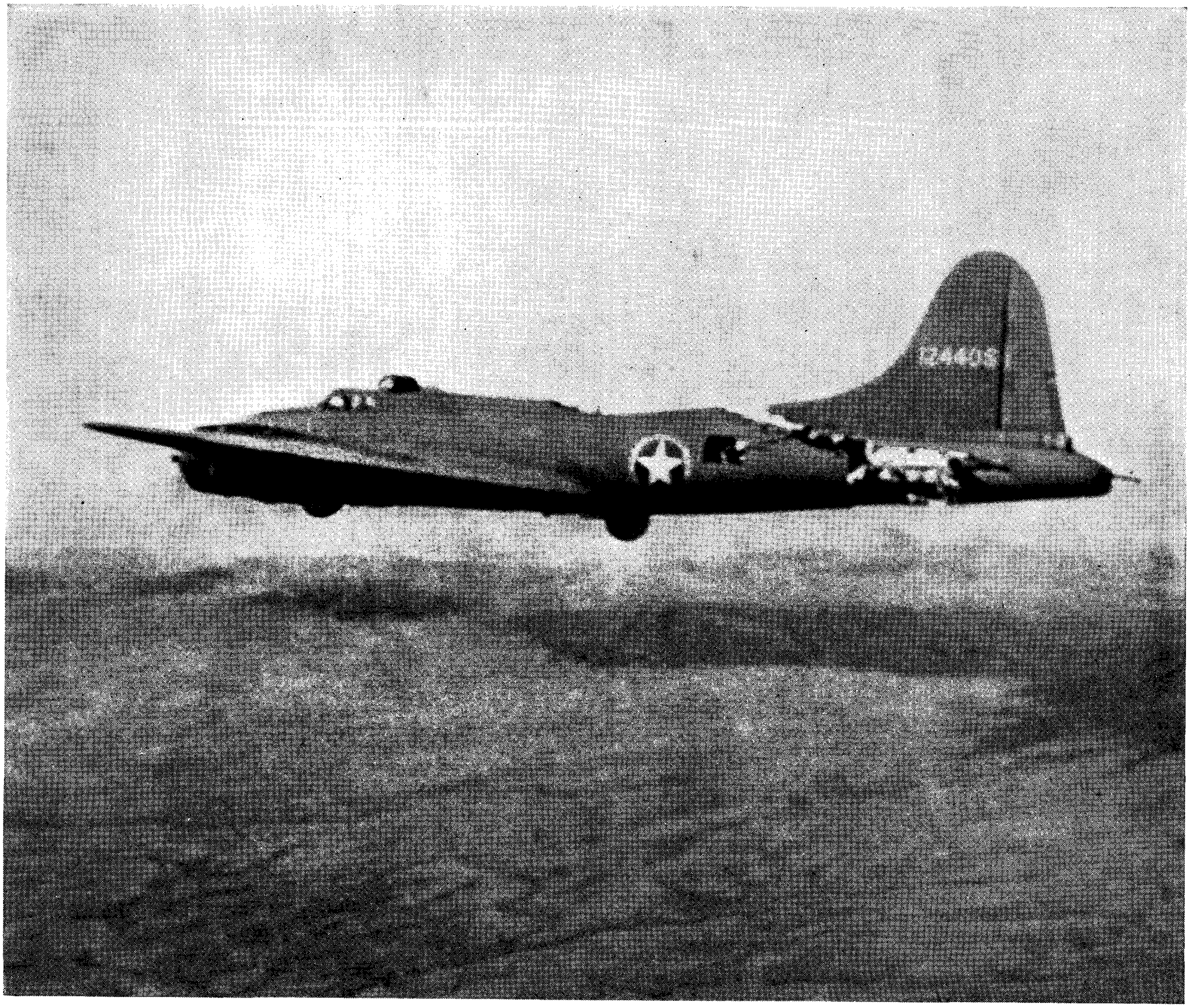
CHARLEY EVANS, who was standing near the reception desk, whistled softly to himself as Mr. and Mrs. James Lloyd got out of the elevator—thinking what a fine-looking couple they were. It was a pleasure to have people like that at the Marwood. Charley swelled with pride: after all he was responsible, in a way, for getting them together. And yet—sometimes he had vague misgivings. It seemed very strange to him that quiet, retiring Mrs. Halvorsen would suddenly elope to Mexico with a man she hardly knew—like a susceptible and romantic boarding-school girl. And besides at times there was something about handsome Mr. Lloyd—he didn't quite know what—that made him slightly uneasy.

He recalled a little episode of last week. Mr. Lloyd was at the desk talking to the clerk when he came up. Mr. Lloyd concluded his business with the clerk, then he turned and said, "That was a fine dinner we had tonight, Mr. Evans. Excellent."

Mr. Lloyd was smiling and looked very pleasant and good-natured as he always did. Of a sudden—for a brief moment—his expression changed. His face lengthened, his eyes narrowed, his lips were compressed into a grim line: he looked hard; actually hard like a—well, like a tough customer of some kind. In an instant he was smiling again, and Charley stared, un-



COLLIER'S "You mean they've taken all the Peter Pan out of you?" B. SHERMUND



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No Achilles Heel

This slashed-in-two Flying Fortress* theoretically should not fly. There had been stiff fighter opposition. In the melee, a Messerschmitt, crazily out of control, crashed into it.

The German plane was destroyed on impact. The Fortress' fuselage was ripped diagonally from top to bottom. Control surfaces were carried away. The tail gunner, suddenly imperiled in his wabbling section, crawled forward over the narrow floor structure that held the parts together. And the Fortress flew steadily for an hour and three-quarters – back to her base for a perfect landing!

Often the question is asked about Boeing Fortresses: *"How can they do it?"* One Fortress came home with 2000 bullet holes and with big areas of both wing sections shot away. Another had a hole in the fin "large enough for the navigator to walk through." Others have come in with rudder and elevator controls sheared by gunfire.

How can they do it?

One reason is Boeing design. The Fortress has no Achilles heel, no highly vulnerable spot for the enemy to attack. No single structural member has to carry the entire load for its section; even when large portions of the plane are badly damaged, the Fortress usually is strong enough to remain aloft, fight off its enemies, and return home.

There are other reasons, of course – many of them. But they all stem from what has been termed the integrity of Boeing products. Soundly and conservatively engineered, honestly built, these products always have done more than has been expected of them. True today, it likewise will be true in peace time tomorrow . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

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You get a pipe like this from just one kind of wood—real Mediterranean briar. It grows around where the fighting's going on now. The Kaywoodie briar you buy today was brought from Europe or Africa before the war. It's been seasoning in a safe place.

It draws the flavor from tobacco better than anything else. If you have a pipe made of apple wood, dogwood or maple, you know that these substitutes do not taste the same as your Kaywoodie, which has been prepared for smoking with fine curing agents which permeate and become part of the briar.

Enjoy the Kaywoodie Flavor today. Men all over the world, say "I smoke a Kaywoodie." It's a satisfaction and refreshment that a man needs, in these days of double-work.

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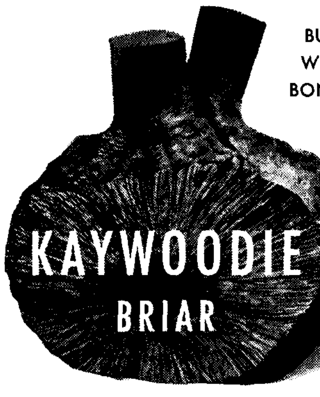

BUY
WAR
BONDS

able to adjust himself to the swift change of expression. Mr. Lloyd had glanced momentarily off across the lobby. Charley turned. His old friend—his college chum—Dr. Walter Bright was going into the dining room.

Later, Charley recalled little Doc Bright's peculiar interest in Mrs. Halvorsen. There was something there maybe. . . . But after a while, Charley dismissed the thing from his mind with a sudden effort. His sister was always telling him that if he wasn't careful he'd get to be an old fuddy-duddy: fussy and abnormally suspicious.

In the dining room that night Andre seated Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd at a table near Dr. Bright. Evans watched carefully. The men ignored each other; ate calmly. Oh, well, Charley thought, I guess I'm just imagining things.

The next day he was certain of it. He had quite a talk with Mr. Lloyd; and in the middle of it he introduced Doc Bright's name into the conversation. Mr. Lloyd showed nothing but a polite interest and finally said, "It's nice having a doctor handy. A person never knows when he might need one."

"He doesn't practice any more. Retired, I *think*," Charley explained.

Oh, yes; they were a fine-looking couple, Charley told himself, as the Lloyds walked toward him across the long lobby; and it was silly of him to have any second thoughts about them. They were rich, presentable people; the kind anybody would be glad to have for friends.

Just as they neared the desk and were smiling at him, Dr. Bright came in the front door and hurried over to the clerk to ask after his mail. He never got any, but he always asked.

There they were, the Lloyds, and there was Doc—the bane of Charley's life now. The Lloyds spoke to Charley and so did Doc. There was nothing he could do. He introduced them. The men shook hands, murmuring the usual polite and meaningless phrases. But Doc bowed to Mrs. Lloyd and said—in a voice Charley thought was overdone and in very bad taste—that he was proud to meet such a beautiful woman.

Mr. Lloyd thanked Doc, then the Lloyds went into the dining room. Charley thought it was pretty evident that the Lloyds didn't want anything to do with Doc—and he didn't blame them.

"Nice people," said Doc with a grin.

"Yes," said Charley, stiffly, "extremely nice."

Doc turned away abruptly with a laugh and walked toward the elevators.

A very irritating little man, Charley decided. He fervently wished that he could find a way to eject him from the exclusive Marwood.

JIM managed to control the outward signs of his restlessness, but he found it more and more difficult to stifle the yawns he felt coming on every minute or so. He was playing casino with his wife, and being badly beaten, owing to his lack of interest. Gladys was happy. Her dark eyes were dancing, and she was getting a big kick out of the game, playing for all she was worth. There was something markedly girlish about this forty-year-old woman that was very puzzling to Jim, who often studied her covertly. Except for a slightly worn look she showed scarcely any signs of age at all. And then she was so enthusiastic, so easily entertained; not in the least blasé.

Jim turned his head away slightly and stifled a yawn. Gladys gave a triumphant cry; she had taken his built-up tens with big casino. Jim didn't get a point.

"And I thought you knew so much about gambling," Gladys crowed, laughing delightedly. "It's a good thing you don't depend on it for a living."

She gathered up the cards and got ready to shuffle them. But Jim got up and, turning away, yawned widely.

"What's the matter, darling?"

Jim stalled, then said, "My eyes—they hurt."

Gladys hurriedly put down the cards. "You see, Jim? Why won't you listen to me? You've just got to go and get your eyes examined. You've probably had eyestrain for years without knowing it."

Jim controlled his irritation with difficulty. She was always harping on this subject. They were *his* eyes, weren't they? What did she care how he treated them?

"Oh, I don't know." He flung himself into a chair and picked up the evening paper. But the print swam before him: not because of his eyes but because he wasn't interested in anything at the moment—least of all a newspaper—except getting out of the apartment, away from Gladys' oversolicitousness: he wanted to spend a rowdy evening with Tony, who had become so loving and reasonable of late that he hardly knew what to make of it.

GLADYS came over, took the paper from him, and sat on the arm of his chair. "I'll read it to you, darling. What shall we start with?"

Jim groaned inwardly and said, "Let's just start on page one and work our way through it."

He spoke more ironically than he'd intended. Gladys glanced at him. "You feel jittery, don't you?"

"I don't know," said Jim. "Just sort of restless, I guess."

She studied him anxiously. "Are you bored, Jim? If so—please tell me."

"Of course I'm not bored."

"I'm afraid I'm not very stimulating company. Are you sorry?"

"Sorry about what?"

"That you married me."

"Oh—Gladys!" Jim exclaimed impatiently.

She glanced at him, noted his irritation, then she said quickly, "Would you like me to mix you a drink?"

"Yes," said Jim, brightening slightly, "bourbon and soda."

Gladys got up and went to the little bar just beyond the living room. He heard the pleasant clink of bottles. He got up and went to look out the window. It was a warm summer night. A lukewarm breeze was stirring the tops of the tall royal palms just below him. The moon had not yet risen and the dimmed-out city looked a little dismal.

Gladys spoke from the bar. "That doctor we met is a strange little man, isn't he?"

"Yes," said Jim, "very strange."

Doc—that dirty little vermin! What did he think he had to gain by moving into the Marwood? Did he have any idea he was going to make somebody nervous? What a fool trick. Jim laughed curtly and unpleasantly, feeling for a moment that same cold anger he'd felt when he saw Doc crossing the lobby. Doc might have to be dealt with eventually; but there was no real hurry: maybe time would take care of that.

"He's sort of interesting-looking in a way," called Gladys.

Jim grunted. A woman's viewpoint. Doc—interesting-looking! He was about as interesting as a bad case of smallpox. Women never knew. Where men were concerned, they went around in a state of befuddlement; especially a woman like Gladys. He'd married her—hadn't he?—with no trouble at all. Not that that was so hard to understand. But he'd deluded her without the slightest difficulty. Doc—interesting!

"He doesn't look like much of a doctor to me," said Jim, chuckling to himself.

"He looks like a hypnotist I saw in Chicago once," called Gladys; "his eyes—I mean."

Jim shrugged and turned awav from the

Till those

DARK CLOUDS

roll by . . .

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window, yawning. Gladys came in with his drink. It had too much soda in it, but he said nothing.

"Aren't you having one?" he asked.

"No. I don't like it much."

"You used to pour it down a little."

"That was only on your account," said his wife with a laugh. "I've caught you now. I'm not going to poison myself any more."

"Fine thing," said Jim, laughing good-naturedly. "So that's the way you got me—plying me with liquor."

"It's the only way I could think of."

Jim laughed and put his arm around her. She immediately hugged him and reached up for a kiss. Jim kissed her. Then he raised his glass to his lips, but she took his head between her hands, turned his face away from the glass, and kissed him repeatedly.

Jim put his glass down and took her in his arms. "You're *some* woman!" he said.

Gladys laughed delightedly. . . .

Jim woke with a start. Gladys was breathing evenly beside him, fast asleep. Although he was in a cramped position, he refrained from turning over, afraid he'd wake her. He didn't want her worrying about him. He moved gently in the bed, easing his legs and arms. Gladys murmured in her sleep. He froze and waited. Nothing happened, and he sighed with relief.

He couldn't get back to sleep. All night long he heard taxis hooting on the boulevard and the occasional distant whine of a police-car siren. A belated drunk sang a popular love song, giving it an ironical intonation, as he passed in front of the hotel, his footsteps echoing hollowly along the deserted street. Mockingbirds chirped and twittered in the palm trees just below the bedroom window.

Jim lay hating himself and the world. He felt old and spent and nothing seemed worth the effort. He wondered if he'd ever sleep again and, as he wondered, he began to speculate vaguely on the nature of sleep. You lie down, shut your eyes, and lose consciousness. It was a sort of temporary death—disturbed by dreams. Maybe actual death was like that, too: maybe heaven and hell and all other such stuff that people believed in existed only in dreams.

Just as it began to get light, Jim fell into an exhausted sleep. Gladys woke about nine and tiptoed around the bedroom so as not to disturb her husband. He'd looked tired the night before and she was a little worried about him.

At noon she woke him and asked if he was hungry.

Jim sat up and stared about him. Sunlight was streaming in the windows and a fresh breeze was blowing out the curtains. Gladys stood beside the bed, smiling, and looking so pretty and sweet in her long, flowered dressing gown! Jim felt fine. He grinned.

"I'll say I'm hungry."

Gladys disappeared into the living room and came back at once, carrying a tray loaded with food: bacon and eggs, fried potatoes, a stack of buttered toast, a jar of jam, and a pot of coffee.

"Here you are," she cried triumphantly. "All ready to eat."

"Oh, boy!" Jim exclaimed, his mouth watering. "Let me at it."

She settled the tray for him, then stood watching him with a smile as he began to eat. After a few mouthfuls he looked up at her.

"Say—how about you?"

"I ate two hours ago."

"You shouldn't ply me like this. First it's liquor. Now it's food. If I'm not careful I'll get fat as a pig."

"I don't care if you do."

"Oh, no? You'd soon start looking around if I got fat."

Gladys frowned indignantly. "Don't talk like that, Jim. I wouldn't care if you weighed two hundred and fifty pounds. You'd still be you."

"There'd be more of me to love—eh?"

He grinned, meaning it. The breakfast was great. Jim loved to eat: all his life he'd been forced to restrain his almost abnormal appetite.

Gladys stood watching him eat, smiling contentedly.

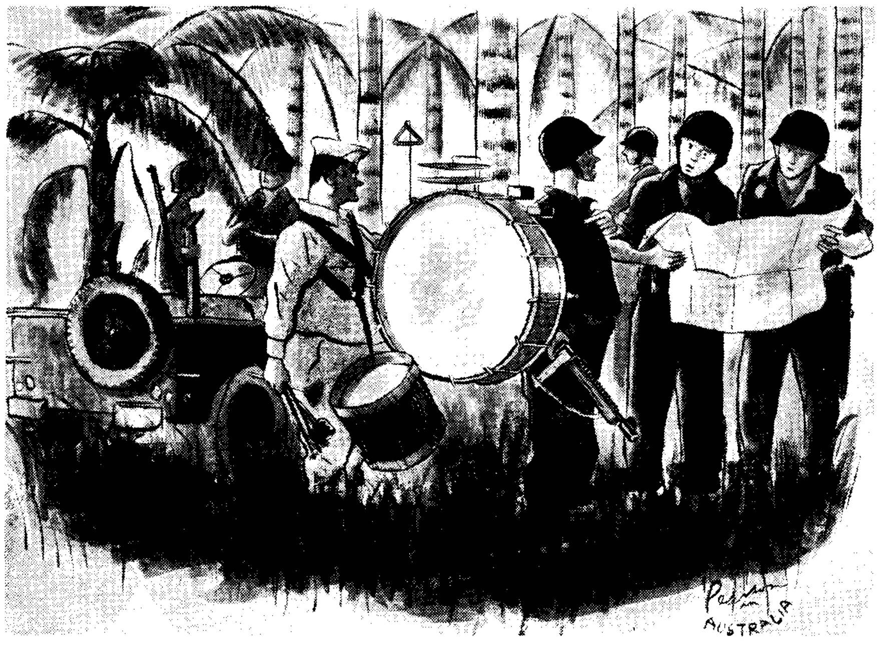
JIM hadn't intended to surprise Tony by going to the beach to see her without calling up first. He'd been so anxious to get there that he'd forgotten all about it. Unable to stay away another night, he'd told Gladys that some important business had come up, and he'd have to spend quite a bit of time with Mr. Riley—his business manager. Gladys asked him when he'd be back. He told her he wasn't sure; but he probably wouldn't be home till about ten. Anyway, he'd call and let her know.

"I'm going to be awfully lonesome," Gladys said.

Impatient to get away, Jim kissed her hurriedly. "'By, honey. I'll be seeing you."

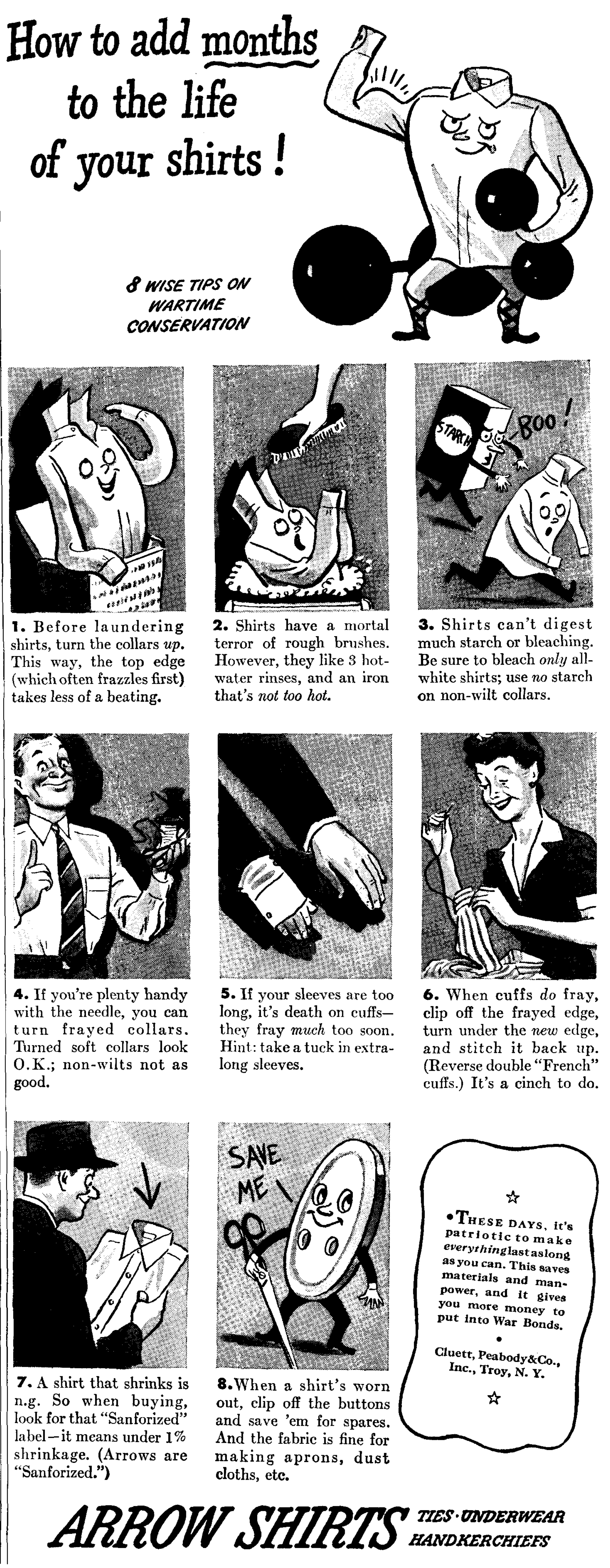
He went out of the door quickly without looking back. Her heart contracted slightly: she turned away, miserable. She knew she was being silly and foolish, but when Jim was away from her she felt lost. It was awful, but wonderful, too.

No, Jim hadn't intended to surprise



"Kirk, of the band, wants to know if he can come along just to scare them"

COLLIER'S SGT. CHARLES PEARSON



How to add *months* to the life of your shirts!

8 WISE TIPS ON WARTIME CONSERVATION

1. Before laundering shirts, turn the collars *up.* This way, the top edge (which often frazzles first) takes less of a beating.

2. Shirts have a mortal terror of rough brushes. However, they like 3 hot-water rinses, and an iron that's *not too hot.*

3. Shirts can't digest much starch or bleaching. Be sure to bleach *only* all-white shirts; use *no* starch on non-wilt collars.

4. If you're plenty handy with the needle, you can turn frayed collars. Turned soft collars look O.K.; non-wilts not as good.

5. If your sleeves are too long, it's death on cuffs—they fray *much* too soon. Hint: take a tuck in extra-long sleeves.

6. When cuffs *do* fray, clip off the frayed edge, turn under the *new* edge, and stitch it back up. (Reverse double "French" cuffs.) It's a cinch to do.

7. A shirt that shrinks is n.g. So when buying, look for that "Sanforized" label—it means under 1% shrinkage. (Arrows are "Sanforized.")

8. When a shirt's worn out, clip off the buttons and save 'em for spares. And the fabric is fine for making aprons, dust cloths, etc.

☆

•THESE DAYS, it's patriotic to make *everything* last as long as you can. This saves materials and man-power, and it gives you more money to put into War Bonds.

•

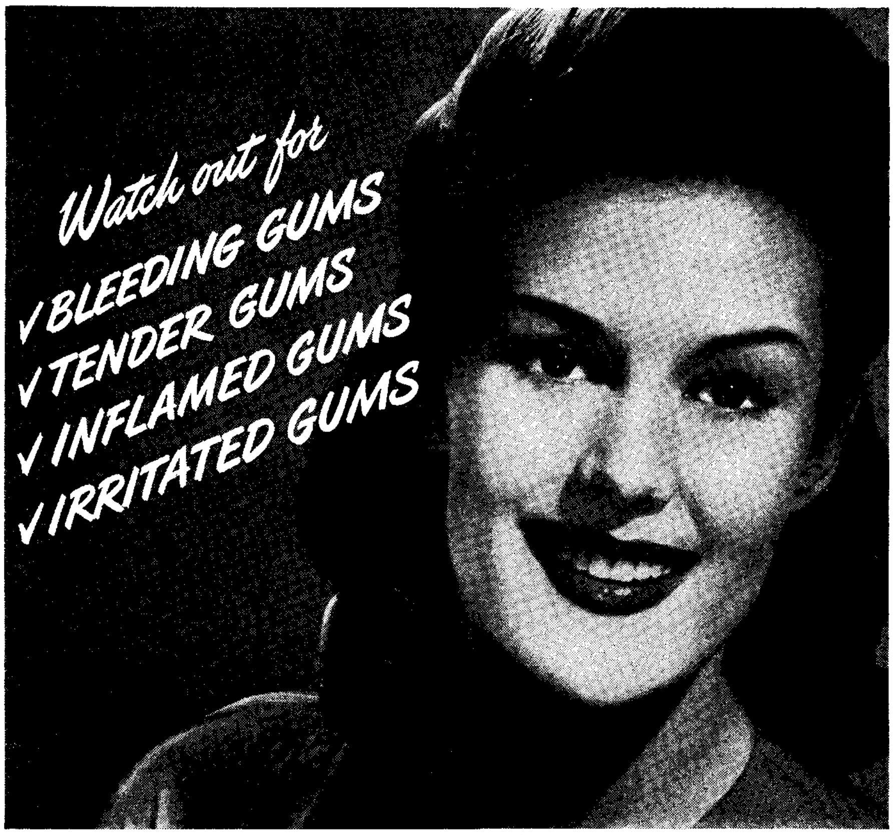
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

☆

ARROW SHIRTS TIES · UNDERWEAR HANDKERCHIEFS

GINGIVITIS

one of the most common enemies of healthy teeth and firm gums!



4 OUT OF 5 may get it

Neglect often leads to dreaded PYORRHEA

Don't ever ignore gums that bleed a little when you brush your teeth or are tender to touch. These signs may be the beginning of Gingivitis — a mild gum inflammation, yet one of the most common enemies of healthy, handsome looking teeth and firm gums.

Get after those bleeding gums *today!* Because if you neglect Gingivitis—it often leads to Pyorrhea with its soft, receding gums and loosening teeth which only your dentist can help. See your dentist every 3 months. Then at home here's—

One Best Way To Help Guard Against Gingivitis

Massage your gums and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste—formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan—made *especially* for both massaging gums to be firmer and cleaning teeth.

You'll be thrilled at how refreshed and stimulated your *gums* feel — how clean and naturally bright and sparkling your *teeth* look — *so lustrous.*

Another excellent reason why you should use Forhan's is that it helps remove the acid film that so often starts tooth decay. Start using Forhan's *today.* Note the *difference!*

At All Drug Department and 10¢ Stores

Forhan's
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FOR MASSAGING GUMS AND CLEANING TEETH
ORIGINAL

use Forhan's with massage

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

FORHAN'S CONTAINS NO HARSH ABRASIVES!

Tony. But she seemed almost stunned. She was standing in the middle of the living room with nothing on but a bathrobe; not even shoes. Her hair was all wild, and there was a sleepy, drugged look in her eyes. She stared at him, openmouthed, as if he were a ghost.

Jim was so glad to see her that things registered slowly. He assumed she'd been taking a nap on the divan and that he'd startled her out of it. He took her in his arms.

"Sorry, Tony—if I scared you. I forgot to call."

"Oh, that's all right," said Tony, giving him a strange, weak smile.

HE HEARD a car start up and hurriedly drive off. A sudden suspicion stabbed at him. He held Tony off and looked at her, then he turned and went into the bedroom, switching on the lights. The bed was tumbled, and the back window which opened onto the beach road was wide open. Tony came and stood in the doorway.

"What's the matter, Jim?" she asked, calmer now.

"Nothing, nothing," said Jim, trying to control himself. "Just thought I heard something."

"Really, Jim, you shouldn't come busting in here like this. You almost frightened the daylights out of me."

"Were you in bed?"

"Sure I was."

"How come all the lights were on in the living room?"

"Because I'm scared at night—all alone down here. It's spooky with the dim-out and everything."

Jim stood looking at her. She shoved her hair back over her ears with a graceful gesture, then she shuddered delicately.

"I'm cold. I'm going back to bed."

Turning away, she slipped into bed and pulled the covers up to her chin.

"What's wrong with you, honey?" she demanded. "You look haunted."

Jim made no reply. But already he felt much better. It would be silly of Tony to double-cross him; she had nothing to gain and everything to lose. It was probably just his suspicious nature. He trusted nobody. . . .

Down the road fifty feet or so from Jim's beach house, Doc was sitting in a parked car with the motor running—so pleased with himself and the world for the time being that he could hardly refrain from shooting off the small automatic which felt so heavy and reassuring in his coat pocket.

Jim Farrar—the wise guy, the big fellow, the top man! He'd show him. What did the guy take him for—a cluck? It was a simple matter to follow anyone. Didn't Jim know that? Of course he did. The answer was that the big fellow just didn't care. He'd been blundering around with his head in the clouds for years. But no man's luck holds forever.

Doc chuckled delightedly. The big fellow was getting the same merry old runaround that most guys got.

"Oh, boy," crowed Doc, "did that baby come out of that window! Just like he was shot out of a cannon."

Doc leisurely lit a cigar and took a few puffs on it, then he put the car in gear, turned it around, and started back toward town.

"Now I'm ready to talk to that cluck," he thought. "I'll bet his snooty missus would give her right eye to know about Jim's broad and where she's stashed. But maybe I better hold that back. Yeah. I'll hold it back. I got plenty to make a start with—without that."

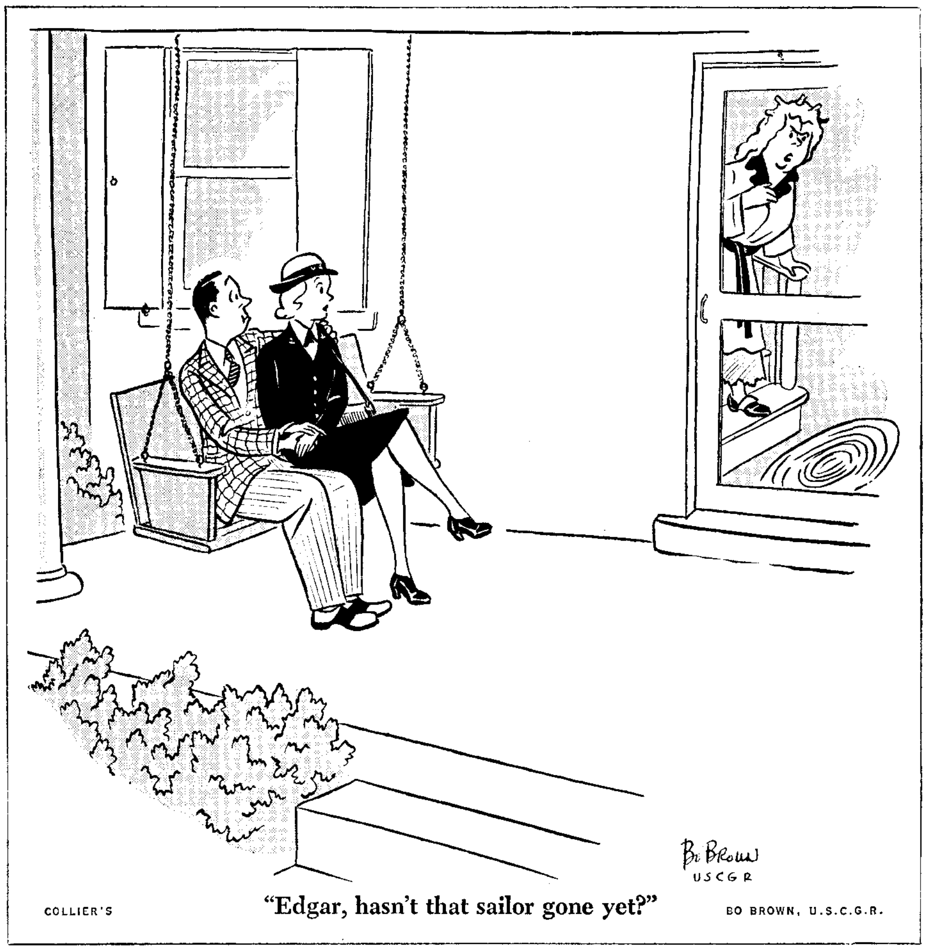
Doc drove along in the dim-out, whistling an old tune of his Chicago days—I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby—and puffing contentedly on his cigar. He hadn't felt in such good health and spirits for years.

"Tough luck it was too dark for me to get a good look at the guy who came out of the window," Doc mused. "Might've been somebody I know." Doc laughed loudly at his own wit.

At a turn of the road, he saw a cocktail bar. "I think, Doctor," he said, "I'll treat you to a couple of drinks. You've earned them tonight."

JIM had temporarily lost all sense of time. Wrapped up in an old bathrobe he was sitting on the dressing-table bench with his feet on the bed and a drink in his hand, talking about the past. Tony, in her dressing gown, was standing beside him with one hand on his shoulder, looking at herself in the mirror as she listened.

". . . that was long before your time in



COLLIER'S "Edgar, hasn't that sailor gone yet?" BO BROWN, U.S.C.G.R.

As Smooth as a Waltz

he full, fine flavor of Schlitz is loved all the more because it is neither harsh nor bitter. Brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, America's most distinguished brew achieves the smoothness so greatly desired by those who want fine beer without bitterness.

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JUST THE *KISS* OF THE HOPS

..none of the bitterness

Schlitz

Schlitz
Schlitz
The Beer that Made Milwaukee Famous

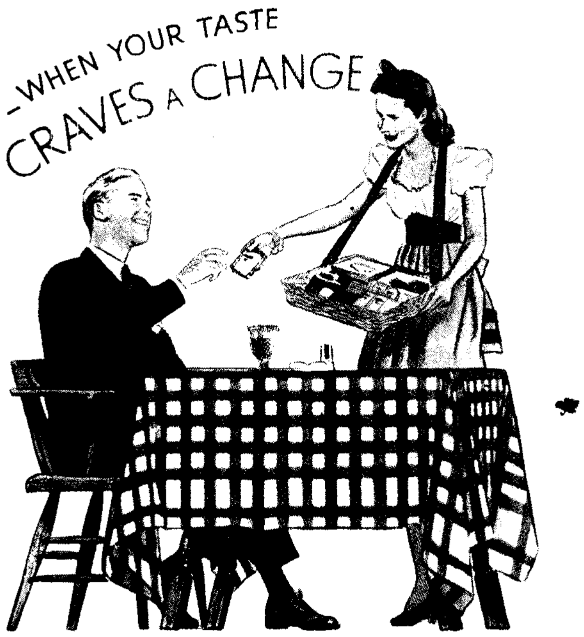
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

—WHEN YOUR
THROAT IS DRY

Throat dry, tired, or over-strained? Change to Spud Imperials! Enjoy the feeling of cool, soothing *refreshment* that only Spuds' gentle touch of menthol can give. It's a change your tired throat will really *appreciate!*

—WHEN YOU HAVE
A COLD

Thousands of smokers switch to Spud Imperials at the first sign of taste-dulling colds! The exhilarating menthol in Spuds seems to cut right through that cold-clogged taste, and bring back old-time smoking pleasure!


—WHEN YOUR TASTE
CRAVES A CHANGE

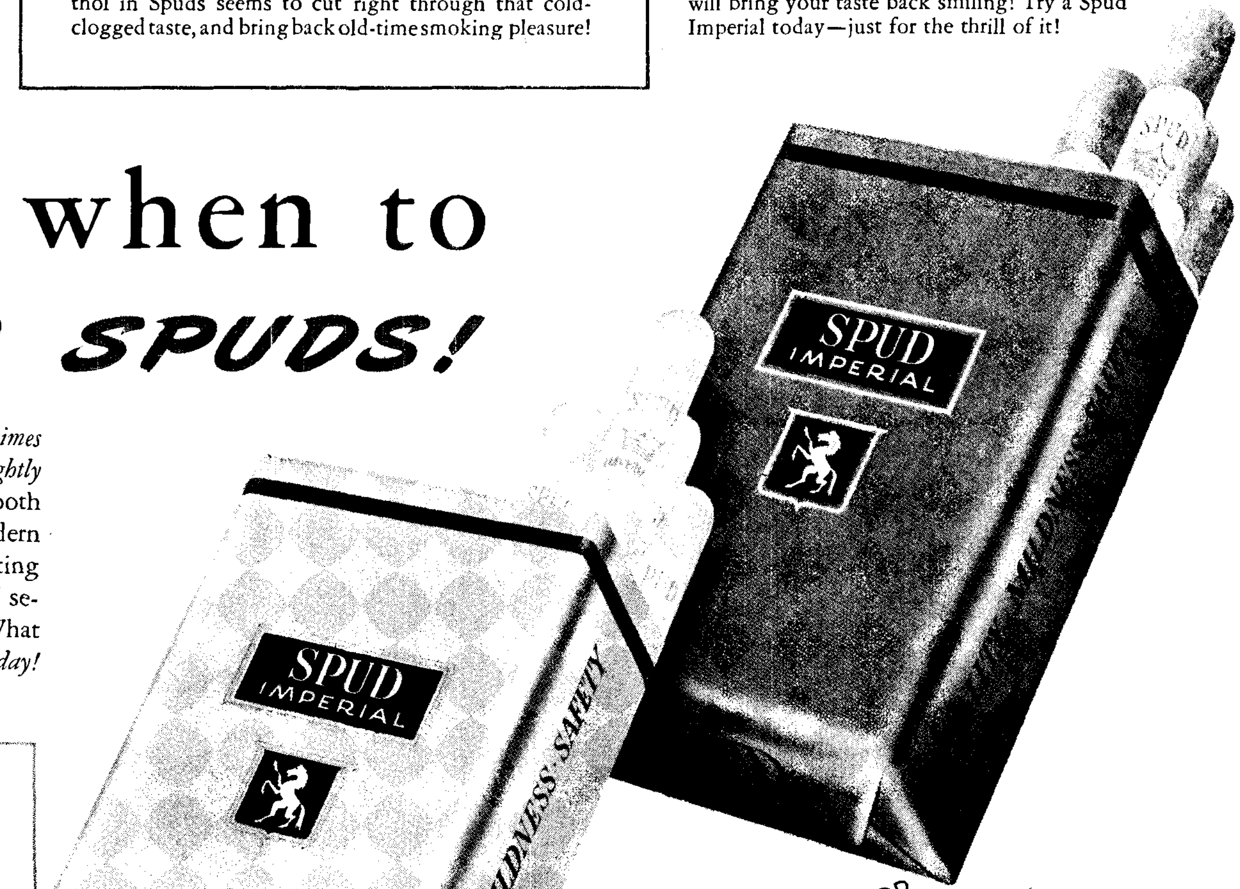
When the old brand seems to "miss the mark"—*try Spuds!* Those fine tobaccos—with just a touch of cool menthol—will bring your taste back smiling! Try a Spud Imperial today—just for the thrill of it!

5 times when to
SWITCH TO SPUDS!

SPUDS ARE A CIGARETTE for those *special times* when you feel the need of a change! They're *lightly mentholated* by an exclusive process that means smooth coolness in every puff. They contain a special modern moisture-retaining ingredient that adds no irritating acrolein fumes to your smoke. They're blended of selected tobaccos that tell you "Here's quality!" What more could you ask of *any* cigarette? *Try* Spuds *today!*

—WHEN YOUR
VOICE IS HOARSE

Voice husky? Smoke a pack of Spuds! They're not a remedy! But *many* find them more agreeable, more *pleasing*, at times when they *can't enjoy* other cigarettes! Treat your throat to Spud Imperials *tonight!*


SPUD
IMPERIAL
QUALITY · MILDNESS · SAFETY
SPUD
PLAIN ENDS
SPUD
IMPERIAL

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Imperials
CORK TIPS OR PLAIN ENDS

QUALITY TOBACCOS—NO COUPONS

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC.
"HOUSE OF TRADITION," LOUISVILLE, KY.

—WHEN YOU DEVELOP
SMOKER'S COUGH

Switch to Spuds! Their greater length gives increased smoke filtration . . . their smooth menthol gives you a feeling of cool refreshment . . . and their modern moisture-retaining agent adds no irritating acrolein to your smoke!

Florida," Jim was saying. "If you think it was wide open when you got there, you should've been there in the twenties."

"It's nothing now," said Tony, with a trace of bitterness. "Soldiers all over the place. Say—I'm getting hungry, Jim. Why don't I whip up some scrambled eggs or something?"

"It's not a bad idea. But wait a minute." Jim suddenly became conscious of the passage of time. "Got a clock around here?"

"It's stopped," said Tony. "I don't like to know what time it is. Anyway, the ticking bothers me."

Jim picked up his vest and fumbled for his watch.

"It's not late," said Tony. "The missus is probably fast asleep. She sounds like the type who goes to bed at nine o'clock."

"Good Lord!" Jim exclaimed, looking at his watch. "It's nearly midnight."

Tony burst out laughing. "The way you said that! A person'd think you never stayed out that late before."

"Yeah," said Jim, "but I told her I'd be home by ten. She worries."

"Let her worry. Do her good. What does she expect you to do—punch in? Come on. Let's get something to eat."

"I'm sure I told her ten," said Jim, trying to remember. He glanced up; Tony was giving him a pitying look. "Oh, forget it!" he cried, rising. "Let's go see what's in the kitchen."

"Atta boy!" shouted Tony. "Stand up for your rights."

As Jim turned away, she flung her arms around his neck from behind and he carried her piggy-back through the living room and into the kitchen.

AS JIM was driving through Westwood Village, he glanced at his watch: ten minutes after three. Suddenly he remembered that he'd told Gladys he'd call her. "Good Lord!" he cried and stepped on the gas.

There were very few cars out. The street lights were dimmed, and the big sprawling community looked dark and deserted as Jim drove east at a high rate of speed toward the faint glow of downtown Los Angeles.

In all his life he'd never felt so upset about keeping somebody waiting. In fact he'd hardly given it a thought before. If you were hours late or didn't turn up at all, what did it matter? Whoever was waiting could do as they liked: ignore it, get sore about it, or go away. But this was different. Gladys would be terribly worried; no doubt about it—and for some reason he didn't think it was fair that she should be. This feeling surprised him till he found an explanation for it. Hell—he was no heel. A man in his position ought to make a few concessions. Damn Tony—the little bum!

HE PASSED an all-night restaurant which cast a pool of light at a corner where a few men were congregated: a newsboy, a taxi driver, and a couple of motorcycle cops. He slowed down at the sight of the cops. All he needed now was to get stopped for speeding.

One of the cops snapped his fingers as Jim's car rolled by, kicked the stand from under his motorcycle, and started off with a roar. He caught up with Jim two blocks beyond the corner and forced him into the curb. Jim sat swearing to himself, waiting for the cop.

"Hello," said the cop, smiling as he came up to Jim. "Stepping on it, wasn't you?"

"Was I?"

"Yeah." The cop took out a notebook, riffled the pages with a thick forefinger, found what he was looking for and, putting the book away, pushed back his cap and stared at Jim. "Mister—are you James Lloyd?"

Jim hesitated. "Why?"

The cop studied him. "Let me see your driver's license."

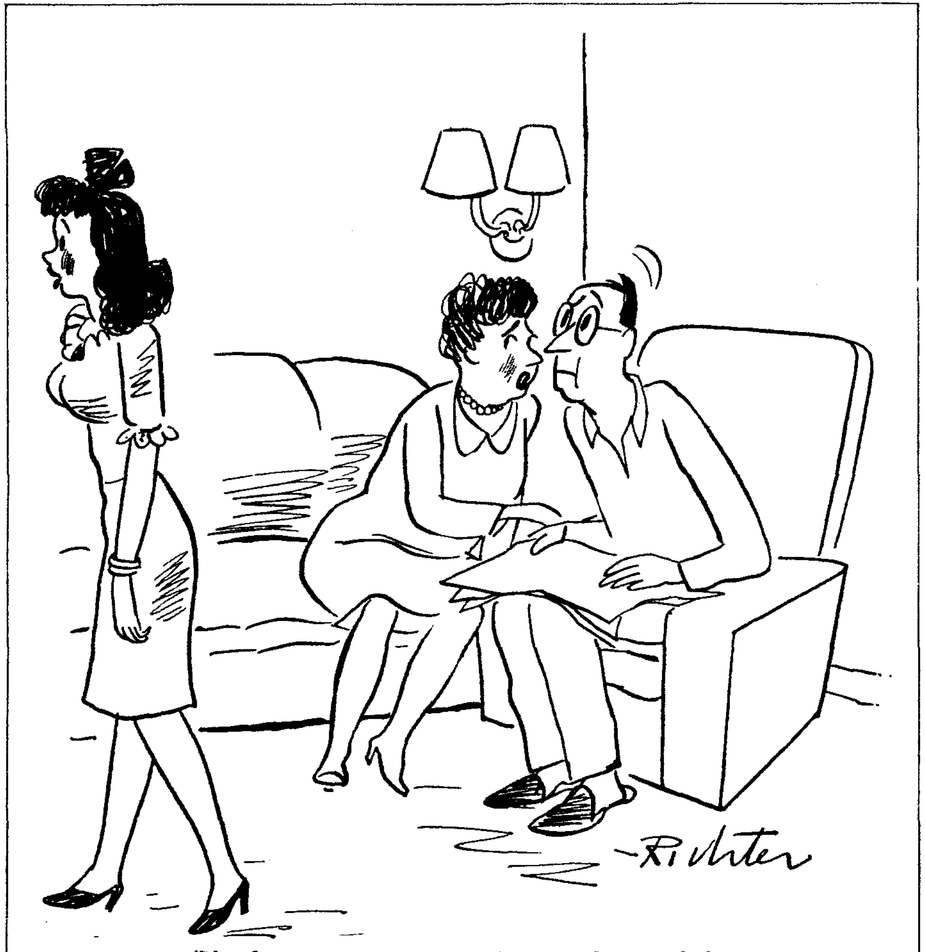
Jim gave it to him. The cop glanced at it and handed it back. "Okay, Mr. Lloyd. Get home as fast as you can. Your wife's looking for you."

"No kidding?"

"No kidding, Mr. Lloyd." The cop laughed. "And if I know women, you're in trouble."

Jim shook his head slowly from side to side, very much annoyed. Fine thing!

"And by the way," the cop said, "better



COLLIER'S "I'm beginning to worry about Lizbeth. She's sixteen now and shows no mechanical ability" MISCHA RICHTER

Wartime "See-ability" calls for DOUBLE care

"See-ability"—proper light, in the proper place

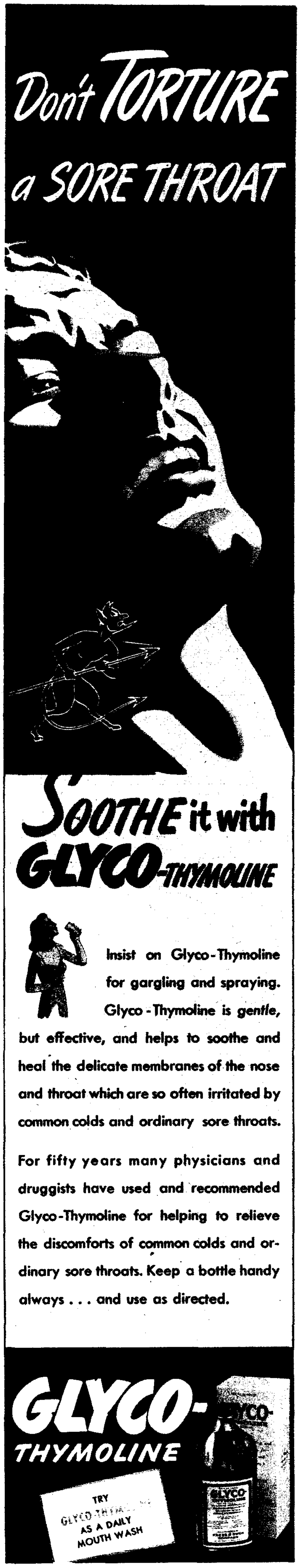
Children, especially when they get hold of the "funnies", will sit down to read almost any place, regardless of light. Guard their precious eyesight with "See-ability". Have them sit close to lamps, so that light falls directly on the page.

"See-ability"—more light from every lamp

In wartime, with fewer lamps available, we must all get utmost light from every lamp. (1) Keep lamps, shades, reflectors, clean—dirt reduces light, wastes electricity. (2) Share the light—use only lamps you need, when you need them.

FOR MORE SUGGESTIONS write for new booklet: "How to Get More Light For Your Money". Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co., Bloomfield, N. J.

Westinghouse
• MAZDA LAMPS •
FOR BETTER "SEE-ABILITY"


Don't TORTURE a SORE THROAT

SOOTHE it with GLYCO-THYMOLINE

Insist on Glyco-Thymoline for gargling and spraying. Glyco-Thymoline is *gentle*, but effective, and helps to soothe and heal the delicate membranes of the nose and throat which are so often irritated by common colds and ordinary sore throats.

For fifty years many physicians and druggists have used and recommended Glyco-Thymoline for helping to relieve the discomforts of common colds and ordinary sore throats. Keep a bottle handy always . . . and use as directed.

GLYCO-THYMOLINE

TRY GLYCO-THYMOLINE AS A DAILY MOUTH WASH

see about getting a California driver's license if you're going to stay here. Save you trouble. Just a tip." . . .

When Jim entered the dimly lit lobby, Charley Evans, looking pale and anxious, hurried up to him at once.

"Little late for you, isn't it?" Jim demanded, surprised.

"Oh, I'm so glad you're all right," said Evans. "Mrs. Lloyd—well, we've had quite a time with her. My sister's up with her now."

"I had to go to San Diego on business," said Jim, saying the first thing that popped into his head.

"Your wife was so worried."

"Thanks for your trouble," said Jim. "I'm sorry she's so upset."

They went up together in the elevator, the night man staring at Jim curiously out of the corner of his eye. What an uproar that big guy had caused!

Jim was so nervous that for a moment he couldn't unlock the door of his suite. Evans, as shaky as Jim, watched Jim fumble with the key, a look of acute anxiety on his usually composed, conventional face.

Finally Jim got the door open and rushed in. Gladys was lying on the divan, fully dressed, with a cold towel on her forehead. Evans' sister, a fattish, kindly-looking woman of fifty, was sitting near by, glancing at a newspaper.

Gladys gave a cry, threw the towel off, then jumped up and rushed into Jim's arms.

"There!" said Miss Evans. "I told you, dear."

Jim, feeling very much embarrassed, stroked Gladys' hair awkwardly, and glanced at the Evanses as if to say, "Too bad she got so excited over nothing."

"We'll be going," said Miss Evans. "Come on, Charles."

"Thanks," said Jim. "Thanks very much."

Gladys seemed unable to speak. She nodded at the Evanses and smiled weakly and distractedly.

When they had gone, Jim said, "I'm sorry, Gladys. I should've sent you a telegram."

"I was sure you'd been killed or badly hurt in an automobile accident." She looked at him with an expression of acute distress. "What happened, Jim, darling? Where were you?"

"Let's get comfortable," said Jim, "and I'll tell you all about it."

He was appalled by Gladys' appearance. She seemed to have aged ten years. Her face was pale, there were dark circles under her eyes, and the lines about her mouth looked much deeper. There was a hurt, bewildered expression in her eyes that was painful to see.

Jim was puzzled. This was a new one. Nobody had ever felt that way about him before. In fact, the feeling in itself was incomprehensible to him. How could one person mean that much to another? He often berated himself for needing Tony—but he didn't need her *that* bad!

HE GOT Gladys to sit on the divan and he sat beside her, holding her hand. "I had to go to San Diego on business, darling," he said, smiling at her and speaking soothingly. "Riley said we'd jump down and come right back. I'm a stranger here. I didn't know it was such a trip."

"You promised to call me."

"I know. I tried to—from San Diego. But that place's like a camp—it belongs to the Army and the Navy. A civilian's got no show at all." Jim hesitated for a moment in his ad libbing. Lucky he'd read a lot of stuff about San Diego in a newspaper. "You practically can't make a long-distance call. Priorities. So that was that. Then when it got so late I didn't want to call and disturb you—on the way up, I mean, I figured you'd go to bed when I didn't show up. . . ."

"How could you think that, Jim?"

"Well, why not?" Jim laughed. "I'm no kid. I can look after myself."

"I can't help it. When you're not here I just . ." Gladys lowered her head and began to cry. Jim put his arms around her and held her tight.

"There, there," he said, feeling like a fool. "Now, now."

"Please," sobbed Gladys, "never, never do that again. . . . Oh, Jim—I love you!"

JIM woke up just before sunrise and couldn't get back to sleep. Gladys, absolutely exhausted, was sleeping heavily and, to Jim's amusement, snoring slightly. It seemed like such an incongruous thing for so ladylike a person to do.

He lay for a while staring at the dim, reflected light on the ceiling, then he wanted a cigarette. He eased himself slowly out of bed. Ordinarily this would have awakened Gladys but not tonight: she was too worn out.

Jim went into the bathroom, shut the door softly, lit a cigarette and sat on the edge of the tub to smoke.

Suddenly he heard a cry, followed by frantic, scurrying footsteps. Startled, he jumped up and flung open the bathroom door just in time to see Gladys go hurrying past, her hair flying, her eyes heavy with sleep.

"Jim! Jim!" she cried.

He caught her in the living room and hugged her to him, overcome by a strong but ambiguous emotion.

"Here I am, honey. Here I am. What's wrong?"

"Oh, God!" cried Gladys. "I thought you'd gone." She clung to him like a drowning woman.

JOHNNY seemed fidgety and inattentive and Jim glanced at him several times speculatively, wondering what was on the little lawyer's mind. He wasn't looking too well either: his face was paler than usual and seemed drawn.

They were sitting in the Marwood Arms bar. It was the middle of the afternoon and the place was deserted except for a bored, white-coated bartender and a waiter, both of whom were reading a newspaper at a corner of the bar, looking about furtively from time to time for fear Mr. Evans, who was a stickler, would come in and catch them at it. But they weren't too worried. Times were changing. Now—nobody needed to take any punishment in order to keep a job, with men pouring into the Army and the defense plants the way they were! Able-bodied, overage men were at a premium: they could pick and choose. The bar waiter and the bartender had talked it over several times: it was a very pleasant state of affairs.

Johnny had called Jim; told him he'd have to see him. Gladys heard the phone conversation and got so upset—fearing another trip to San Diego—that Jim had asked Johnny to meet him in the Marwood Arms bar. Before the little lawyer could state his business, Jim told him how Gladys had got so upset about him staying out late, then he prompted Johnny what to say in case she came down later to have a drink with them.

"Tony was just full of the devil that night," said Jim, laughing. "I couldn't get away."

Johnny lowered his eyes and made no comment. He seemed so preoccupied that Jim looked at him quizzically, then asked, "Say—what's wrong with you, Johnny? Been sick?"

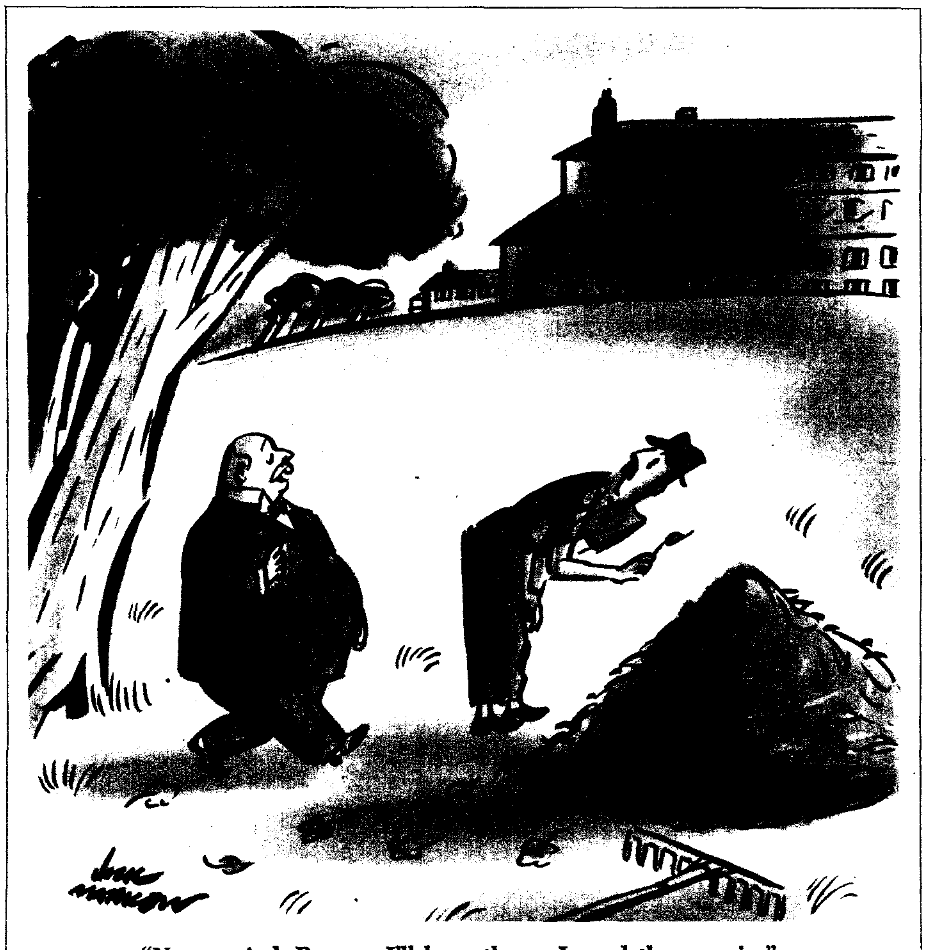
Johnny roused himself and forced a smile. "Me? I never get sick. I just haven't been getting enough sleep. Besides, I got bad news for you. Of course, I think I can handle it, but—"

"Well, come on. What is it?"

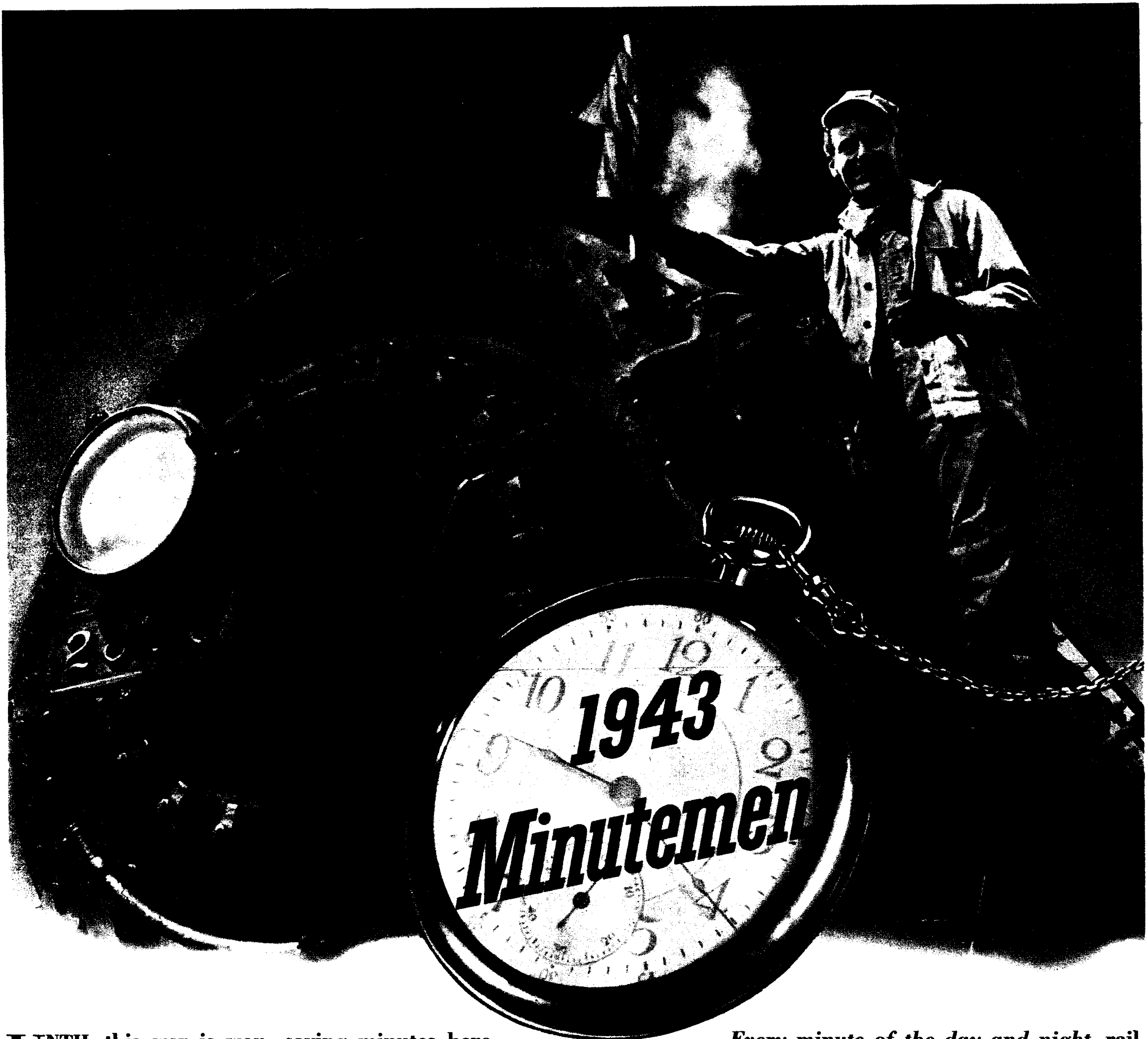
"Windy got in a jam up in Frisco. He was in jail a couple of days before he could get word to Shake. Poor old Shake. He was so upset he cried when he was telling me about it. I wonder what's eating the big slob?"

"Never mind about Shake."

"Well, Windy took a dame to Frisco. I guess he got to bragging about all the dough he had on him and he wakes up one night, and the dame's going through his clothes, looking for the roll. Windy gets so sore he belts his girl friend a couple and knocks her out; he claims he just slapped her. Well, before she goes out, she yells bloody murder and somebody calls a cop, and Windy's taken down. They



COLLIER'S "Never mind, Reeves, I'll burn them. I need the exercise" JACK MARKOW



UNTIL this war is won, saving minutes here may mean saving lives on distant battlefields—and the railroads are making minutes count.

For every minute of the day and night, they move a million and one-third tons of freight a distance of one mile — most of it military weapons and supplies and the raw materials, the food and fuel necessary to keep production going at top speed.

Every minute of the day and night, the railroads keep track of the movement of 2,000,000 freight cars — marshaling them where they're needed—keeping them moving.

Every minute, day and night, fifteen new freight trains are made up and started on their runs somewhere in America.

Every minute of the day and night, railroad men — modern minutemen — are at work on the biggest job in transportation history — to meet the nation's need.

Railroad work is essential work — war work.

• • •

BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS

DECEMBER 10 "CLOSING DATE" FOR CHRISTMAS PACKAGES. This year — when war traffic has first call on all shipping services — it is more important than ever to send your Christmas packages early.

Pack them adequately, wrap and tie them securely, address them right and get them started (to points in the United States and Canada) by *December 10.*

ASSOCIATION OF
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Dr. West's
Miracle-Tuft
The [illegible] with
"EXTON" [illegible] bristling

This [illegible] *thing*

. . . make it the finest your money can buy!

The shape and size of the brushhead, the kind and texture of the bristles—these are the toothbrush features so important to thorough cleansing, wartime health protection, cleaner and brighter teeth. Your dentist will help you choose the size and shape best suited to you. But be sure to ask for a Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft when you buy. There's a correctly designed, Miracle-Tuft for everyone. And each offers exclusive "EXTON" brand bristling—sturdy, non-wilt bristles that last longer and do a better job of tooth cleansing.

50¢

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"PROFESSIONAL" **A smaller brushhead in the famous Dr. West's double-convex design—a brush that is preferred by many.**

"ORO" **Designed at the request of leading dental specialists. The shape many dentists recommend for cleaning and massage.**

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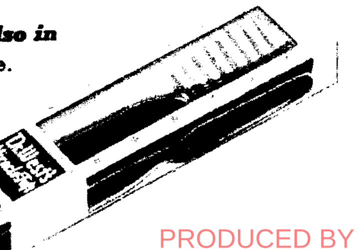


find the roll on him and figure he's bumped somebody off for it. He claims it's his own dough—which it is. But he's being held for investigation—aside from assault and battery."

"That's bad," said Jim. "Those cheap bums never turn out to be anything but cheap bums. You jump up to Frisco and straighten it out." He thought for a moment. "Has he talked—about the money, I mean? Did he give 'em a story?"

"No. I'll say that for him. He insisted it was his and clean—then clammed up."

"Good. You get up there right away and tell the police you owed Windy that money: a gambling debt; and you just got around to paying it. See what you can do about the other charge. Get him off; then tell him if he gets in any more trouble, you'll have him beaten up by a couple strong-arm boys. Tell him I said so."

Johnny hesitated, lowering his eyes. "I was figuring maybe we could telegraph Joe Welch, Jim. He'd handle it for us. Save a trip."

JIM leaned back to stare at Johnny. What was the matter with the little Irishman? "Are you crazy? This one's got to be handled right. Might get us all in a jam—if Windy'd happen to crack."

"All right, Jim," said Johnny resignedly.

"And don't waste any time. Start now."

Johnny finished off his drink and got up. He hated to leave Tony—even for a day. He was so jealous of her he couldn't think of anything else. He'd spent one sleepless night after another, thinking about her and Jim. It was as if he'd suddenly gone insane: he wasn't like himself at all. It was ridiculous and pathetic that a thing like this could happen to him at his age—after all he'd been through.

"Jim, having any trouble with Doc?"

"Yes," said Jim, his mouth looking a little grim as he said it. "He's braced me a couple of times—but I've put him off. He's a problem."

"Is he trying to put on the old bite?"

"That's the general idea. He knows Gladys now—to speak to. Every time he gets a chance, he tries to talk to me when I'm with her."

"That's bad. Doc's game. Don't scare easy."

"If he wasn't a junky, it would be simpler. But junkies are like women—you never know what they'll do."

"Go slow, Jim; please," begged Johnny. "I know you—you're all right up to a certain point; then you blow up. If you blow up with Doc, you'll have to complete your play—because he'll stand fire. He has. Remember the Willy Johnson business? And Willy was a bad boy."

"You worry about Windy. I'll look after Doc." Jim spoke sharply. He didn't like advice from anybody. He'd been getting along all right for years, handling situations just as dangerous as this one.

"Well, don't get sore," said Johnny, trying to laugh placatingly: he didn't want to get Jim all upset as he had to hit him for dough. "I'm not trying to tell you how to run your business. You know what you're doing—always have."

Jim was mollified. He glanced up at the little lawyer with a smile. "I really pulled one this time, didn't I? I even went Tom Rodney one better. He never married over a *million* bucks."

"Who did? No racket man that I ever heard of. You're sure up there." Johnny smiled to himself as Jim glowed. Flattery was one thing you couldn't overdo! "Jim," he said, "I hate to bring this up, but I need a little dough."

Jim stared. "What happened to that twelve hundred?"

Johnny hesitated. He couldn't tell Jim that Tony had borrowed nearly eight hundred of it.

"Well," he said, "I didn't tell you at the time—but I owed most of it; had to send it to Florida. Keep my credit good in case we might have to jump back."

"How dough gets away!" said Jim, slowly shaking his head. Extravagance was a fault he understood. He'd run through close to half a million himself in the last fifteen years. "Okay, Johnny. I got four hundred on me. Make it do till you get back."

"Thanks, Jim," said Johnny, taking the money and carelessly stuffing it into his pocket. "I'll call you long distance as soon as I get it straightened out."

They shook hands. Just as Johnny turned to go, Doc came into the bar, looking very spruce in a new gray suit. He had a lightweight gray hat at an angle and he was swinging a cane. Johnny glanced at Jim and shrugged.

Doc spotted them and came over at once. "Hello, Johnny," he said, smiling.

"I'm just going," said the little lawyer, in a hurry to be off.

"Don't let me chase you away," said Doc, sitting down at the table with Jim. "I'll buy you a drink if you'll stay."

"Be seeing you," said Johnny, going out quickly.

Jim started to get up, but Doc put a hand on his arm. "Too bad about Windy, wasn't it?"

Jim sank back into his chair. "Was it?"

"In a way. Shake got in touch with me. I told him to contact Johnny at Santa Monica. After all, it's your headache; not mine. Of course if the take had been bona fide—"

"Listen, Doc," said Jim slowly, "you're either just naturally nuts, or that junk's got you. Take my advice; get out of this hotel. Mind your own business. Keep away from me. I'm getting a little fed up with this."

"I was hoping you were. So I figured maybe we could get down to business today. Your wife told me where to find you."

"My wife! Where did you see her?"

"I went up to your apartment. She was very nice to me—very polite."

"You keep away from my apartment. Evans is just looking for an excuse to throw you out of here. Maybe I'll give him one."

"If you do, I'll see that you're kicked out right behind me."

There was a pause.

JIM sat staring at the table, trying to control the fury that was rising within him. "Doc," he said, in a voice that shook slightly, "I don't know what to say to you. I've never been up against anything like this before. I always worked with right ones. Rats are a little scarce in this profession."

Doc smiled easily and flicked at his well-pressed trousers with his cane.

"You're just wasting your time trying to make me sore. I know what I want and I know how to get it. No matter what you say I'm not going to blow my top. So you might just as well talk business."

"You'll never get a cent, Doc. Do you think I'm a chump? Once I start paying you, I'm stuck. I'll have you on a pension the rest of your life. Of course, maybe that won't be very long."

Doc laughed. "Still trying to scare me, eh? I'm disappointed in you, Farrar."

"I wish you'd stop asking for it, Doc."

Doc's eyes narrowed, his smile disappeared. He leaned forward tensely. "Maybe you're the one who's asking for it," he said, "and I've got it right here in my pocket."

Jim glanced at Doc, then laughed. "A two-bit bad man full of junk. No, Doc. Not a dime—never." He turned and called the waiter, who came over hurriedly, smiling. The waiter liked Mr. Lloyd; he was a good guy and a big tipper, not like this little frozen-faced weasel with him, who never tipped at all. "Bourbon and soda," said Jim to the waiter, who bowed slightly, then turned to Doc.

"And you, sir?"

"I'll pass this one."

The waiter left, and returned in a minute or so with Jim's drink. He wondered what was wrong with the two men. They were sitting in stony silence, neither looking at the other. The waiter picked up Jim's tip, grinned, and went back to the bar where he was having a heated but whispered discussion with the bartender about gas rationing.

"I'm a reasonable man," said Doc finally. "And I'm no blackmailer. I don't want to bleed you, Farrar. Hand me a hundred grand and that will be the end of it."

Jim merely laughed. Doc sat very still for a moment, wondering if it was time to indicate that he had an ace in the hole. He decided against it.

"All right," he said slowly. "You know best. But I never figured you'd turn out to be a clunk. A man who won't spend a hundred Gs to protect a million—"

"How do you figure to cut in, Doc?" asked Jim in a mild voice.

"That's easy. A word to the little woman, letting her know what kind of guy she's mixed up with."

"She wouldn't believe you. It's your word against mine."

"When I got through, she'd believe me, all right. I'm a great convincer. She could get her marriage annulled like that." He snapped his fingers.

JIM leaned forward and spoke in a low but cutting voice: "Doc, I'm going to warn you for the last time: if you so much as say a word out of the way to my wife, I'll kill you."

Doc shook his head slowly. "You can't scare me, Farrar."

Jim opened his mouth to speak further, but hesitated. Gladys was in the doorway, glancing in his direction timidly. She had on a tailored suit and a small hat; she looked wonderful.

"Doc," said Jim, "here's my wife. You can speak your piece right now. Either that—or get on your feet and get out of here." Jim got up and motioned for Gladys to come over.

Doc rose also. When Gladys got to the table, he bowed slightly and said, "I found him, Mrs. Lloyd. Now I'll run along. I might be in the way."

Gladys looked from Jim to Doc. "I hope I'm not intruding. Did you finish your business?" She looked about her. "Where's Mr. Riley? I wanted to say hello to him."

"He's gone, honey," said Jim. Then he turned to Doc, who was hesitating, and said curtly, "Goodby, Doctor."

"Goodby," said Doc. "I'll see you later."

He walked off abruptly.

Jim and Gladys sat down.

"I hope I didn't interrupt anything," she said, looking at Jim lovingly; and when he merely smiled and shook his head, she went on: "That little doctor—he's the strangest man. When he looks at you, his eyes seem to bore right through you."

"He's a bore, all right," said Jim.

Gladys laughed as she always did at his jokes. "Darling, I think I'll have a drink. I feel sort of festive in my new suit."

"That's fine," said Jim. "I'll have one with you."

He ordered. Gladys leaned toward him and patted his arm. "Do you mind me following you around?"

"Not at all."

"To tell the truth, I just couldn't sit up there any longer. I wanted to be with you, Jim."

"Glad to have you."

"I was afraid you might have to go off some place again with Mr. Riley."

"He has to go to Frisco on business."

She sat up and looked at Jim anxiously. "You're not going, are you, darling?"

"No. He can handle it."

"Oh, I'm so happy. Will you take me out tonight?"

Jim nodded slowly. He'd promised Tony he'd come to the beach but he wasn't nearly as anxious to go as he thought he'd be. Another night would do just as well.

"Oh, fine," said Gladys. "And, Jim, will you take me to the Vine Street Derby for dinner so I can look for movie stars?"

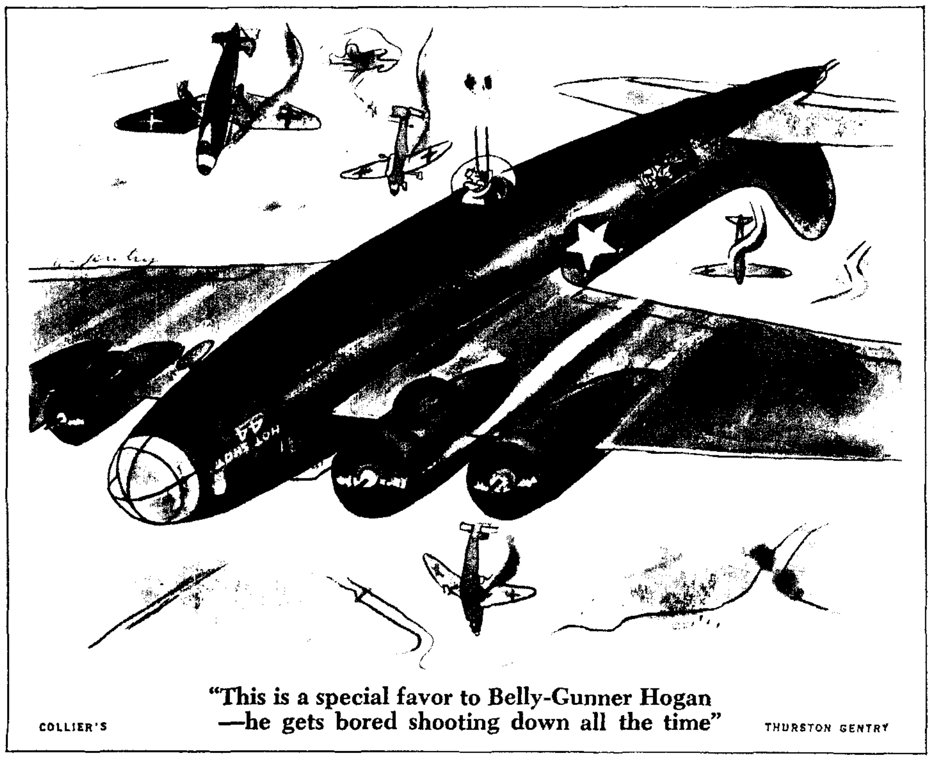
"Yes. But why you want to see them is what I can't figure out."

"You don't understand. When I was living in Minneapolis, going to movies was one of the few pleasures I had. Carl was ill most of the time and—well, I could forget myself at a movie. Those people meant a lot to me."

"It's all right with me," said Jim, "just so I don't have to get autographs for you."

Gladys laughed appreciatively. The waiter came with their drinks. Jim sat sipping his highball and thinking about Tony. She was gradually losing her power over him. He was getting used to Gladys. Compared to her, Tony was coarse and common. As soon as he got Gladys settled in the movie, he'd tell her he had to go out to the men's room. From there, he could call Tony on a pay telephone, so she wouldn't sit around wondering what had happened to him. . . .

Jim was sitting in the living room wait-



COLLIER'S

"This is a special favor to Belly-Gunner Hogan
—he gets bored shooting down all the time"

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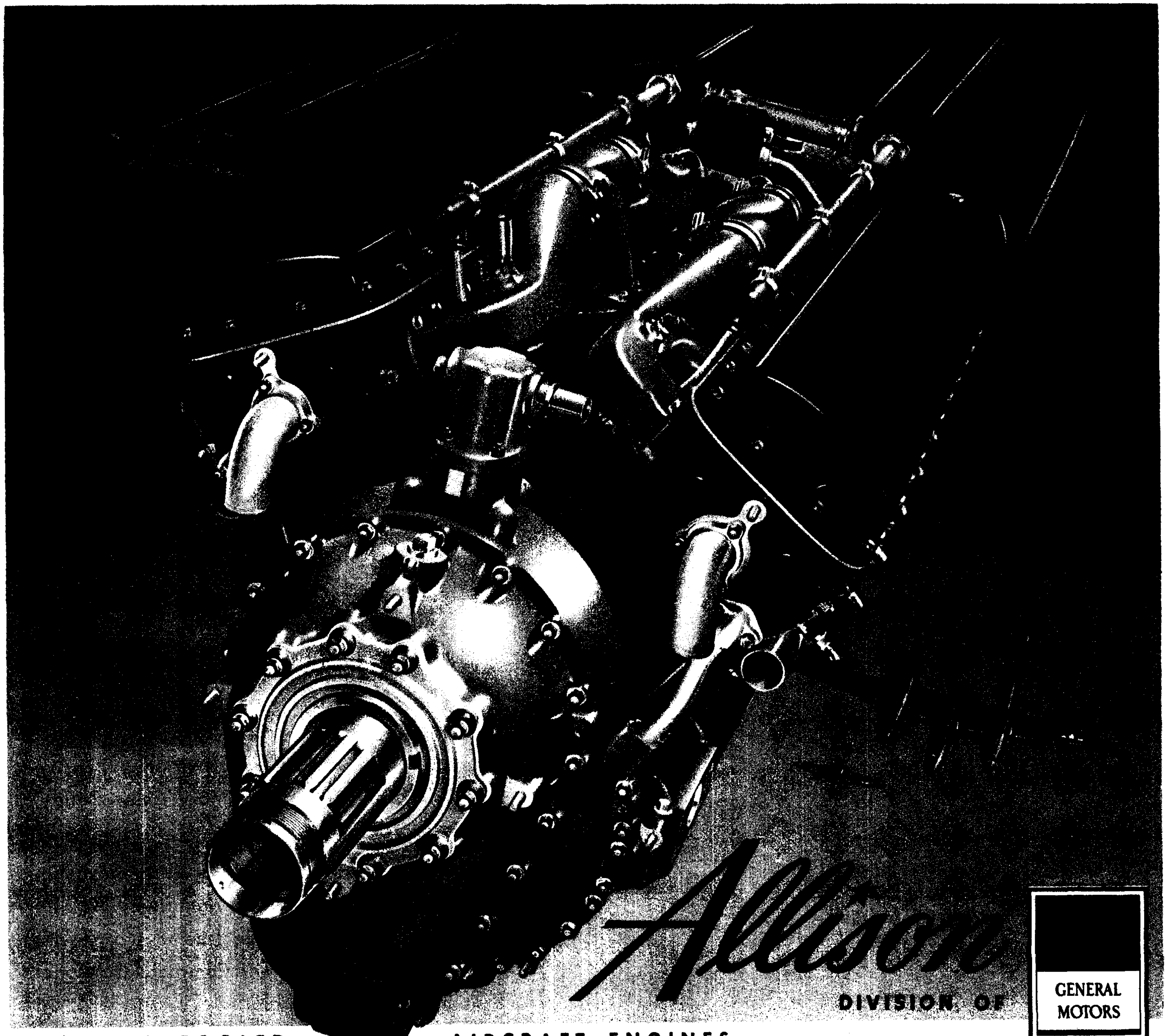
Here is deep understanding of the strength and structure of metals.

Here is meticulous machining.

These attributes today, combined with General Motors' faculty for mass manufacture, are giving substance to the purpose of our very being—our aim to build the finest aircraft engine the world knows.

**BACK THE ATTACK—
WITH WAR BONDS**

POWERED BY ALLISON *P-38—Lightning • P-39—Airacobra • P-40—Warhawk • P-51—Mustang*



Allison
DIVISION OF
GENERAL MOTORS

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

ing for Johnny's long-distance call and swearing at himself beneath his breath for having allowed Gladys to inveigle him into that eye examination. When he'd got back from the eye doctor's, there'd been a note for him at the desk: Mr. Riley had called from San Francisco; would call again.

He heard Gladys humming a popular tune in the bar where she was mixing him a drink. He relaxed slightly, stopped swearing, and smiled to himself. It was nice to have a woman like Gladys around. He'd known a lot of women but none like her. She seemed to think more about his comfort and well-being than she did about her own. And that was one for the book! In a career ranging over twenty years and at least that many states, Jim had never encountered anything resembling it—except in his mother.

Of course, it had its drawbacks. . . . She could hardly stand him out of her sight, and at times her oversolicitousness was trying, but it gave him a very comfortable feeling. He had always been so self-sufficient that he hadn't cared how anybody felt about him. He had never actually needed anybody—not even Johnny, who had been closest to him for a long time. Tony was another matter, but he needed her in a different sense; and that need, much to his relief, was now passing.

JIM laughed to himself. Was he changing? Imagine him allowing a woman to drag him to an eye doctor? Even Gladys. There was nothing wrong with his eyes—or very little; half the time he merely pretended that they were bothering him, to explain his restlessness and boredom.

Making sardonic comments to himself, he'd been ushered into a series of little rooms where he was forced to sit in front of machines that looked like complicated instruments of torture and peer through one lens after another.

That wasn't so bad. But the croaker's nurse had filled his eyes with some kind of drops and for a couple of hours he'd been practically blind, and Gladys had had to lead him around.

"Yeah," he said to himself scornfully, "all I needed was a Seeing Eye dog and a tin cup. Like old Gig Black in Chicago. Gig—what a character! Best cannon in the Middle West—and he had to go blind! Oh, well. That's the breaks."

Just as Gladys came in with his drink, humming happily, the phone rang. It was Johnny, calling from Frisco.

"Yeah?" said Jim.

"It's okay," said Johnny's voice. "I sprung the big punk. I also threw a scare into him." Johnny laughed curtly. "I got him so frightened he begged me to hold on to his money for him. I found out he wanted to stay in Frisco, so I opened an account for him at a bank; he's going to draw his money out weekly—fifty at a time."

"Nice work." Jim glanced up. Gladys was standing across the room, pretending to read a magazine, but she was listening so hard that she was almost rigid. Jim smiled.

"I had to oil the police department a little," Johnny went on. "I'll get back in town without a dime."

"I'll look after you," said Jim. "Goodby."

He hung up and Gladys came over with his drink. Jim pulled her down on his lap and kissed her. She ran her hand lightly across his forehead and said, "How are your eyes, darling?"

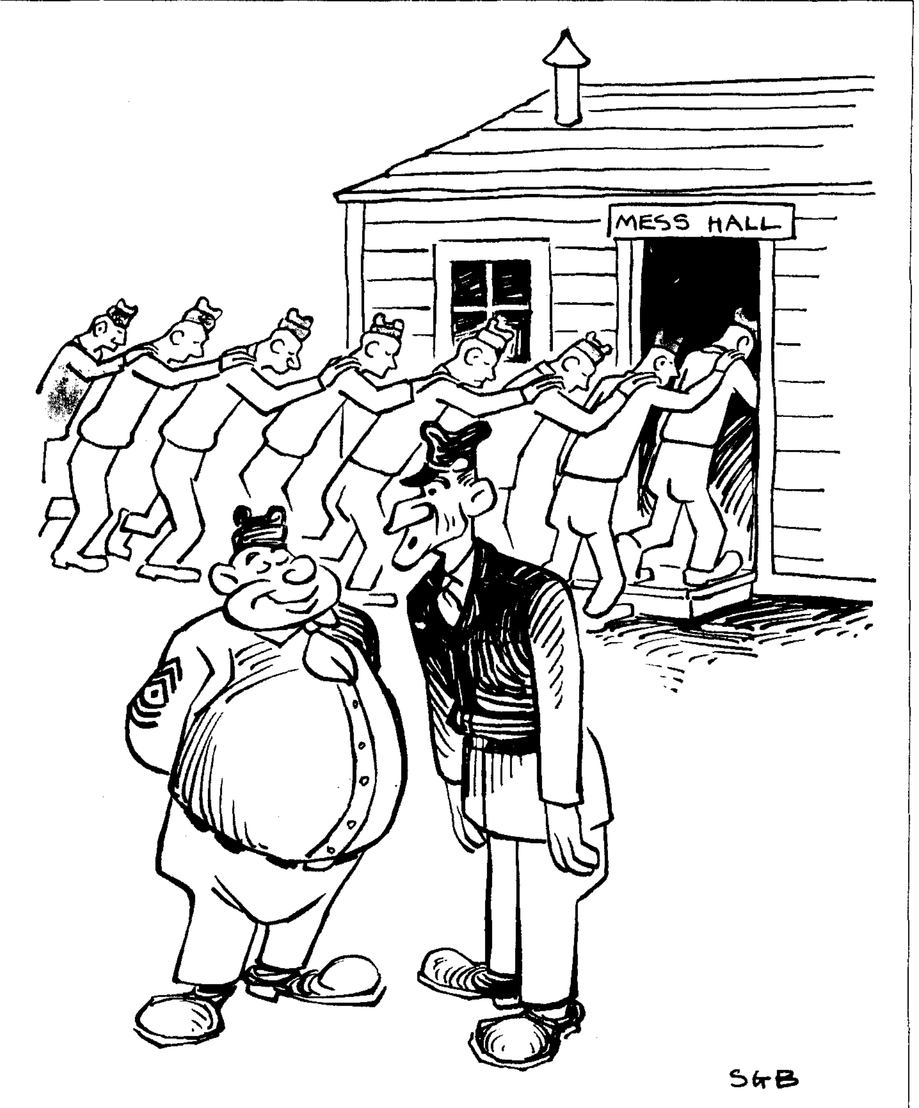
"Great. I can almost see. I go to a doctor to get examined, and he blinds me."

"I can hardly wait to see you in glasses. You'll look so distinguished."

"They'll go with my gray hair, all right, and my paunch."

"What paunch? I never saw a man with a better build than yours."

"Why, darling! I didn't know you went around staring at men's builds."



COLLIER'S "Amazing discipline you have here, Sergeant" SGT. GEORGE BAKER

He frowned. She studied his face, unable to make up her mind whether he was joking or not.

"Well, a woman just can't help—"

Jim laughed and kissed her. "If I didn't know you better," he said, "I'd think you had a guilty conscience."

"You don't know me at all—and I have," said Gladys, laughing.

While they were eating dinner, Jim began to wonder about Doc; he hadn't seen him for a couple of days. It was possible, of course, that Doc had decided to give up after their talk in the bar—possible, but rather unlikely. Jim just couldn't make up his mind what to do about the little doctor. It was a ticklish proposition.

After dinner, they went to a movie, and Jim slipped away to the men's room and called Tony. It was the third time this had happened in a week. Tony sounded sleepy and sullen; also rather indifferent, Jim thought, wondering. In a short time now he'd have to make some plans in regard to Tony. Florida was the place for her. But it might take a little finagling.

Before Tony said goodby, she told Jim she needed money and would he send her some. "Of course," she said, "I can't expect you to bring it, now that you're in high society." She laughed unpleasantly.

Jim curtly promised her the money and hung up.

They ran into Mr. Evans in the lobby when they got back to the hotel and stopped to talk with him for a moment.

"What's happened to our little friend, the doctor?" Jim inquired.

"He's left," said Evans with a rather strange expression, Jim thought.

"Sudden, wasn't it?"

"Yes, rather. You see he became very ill the other night. Fainted. The house doctor went up to attend him. He—uh—the doctor, I mean, thought it might be better if Doctor Bright went away some place for his health."

On their way up in the elevator, Jim was very thoughtful. There was something funny going on. For years, Doc had had seizures of one kind or another: Ray Slavens had always insisted that Doc was an epileptic. Jim wasn't sure; but he did know that the junk wasn't helping him any.

Jim came to himself. Gladys was squeezing his arm and looking up at him, a little worried because he was so preoccupied. But she smiled at once when he winked at her.

THAT night in bed, Gladys said, "Sometimes I just can't believe it."

"Believe what?"

"Well," said Gladys, "it seems as if it was meant to be—us, I mean. Otherwise, I can't understand it at all. Things like this just don't happen by accident."

Jim, who had engineered the "accident," didn't know quite what to say.

"The first time I saw you, I knew," said Gladys. "You looked so big and strong and handsome. My heart almost stopped. And I knew—instantly."

"I felt almost the same," said Jim, going along with the play.

"You did not. You hardly looked at me. But I don't care. That's all over with now—that anxiety, I mean. Just think—I almost ran away from you."

"Why?"

"I was afraid."

"Of what?"

"I knew other women would want you—like the blonde at the night club. I was afraid I couldn't stand the strain."

"Aren't we getting along all right?"

Gladys sighed deeply. "I'm so happy I don't know what I'm doing half the time."

After a moment, Jim fell asleep. Gladys lay beside him, making no attempt to sleep, happy to be close to him, watching over him as a mother watches over a child.

(To be concluded next week)

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POLIDENT The Safe, Modern Way to Clean Plates and Bridges

With Montgomery in Italy

Continued from page 11

with her stomach, and John has been taking care of her."

The colonel was worried. He said it had been impossible, for obvious security reasons, to warn the population that we would attack late that night—actually in the early hours after midnight. The guns would fire right over the rooftops, and the blast might tear tiles loose and harm the people inside.

"There's a family here with a small five-months-old baby," the colonel explained. "The baby's been ill, and John has been looking after it, too. We wanted particularly to warn them, but, of course, we couldn't.

"The attack has been set for three forty-five in the morning," the colonel added. He suggested that we get some sleep.

The Eve of the Big Show

My conducting officer and I groped our way to where we had laid our beds in the lee of the wall of what had been headquarters for an Eyetie ack-ack battery. We slept under mosquito netting, for even in the hills Sicily is alive with malaria.

Signs everywhere warn troops to wear long sleeves and long trousers, and to button up their shirts, smear their faces and hands with antimosquito cream, and to take their atabrine regularly. The old bell in the village sounded ten o'clock with its dissonant voice. We turned in.

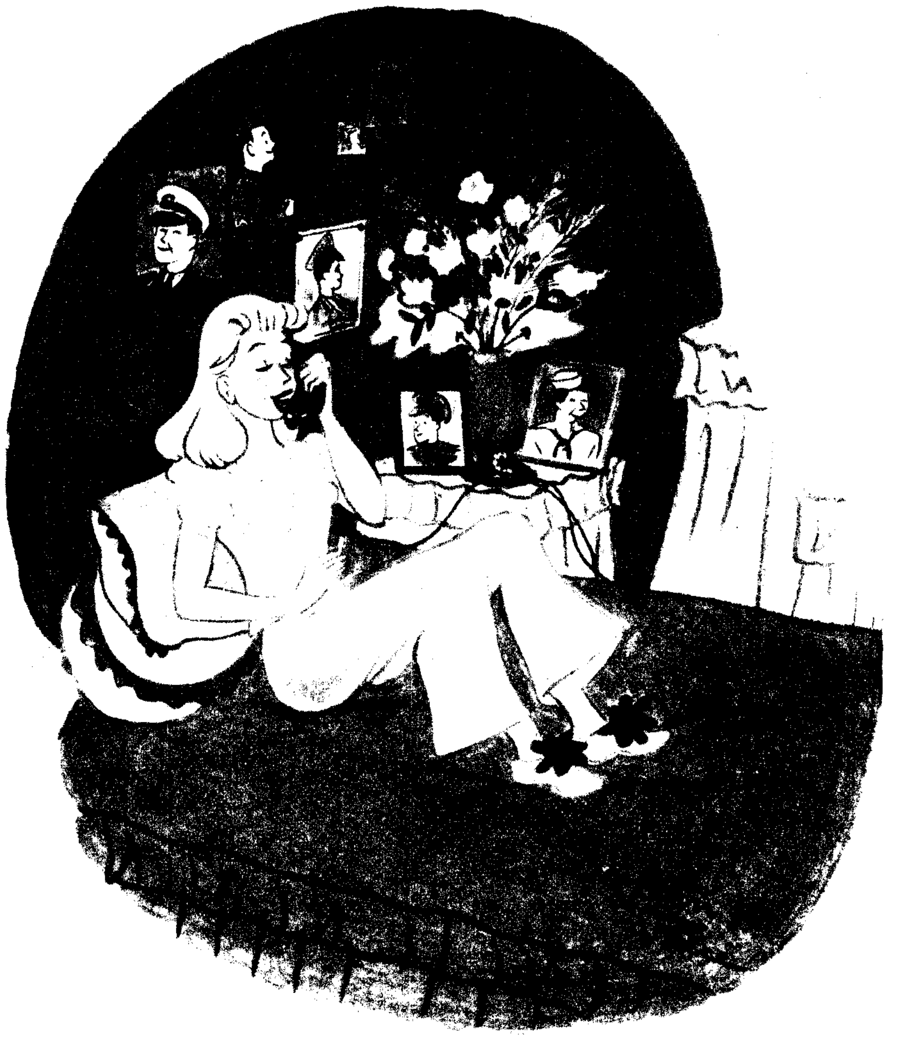
The colonel called us at three. It was dark still, and damp. Somewhere a dog barked; a faraway truck's motor growled and then was silent again. The sky was a midnight-blue bowl splattered with brilliants. Here in the hills the sky and stars were distant, impersonal and aloof, and it was cold. We looked toward the mainland, and it was like looking into an interminable black void.

The silence was almost tangible, and yet to the left and right of the observation post, from which the entire barrage was to be directed, men worked feverishly passing and piling shells, checking instruments and drinking hot, sweet, dark tea to keep awake. The village bell sounded the quarter hour and, for an hour and a half hell came to live in the hills above Mili and all along Marina that had been so wondrously beautiful only a few hours before.

It was beautiful again now, but with a different kind of beauty. The batteries directly below us spoke first in a salvo that was like a summer night's thunderclap close by. Bright yellow flames spat from muzzles toward Calabria. Had it been possible to shut off hearing completely, the scene would have been a Disney color choregraphy for fantastic music. Occasional tracers described long, low, yellow arcs to the opposite shore. An enemy ammunition dump ignited in San Giovanni, glowed for a moment, then flared like a sulphur match. Through glasses you could see explosions mushrooming one within another, and a great irregular splash of flame.

Within the first half hour's firing, there were three big fires opposite us. But we were harpooning a dead whale—there was no reply from the enemy. Round after round tore across the intervening darkness without answer. The ground shook beneath us with each salvo from the nearer batteries. For ninety minutes, the earth quivered.

Within the first hour, four beams of blue-white light were directed immediately above us from searchlights placed equidistantly about half a mile behind



"Please limit your call to five minutes—others are waiting"

COLLIER'S JOHN M. PRICE

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BECAUSE of war plans made as far back as 1936, it took but a telephone call to the chiefs of the Army and the Navy to place the entire resources of the air transport industry at the disposal of the armed forces, within a few minutes after the attack on Pearl Harbor.

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Because of the magnitude and scope of these wartime operations both at home and abroad, the Airlines are constantly developing new and improved techniques and operating efficiencies which already have speeded up, by twenty-five years, the progress of air transportation.

After the war, tremendous demands will be made upon the Airlines by a people awake to the potentials of traveling and shipping by air. At that time—as always—the Airlines of the United States will be found "ready, willing and able."

* * *

When you travel by Air *make reservations early; please cancel early if plans change.* When you use Air Express *speed delivery by dispatching shipments as soon as they're ready.* Air Transport Association, 1515 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.
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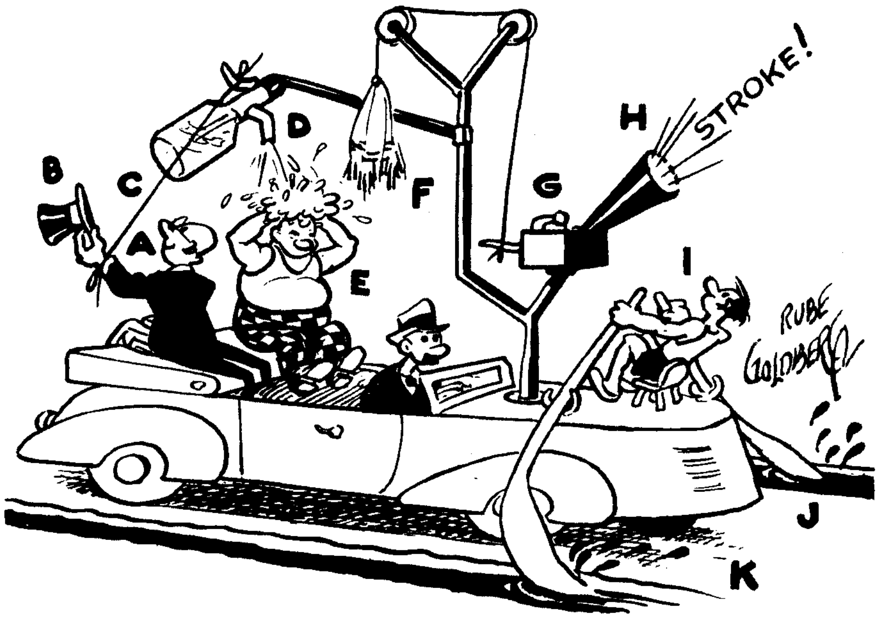
Save GAS for WAR!

URGES RUBE GOLDBERG



MAYOR (A), CAMPAIGNING FOR RE-ELECTION, LIFTS HAT (B) WHICH PULLS STRING (C) AND SQUIRTS SELTZER (D) ON PERSPIRING CAMPAIGN MANAGER (E) WHO TAKES SHAMPOO TO COOL OFF—HE REACHES FOR TOWEL (F), TURNING ON PHONOGRAPH (G)—COXSWAIN'S VOICE (H) YELLS "STROKE!" AND ONE-MAN CREW (I) DIPS OARS IN DITCHES (J AND K) AND ROWS CAR AHEAD—USE THE MONEY YOU SAVE ON GASOLINE TO BUY STILL MORE WAR BONDS.

Every gallon of gas you save helps the war effort . . . sound your Z for PENNZOIL

How can OIL increase GAS MILEAGE?

GUARD ELECTRICAL "ARMOR"

Air, oil and grease deteriorate insulation of the wiring in your car. Resulting "leaks" may cause hard starting or "missing". Keep all wires clean, and have them inspected twice a year.

* * *

Write for "Keep Your Car Alive"—16 pages of facts and pictures devoted to preserving your car. Address Dept. AC, The Pennzoil Co., Oil City, Pa.

The problem is to get usable power from exploding fuel. If valves stick or piston rings leak, part of the force of each explosion is wasted.

Your engine can seal in this power only when these valves and rings are clean and able to move freely . . . not when they are clogged by sludge and varnish deposits.

Keep your engine clean and easy on gas by specifying PennZoil, the Pennsylvania oil refined especially to resist sludge and varnish formations. PennZoil's tough, slippery film fights wear, too. Helps keep your car alive for the duration. Next time, specify PennZoil—and be sure to sound your Z!

SOUND YOUR Z 100% Pure Pennsylvania PENNZOIL Safe Lubrication

Member Penn. Grade Crude Oil Ass'n. Permit No. 2

*Registered Trade-Mark

PENNZOIL* GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

and ahead of the observation post, and the light beams intersected overhead. It was like standing inside an enormous star sapphire.

The point of intersection of the four beams, about a mile above us, was to serve as a guide for the invasion fleet. This was deployed all along the coast. There men and machines had all day awaited the zero hour which was now approaching with the first light.

The objective of the barrage and of the invasion force was a stretch of gray beach about five hundred yards long and one hundred deep directly opposite where we stood. On this beach, its mines, pillboxes and barbed wire, we poured some of the 200,000 rounds our batteries fired. The rest was directed against positions in the hills commanding the bridgehead the Eighth Army had to secure.

All day, the Eighth Army—democracy's first army of vengeance—waited to be, as General Sir Bernard Law Montgomery told me, "deservedly first to set foot on the continent of Europe and so begin the liberation of four hundred million people. We have come two thousand miles across Africa to do this and we shall not fail." The little man was quiet and gravely undramatic as he said this. He was in repose, sitting in his caravan somewhere along the Sicilian coast below Messina. Monty's never impressive in repose; only his eyes are alert and alight. But he was sleeping now; his work was done. We were still shelling the beach.

A Lull Amid the Storm

To the east, far behind Aspromonte, the sun was rising, and a dim light illumined the edge of Calabria's mountains. Suddenly it was still. The air that had been for an hour and a half a tortured sea of sound was again quiet.

Someone beside me lighted a cigarette and I saw it was John, the medical officer. He'd been down to see the old lady and had found her out. He discovered her, after a search, passing ammunition to a cockney gun crew. He visited the couple with the baby, too. The baby was all right. He gave it an infinitesimal dose of morphine—just enough to ease its colic and allow it to sleep through the barrage.

I hurried away to pack my bed roll and drive with my conducting officer to Monty's headquarters. For I was going to Italy with Monty four years, almost to the hour, since Neville Chamberlain declared war on Germany.

The barrage ended at 5:15 A. M. In the uncertain light, the straits between us and the mainland looked like a slow-flowing river of molten lead, and Calabria was a dark blur. But we could see the landing craft—ships which had been built in the American Middle West and had sailed down the Mississippi River through the Gulf of Mexico and across the Atlantic to do this job—headed in formation toward the opposite shore. They were hulls down with tanks, infantry, trucks, supplies and ammunition.

Behind the landing craft streamed long lines of "ducks," those huge amphibious trucks, and behind these their smaller counterparts, "ducklings." Cruisers, destroyers and monitors shepherded the invasion fleet. It was a regatta, for the straits had been swept of mines. Ships and men were as safe as though they'd been on a country millpond. Of the three hundred ducks and several hundred landing craft and scores of warships which did the invasion job, not one was lost from enemy action.

When we arrived at Monty's headquarters later, the little general was just finishing recording a proclamation to his army.

He stood beside the sound truck, listening to a play-back of the record. He was pleased; he cocked his head toward me and said, "I think that's all right, don't you? Good recording! Good recording!" And then: "Come in and I'll tell you about the battle."

I followed him into his caravan, a ten-ton truck chassis mounted with a one-room apartment complete from toilet to dinette. He showed me his battle plan and told me how he intended to secure the bridgehead nearly two hundred square miles large on the mainland before pursuing the enemy northward. He was confident the Italians would fold up within six weeks.

"A good hard knock now," he said, "may very well cause them to say they've had enough. Of course, there are Germans. They will fight. They have some sixteen divisions in Italy—a considerable force. But I don't anticipate any difficulty until we strike the main body of the German army, which will be in strong defensive positions much farther north. Now"—and he couldn't disguise his delight—"let's go to Italy!"

At 10:15 on the morning of September 3d, Monty climbed into a duck and set off across the straits for the beach between Reggio and San Giovanni, which his troops had meanwhile secured. For days American and British planes had pounded these positions that his army assaulted.

Monty, standing in the bow of the squat craft, as ungainly in water as it was incongruous on land, was a strange figure for a great military commander. His angular elbows protruded from the short sleeves of his plain khaki shirt; his thin legs stuck out of his shorts. Nevertheless his body, lean almost to the point of being skinny, suggested power and endurance. He wore his beret at a jaunty angle, and his strong hands rested firmly on his bony hips when they weren't busy steadying him against the roll and surge of the duck or waving to troops who cheered him from near-by landing craft, ducks and ducklings, that we passed.

They recognized instantly his unique profile—high forehead with deeply indented eyes and great hooked nose. His outstanding feature is one they couldn't see but perhaps could feel—the power in his gray-blue eyes, which are incandescent.

On each sleeve, high up near his shoulder, Monty wore the Crusader badge—a small patch of blue cloth bearing a white shield with a gold cross, symbol of the Eighth Army.

We reached the corvette, and Monty, his aide and I transshipped. We went below, and Monty exploded the myth that he never touches coffee, for he drank three cups in the wardroom, although we respected his distaste for the smell of tobacco smoke and refrained from smoking.

Peacock for the General

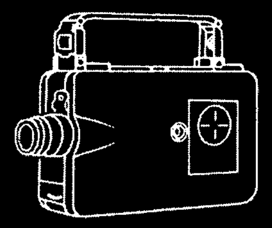
I asked him how it felt to lead an army victoriously onto an enemy shore. He said simply, "It's a great satisfaction," and smile creases on either side of his small, mustache-adorned mouth deepened. It was obvious he was happy. The night before he had dined on roasted peacock, which someone had given him as a present, perhaps with overtones of irony, for Monty has the reputation of being inordinately vain.

Maybe he is and maybe he isn't; but I've seen the faces of countless soldiers light up and heard them shout his name as he passed. Few generals command the love and admiration of their troops as does this short, long-armed, scrawny crusader in khaki, this pious Billy Sunday in a tank, this Britain's most successful general.

Anyway, Monty ate the peacock.

Off the Calabrian shore, we transshipped again to the duck, and this am-

From MIDWAY ON...



16-MM. KODACHROME, ACTUAL SIZE

These war movies in full color were made with a "home movie" CINÉ-KODAK

CINÉ-KODAK—designed for peacetime globe-trotting or tranquil home scenes—was turned loose in the hell of the Japanese attack . . .

You saw "The Battle of Midway"? Will you ever forget it? Navy men loaded Ciné-Kodaks with 16-mm. Kodachrome Film to get authentic battle data. Among the exploding bombs and burning oil tanks they made the movie that won an "Oscar."

One of the finest shots in the picture was made by a Ciné-Kodak "on its own." It was blown out of the operator's hands, hit the ground right side up—kept right on shooting the picture . . .

CINÉ-KODAK "CAME THROUGH"...

simply because it was designed and machined and fitted to the closest tolerances known to camera making. The concussions and banging around of battle were not anticipated. Getting excellent movies under *all* conditions was the purpose. After Pearl Harbor, this meant battle.

Literally thousands of Ciné-Kodaks are in Army, Navy, and Air Force hands, contributing to the most complete war record ever attempted in movies.

Did you ever see that hair-raising Navy training film, "Eagles of the Navy"? It shows planes power-diving thousands of feet, then pulling out . . . To study "pilot reactions" in a "9-G pull-out" dive—for the improvement of safety conditions—the Army and Navy Air Forces mounted cameras to make movies of pilots during the human "black-out"...

Ciné-Kodak proved to be the camera which can do the job. Its precision-made governor and other working parts continue to run smoothly in the drag of "9-G"... 9 times the force of gravity.

Prize your Ciné-Kodak—it's a blood brother of these cameras which went to war . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

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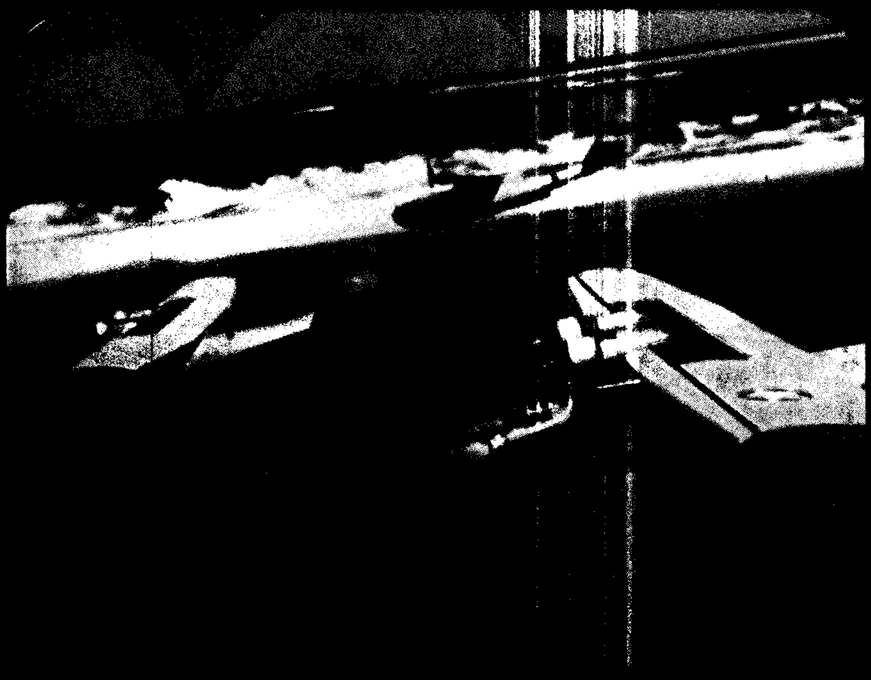
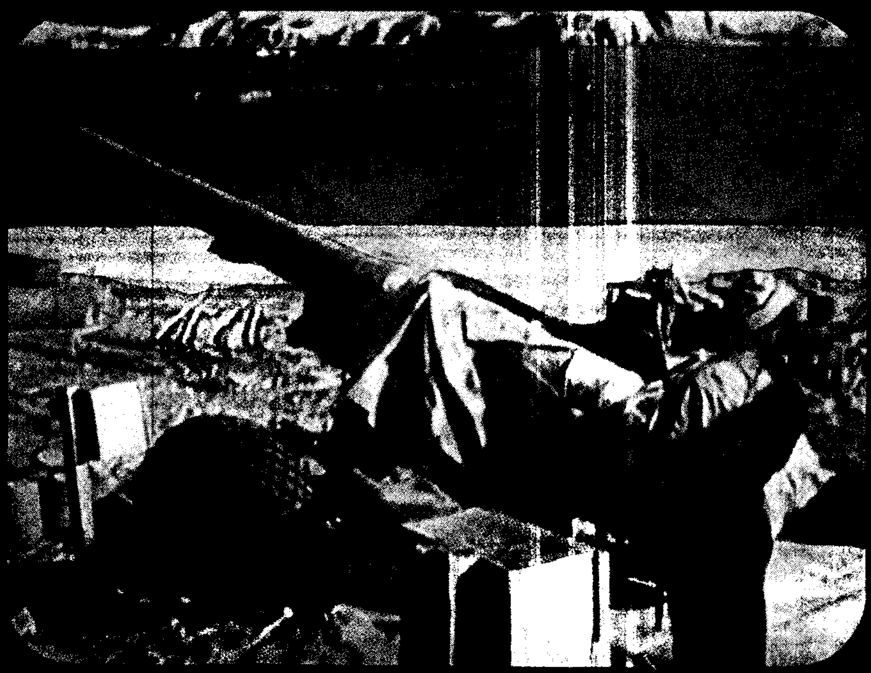
MIDWAY INCIDENT—A Ciné-Kodak was blown out of the operator's hands . . . hit the ground right side up . . . kept on making the movie.

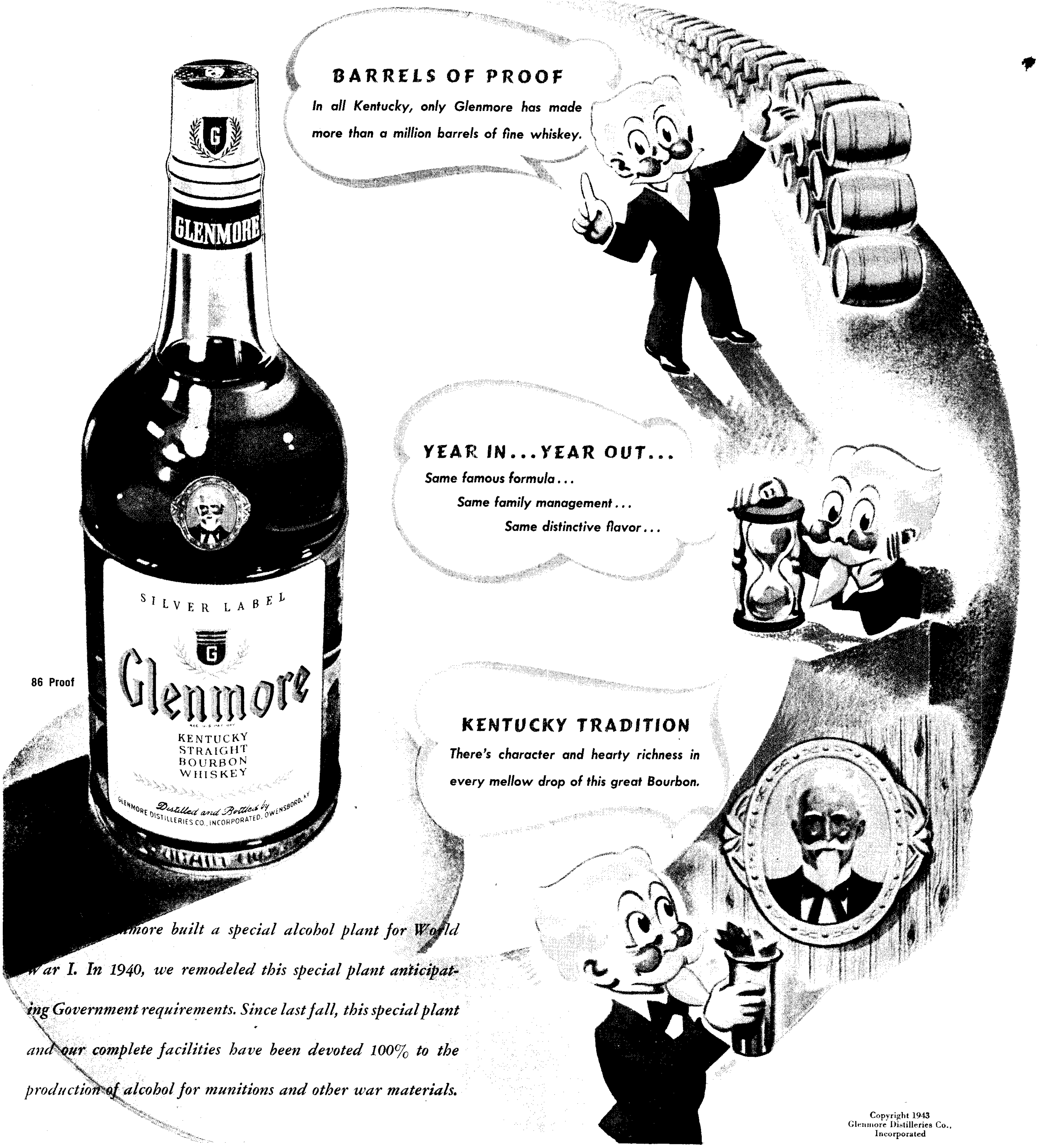


EAGLES OF THE NAVY—In breath-taking maneuvers—even a 9-G pull-out dive—Ciné-Kodak Special proved its reliability.



ALEUTIAN EMPLACEMENT—The Army's saga of re-conquest, "The Aleutians," was largely filmed with Ciné-Kodak Specials.

In taste-where experience shows up best...
GLENMORE *always shows up better!*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more built a special alcohol plant for World ar I. In 1940, we remodeled this special plant anticipating Government requirements. Since last fall, this special plant and our complete facilities have been devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for munitions and other war materials.

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BUY WAR BONDS . . . Keep in Practice to Beat the Axis!

phibian carrier growled out of the water onto the gray sand of a Calabrian beach and up the wire-mesh track at ten minutes after twelve.

Just before we landed, three German fighter bombers dropped three 500-pound bombs. Two landed harmlessly in the water; one hit the beach, raised an enormous cloud of dust and killed a half-dozen troops, wounding several others. These were the only casualties of the first day's fighting except for one man who fell from a truck and sprained his back.

There was no resistance except for some wild, sporadic machine-gun fire. Several hundred Italian soldiers, abandoned by their German colleagues, rushed down to the beach with hands upraised, shouting, laughing and patently glad the British had come.

Later, I talked to many Italian soldier-prisoners. Their hatred for the Germans matched only their shame at their plight and their relief at being rid at last of a grafting, corrupt Fascist hierarchy. But they were tired men, exhausted spiritually as they were broken physically. You looked upon them and knew that if all Italians felt, talked and behaved like these prisoners, Italy might not re-emerge as a major power for another century or perhaps longer.

We entered Reggio, walked through its bombed and shell-torn streets and inspected the wrecked port where the air was heavy with the stench of unburied dead which lay beneath the ruins. Reggio would have to be rebuilt from foundations to rooftops.

While Monty stopped to confer with his divisional commander, I talked with grubby civilians who clustered about when they found I spoke their language. Most of them had just come down out of the hills above Reggio to search among the ruins for bedding and cooking utensils. They said they lived in caves and stables, or crowded in with peasants in villages. An old man with watery eyes and quavering chin told me, however, that not all civilians had taken to the hills.

"Go see them," he said; "there are seven thousand living like animals in a shelter near the port."

I told him I had already seen people living in shelters—in London, tens of thousands of them. He nodded his head understandingly and there was a murmur among the small crowd that had gathered—a murmur that contained compassion, resentment and a vague kind of comprehension all at once.

Military Law, German Style

As in Taormina, Messina and other towns, the Germans had looted Reggio before they evacuated in civilian transport confiscated over the protests and opposition of the *carabinièri*. The Germans, they said, backed their trucks to the doors of shops, lashed the locks to the chassis with ropes, pulled down the doors and pillaged the stores. "We killed three and wounded six out of fifteen," said a *carabinière* officer who had taken part in the fighting.

I listened to their hatreds of Nazis for a moment and then asked them, "Why did you fight us?"

Almost in unison they cried, *"Chi? Noi?* Who? Us? We didn't fight you." And there was an embarrassed silence. Finally one of them, better dressed than the others, spoke up:

"Most of us attend to our work and are friends of all and enemies of none," he said. "Tell me, Signor Capitano, war is over for us, isn't it? Surely you will drive the Germans from Italy."

What apparently shocked Italians the most was the utter breakdown of the Fascist administration. It was unable to cope with the problems that bombs and shells brought. Transportation broke down; food rapidly vanished from markets; after the first year of war, clothing became unobtainable; prices spiraled upward except for bread, rice, oil and beans—staples of the common diet. But these commodities couldn't be had. Bomb-damage clearance and the restoration of gas, electricity and transporation were demoralizingly slow. Gradually the Nazis became overlords, and Italy an occupied country like others of Europe. None of the people with whom I talked ever mentioned Mussolini unless asked direct questions about him.

Few with whom I talked were more than vaguely interested in Badoglio or King Victor. They wanted only peace as quickly as possible, and return to normality. Few were more than remotely interested in what form peace might take or whether part of their "empire" might be restored to them or not. They wanted only *"Lavor e Pane*—Work and Bread." They didn't even appear to care particularly whether Italy retained its identity as a nation.

The sound of our 25-pounders shelling the heights above Reggio to clear the way for our advancing columns dispersed the crowd and brought Monty out of his conference. In the duck, Monty and his guests inspected the total area—then about fifty square miles—that we had occupied and conquered that day. Up forward, the Eighth Army's columns were trying to make contact with the retreating Germans.

In Ignominious Defeat

For half an hour or so the roads and streets of Reggio were crowded with Italian prisoners—Alpini, customs guards and militiamen—routed out of air-raid shelters. All were burdened with suitcases and enormous bundles of personal belongings; all seemed small, very young, or old beyond military utility. Many limped, but few were depressed.

The major in our duck stood up to take a picture of one of the prisoner columns. A bearded young soldier looked up and shouted a photo caption back at the major: *"Si, si, 'Prigionieri italiani'"*—and he laughed ironically and, I thought, bitterly. The older men looked straight before them. Some carried canes.

It was nearly six o'clock when our duck turned down toward the beach through the roaring traffic of tanks, laden ducks, trucks, jeeps, ambulances and guns. On either hand, men cheered Monty, and Monty gave some of them cigarettes, always with the remark, "I don't smoke myself and I've got thousands here." As we transshipped from our duck to the corvette, a hundred yards from shore, enemy planes came out of the blue and attacked us. It was almost as though they had known Monty was there.

There were knocks on the corvette's hull, such as a duck might make as it bumped against it before pulling away toward shore. But the bumps were from bombs exploding 500, 300—less than 100 yards from our vessel. Three bombs were dropped from three Nazi fighter-bombers which had dived from 13,000 down to 6,000 feet to release their loads—one of the poorest exhibitions of bombing I had ever seen. The harbor was crowded with ships. Our corvette and other vessels opened an umbrella of flak.

Monty lay on his back beside a bulkhead on deck, calmly watching the proceedings. He waved away the steel helmet which his aide tried to press on him, yelling thinly, "They've gone, see," and he pointed to silver planes high overhead skimming through the flak and between the tethers of barrage balloons. It all happened within the space of two minutes. The bearded skipper of our corvette signaled the engines and we headed for Sicily. Monty posed for a picture in the bow.

THE END

The little matter of distinguishing one, two and three*

Socrates: Can we deny that a warrior should have a knowledge of arithmetic?*

Glaucon: Certainly he should, if he is to have the smallest understanding of military tactics.*

Pvt. Jones: You ain't kiddin', brother!

* PLATO: *The Republic*

WHEN a tank was an artistically embossed chariot and a division a handful of thinly clad athletes, "the little matter of distinguishing one, two and three" may only have been important in the minds of such men as Socrates.

But when millions of mechanized weapons for a global army roll off the assembly lines, one figure, inaccurate or too late, may well retard Victory by thousands of lives.

That is why today, war-wise American Management relies to a great extent on Comptometer Machines and Methods for more accurate, faster and lower cost figures.

Felt & Tarrant Manufacturing Company, 1714 North Paulina Street, Chicago, Ill.

Comptometer
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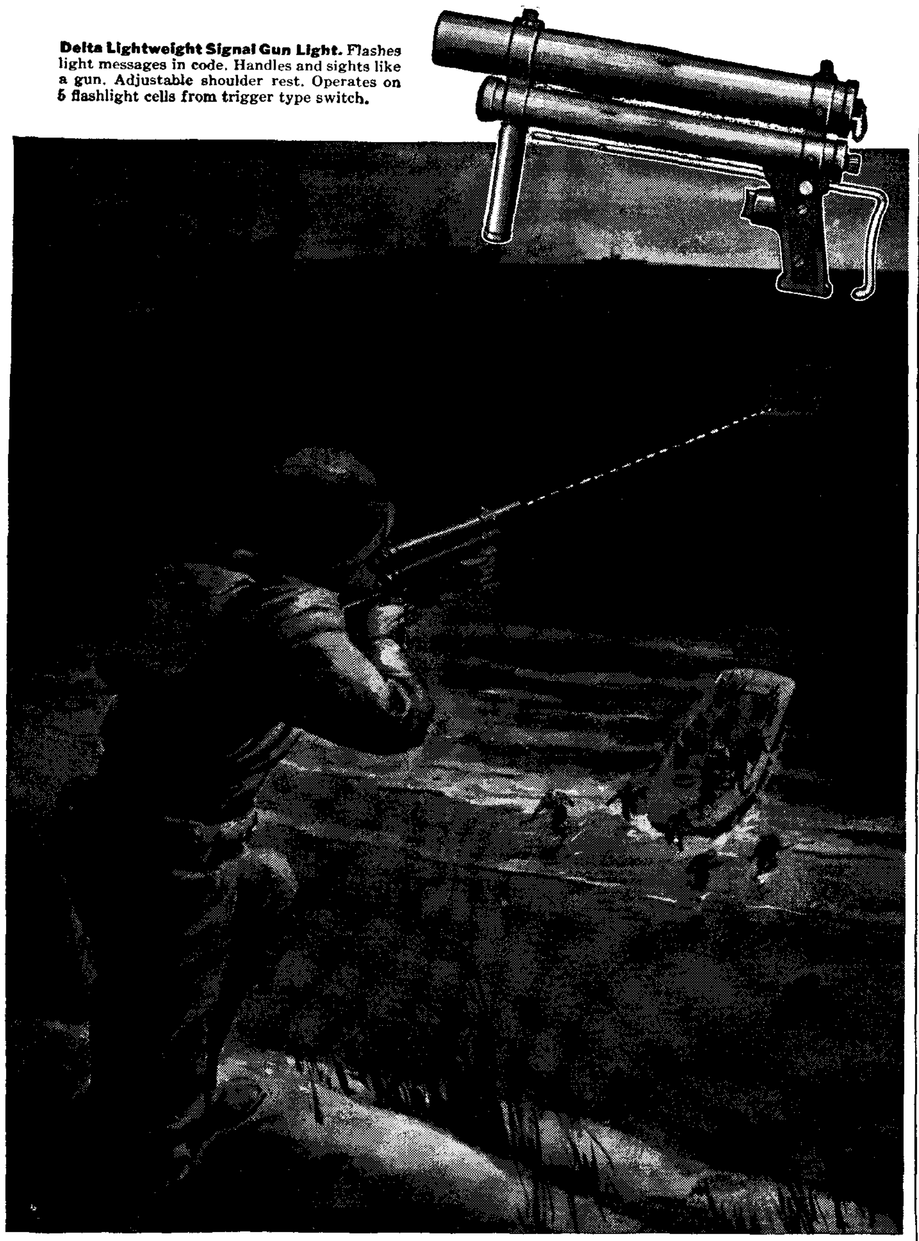
ADDING-CALCULATING MACHINES AND METHODS



Delta Lightweight Signal Gun Light. Flashes light messages in code. Handles and sights like a gun. Adjustable shoulder rest. Operates on 5 flashlight cells from trigger type switch.

a Signal Light

THAT SPEAKS DAY OR NIGHT

Sharp as lightning are the dot and dash flashes from this new Signal Gun Light. And, they're as quick—as they pierce through day or night to carry a code message to an intended receiver. Of tommy gun type, operated from ordinary flashlight cells, this new gun light flashes a message for distances up to five miles. It is especially effective as a fast communication means with amphibian and commando forces where raids or beach head seizures depend upon quick guidance or warning commands.

Delta has designed and developed in its entirety this Lightweight Signal Gun Light, as well as other war-time lighting devices. Still others are being produced in collaboration with government engineers including gun lights, life-saving lights, running, fighting, steering, battle and blinker lights for the Navy—special lanterns and Powerlites for the Army, and other branches of the service.

From our war-time experience are coming many new lighting devices—some practical for civilian use. After the war these will be available to complement a vastly improved line of Delta electric lanterns and bicycle lights.

DELTA ELECTRIC CO., MARION, IND.

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Originators and Builders of the famous Powerlite and other electric lanterns; Delta Bicycle Lights and Horns and other battery lighted devices.

The Delta 2-lite Powerlite electric lantern, long a standby for fishermen, campers, etc., now does double duty as an emergency light for the Army.

★ ★ ★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★ ★ ★

Any Week

Continued from page 4

music-publishing houses in Boston, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Chicago, Milwaukee and San Francisco, 'making it possible for publishers to be near the various roots of American life and to discover new song writers with fresh regional material.' He might be interested to know that there are forty-nine publishing houses outside New York. He remarks ASCAP's effect is 'to put a premium on stodginess and to suppress new writers.'

"If we have suppressed any new writers who are any good, I'd like to know their names. Our present writer membership of 1,542 comprises about ninety-eight per cent of whatever Americans have any real talent for writing lyrics or composing music. Besides, ASCAP is not concerned with encouragement or suppression. We run no closed shop. We merely say in effect to the users of the stuff our members write: 'Play what you please, but if you use the works of our members, will you kindly pay for them?'

"If blame must be allotted for the present dearth of good war songs, Mr. Bookman might better blame the radio and the juke boxes. In 1917, these didn't exist, and a song could, as it were, feel its way until it had achieved a healthy and lasting popularity. But today a song is bellowed and tooted and pounded and slugged on the air and on records until everybody is sick of it in two months. Besides, we don't really know whether we have any good war songs—yet. It's the soldier who makes the song immortal, not the civilian. Wait until you hear what our boys are singing when they come back. Then we will know."

We hope that Mr. Taylor's somewhat lengthy letter closes that argument. Anyway, it's washed up here.

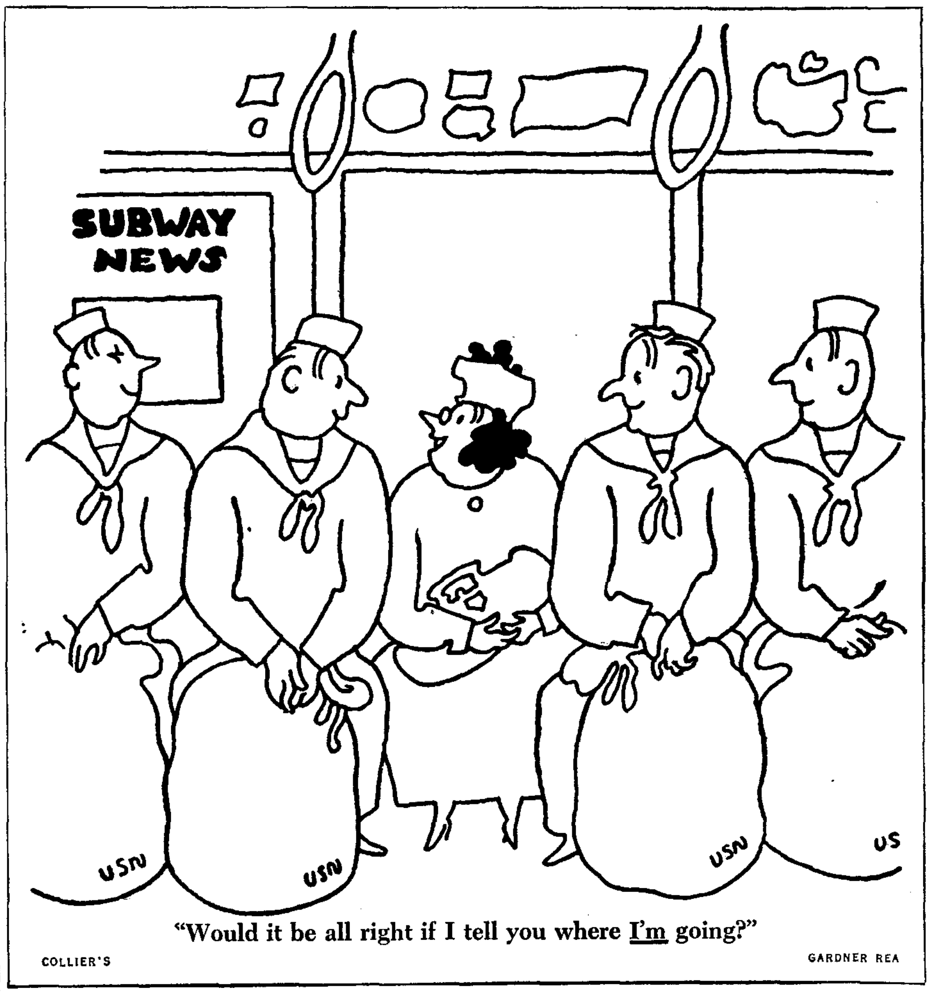
AS MUCH as we dislike to see bitterness creeping into this column, we cannot permit Mr. George B. MacJames' challenge to go unaccepted. From Bremerton, Washington, he dares us to publish what he has to say. We're ever a sucker for a dare. Mr. MacJames cites the "threat of the Army and the Navy to invoke court-martial proceedings against civilian war-plant guards who, after being inducted as guards into the services, must be made subject to military punishments for infractions of regulations." This incenses Mr. MacJames. "Okay," he writes, "throw the guards into the jailhouse. They don't amount to anything, anyway. But weren't there a general and an admiral who were removed from duty in Pearl Harbor after the Japs caught them asleep at their switches? When were they court-martialed? And aren't they safe from penalties now because the two years' statute of limitation will soon elapse?"

AND Miss Carol W. Foster of Hanford, California, informs us that a lad from the near-by air base came into town, sat down at the counter of a lunchroom, ordered a hamburger with onions, et cetera. Told that it was meatless Tuesday, he sighed deeply. "Gosh," said the soldier, "I've been in the Army so long that I'd forgotten there was a war on."

WELL, you can believe it or not, but we have a letter from a guy by the name of Fair Play who protests against an article published recently in this fearless magazine about the twentieth anniversary of the Jap earthquake of 1923. Mr. Fair Play of Baltimore, Maryland, writes:

"This is no good article. It encourage hatred. We must forget past and be good neighbor. I read your magazine now on only for curiosity. I am not Japanese please. This literature is no good. Please publish and correct."

AND Mrs. Mary E. Toane of Savannah, Georgia, read Frank Gervasi's piece about the German firing squads and writes: "Are you still wondering what to do with Hitler and his gunmen when we catch them?"... W. D.



"Would it be all right if I tell you where I'm going?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

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Find out about it . . . now!

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It costs you less!

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Get full details

There are 15 good reasons why you should have this protection. They are explained in detail in a folder which shows clearly why this new Hartford policy is an outstanding buy for everyone who has anything worth stealing!

Send the coupon for the folder—or get the whole story from your local Hartford agent or your insurance broker.

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Please send me your folder giving details of your new, low cost Residence and Outside Theft Policy.

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We are at war. We are on the offensive.
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It's "that little more" that brings success in life. So with pipes. A Royalton adds that extra something to make a good tobacco taste better. Because this greater satisfaction brings enduring pleasure, a knowing smoker and his favored Royalton are seldom parted.

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5¢

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BIGGEST SELLING GRAPEFRUIT DRINK IN THE WORLD!

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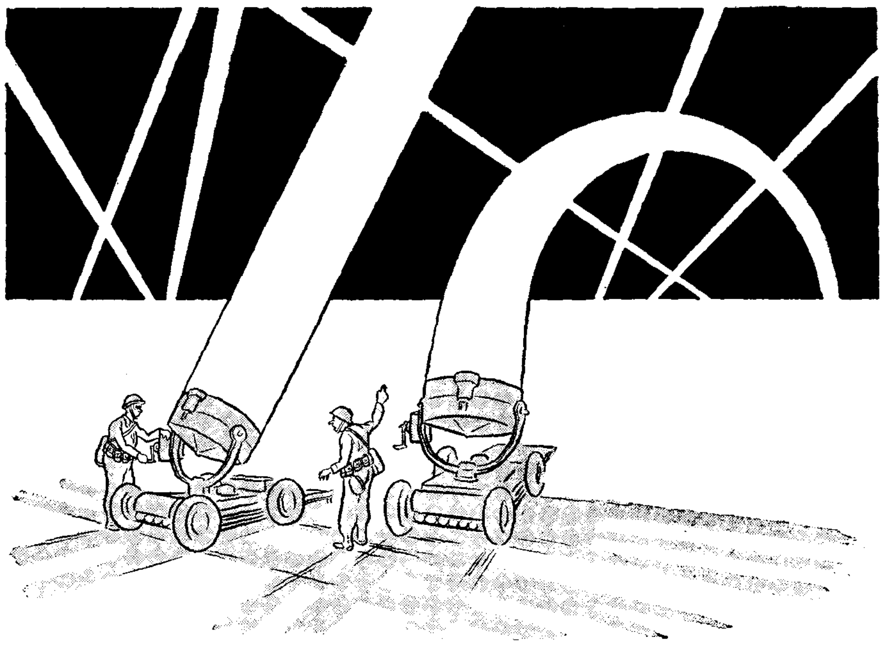
COLLIER'S "Look—the power's getting low!" GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Orange Blossoms in Springfield

Continued from page 28

"Berg*en*," the sergeant called back as they walked away.

Berg*en*, I repeated under my breath as I watched them walk away by twos. It looked right that way, so I was very happy for my friend Jim, and very sorry for myself. I'd never felt so lonesome and homesick in all my life. I thought about going back to camp, but that was no good. So I chose the dance instead and, as I walked along, I couldn't help wondering what I was doing here alone in Washington, away from all the things I loved best. What was it all about? Why couldn't they have left me home where I belonged?

On the corner of Tenth Street, a sailor came up and asked me for a light. I dug down into my pocket and handed him the matches. As I did, he turned to look away at a busload of young girls who were waving to anyone who wanted to wave back. The sailor waved back, and before they were completely out of sight, I lifted my hand, too.

"Some town, ain't it?" he said.

"Yeah, it's great!" I lied. "Are you stationed here?"

The sailor shook his head, finished lighting his cigarette and returned the matches. "You know," I said, "I live about a half-mile from one of the largest match factories in the world, and I never have a match when I want it, either."

When I finished what I was saying, I looked up to see the sailor—well on his way down Tenth Street. I felt like a dope! What was the matter with me, anyway? Didn't anybody want to listen? I felt like bawling as I continued on my way to the dance.

On Twelfth Street, a sign in front of the four-story stone building read: "Servicemen Invited."

Inside, a girl sat at a long table, assorting tickets. Behind her, I could see a whole room full of soldiers and sailors dancing with girls in pretty colorful dresses. I guess I must have looked lost, because I wandered off to examine a shiny plaque on the wall opposite where the girl was sitting. It was a basketball award, and looked just like the one my kid brother brought home from high school the day I had to leave for the Army.

"The dance is this way, soldier," said the girl at the table.

"Sorry—my kid broth—"

"Have you a ticket?" she asked in a friendly tone.

I started searching through my pockets for the ticket I got in the orderly room. It wasn't there.

"Sorry, miss—I had a ticket when I left camp. I must have lost it."

"It doesn't matter. We just want to know what camp you're from . . . and your name. . . . Oh—and fill in the space that asks where you come from. That's in case you want us to write a letter home telling your parents you were here and we entertained you, and also that you are well and happy. You see most of the boys forget they have a home and parents."

"I wish I could," I said, without thinking.

"What's that?" she asked.

"I mean I would like to just forget about my home and parents for a little while. Just long enough to—"

"Well, if you'll give us permission we'll write, anyway," she told me. And now her tone wasn't so friendly.

Why couldn't she understand I wanted to stop thinking about home because I wanted to stop feeling so darned homesick? I thanked her and told her I'd be very glad for her to write to my folks, and if she did it before I left the dance, I'd enclose it in the letter I wrote home every night.

INSIDE, I looked for the guys from my company. I knew there were tickets in the orderly room, and figured some of them would show up. There wasn't a single one of them, so I sat down to watch the dancing.

The band was playing a very fast number, and the dancers whirled around at a terrific speed. Some of them moved faster than the music. And that was the fastest music I ever heard. I can't dance like that, but I think it's great. It's got everything a dance should have—pep, spirit and rhythm. Yes, sir, it's got everything but grace. And grace is something that belongs to the past.

As the boys spun their partners around I watched the girls' dresses swirl up their thighs. And when the boy pulled his partner back, her dress twirled back down to her knees—like a curtain falling to mark the passing of time.

Through the dancers, across the floor, I caught a glimpse of a girl sitting all alone. Walking closer, I noticed that she wasn't even watching the dancers. She sat there, looking out of the window. I wondered why.

I decided to ask her to dance when the

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band played a slow number. I stood there, hoping no one would ask her in the meantime.

Gee, she was beautiful! Her legs were as shapely as a pin-up girl's and golden brown from the sun. Her neck and face were tanned, too, and there was a large white flower in her auburn hair. The white ruching on her cuffs stood out against her tanned arms. As she stared out the window she frowned, and I couldn't keep from wondering what was on her mind.

The band finished the fast number as abruptly as it had begun. Then after a few seconds they started on Star Dust, my favorite tune. As I started over toward her, I got a terrible flutter in my stomach. Gee, I hoped she'd dance with me!

"May I have this dance?" I asked.

She looked up at me as if she was going to answer right away. Then she hesitated and my heart went right down into my clumsy G.I. shoes. I knew the answer, it was just a matter of waiting around to see how she'd brush me off.

"Please excuse me, I don't feel like dancing just now," she said.

WELL, it was nice of her to go into a big speech to let me down easy, but that wasn't what I wanted. I wanted to dance with her. I guess I should have said thanks, anyway, but when I tried, the words stuck down in my throat. This time they hurt. I nodded my head stupidly and went away.

I listened to the song; it is a swell tune to dance to. If only she'd said yes. Why didn't she say yes? She was there to dance with lonesome soldiers, wasn't she? Well, was there a lonesomer soldier in the room? You can bet there wasn't. And there wasn't a guy who wanted to dance with her more than I did, either.

I was looking back at her over my shoulder when I noticed a tall, good-looking guy with an Air Corps patch on his sleeve walk over to her. I saw him bend forward a little, inviting her to dance.

I held my breath and hoped with all my heart she'd refuse.

She looked up and gave him that same forced smile. He bowed again, turned and walked away. Thank the Lord!

Still not able to think of anything but that girl, I stood there. Someone grabbed my sleeve.

"Come on, soldier, have a soda with us." It was a girl I remembered from before. She could jitterbug better than anyone else in the place, and she was just like the dance—blond and round, built close to the ground. Her legs were muscular right down to her little red ankle socks. And her dirty brown-and-white saddle shoes looked comfortable.

On her free arm, she was sporting one of the few Marines at the dance. He was a young kid with a shock of red hair that set off his fancy dress uniform. Hanging from his chest, he had medals for every kind of shooting there was.

"What are you so down in the mouth about?" the little blonde asked. "Come on with us."

I felt clumsy being dragged along, but I had no choice. She wouldn't let go of my sleeve. I was introduced to the Marine, and he didn't seem to notice the intrusion, so I tagged along with them to get a soda. While we stood together, I couldn't find anything to say. These kids seemed so young to me, and so full of pep that I felt like a dope again, only this time I felt like an old dope!

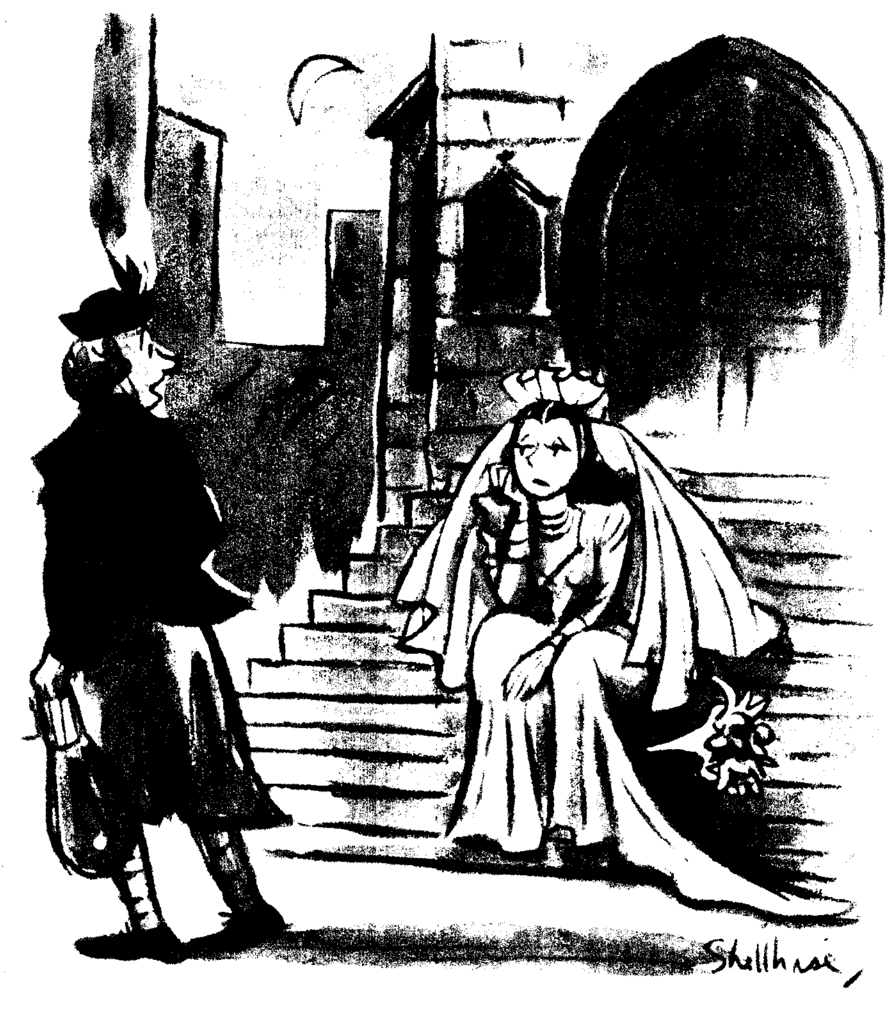
I just stood there and listened to them talk and watched them clown, and I wondered if that young Marine had ever been lonesome or homesick.

The music started up again, and the little blonde asked me to dance with her. I explained that the music was too fast and I didn't know how to do the Lindy anyway.

"Okay. You just watch Jack and me. It's never too late to learn," she said.

I stood and watched for a while. Then I decided that she was wrong. It was too late to learn.

Now the room was crowded, and all the air was breathed up. Large splotches of perspiration showed through the boys' shirts, and during the break in the Lindy,



COLLIER'S "Nice try, dearie!" GEORGE SHELLHASE

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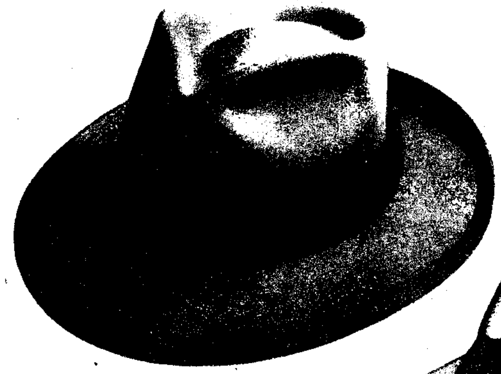

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the boys mopped their faces with their handkerchiefs.

The girl with the tan skin still sat alone in the same place. Funny thing, she was the only reason I didn't pick up and go back to camp. She just sat there and seemed to get better looking as the evening wore on.

Suddenly I had a brainstorm. I went to the refreshment counter, got a ginger ale in a paper cup, and started over to where she was sitting.

Just then the number ended, and the Marine swirled his partner to a halt right in my way.

"Ah! Aren't you nice?" said my little blond friend, taking the drink out of my hands. "Did you see us go?" she asked.

"Yeah," I said, "it was fine."

"Well, can you do it now?"

"No, I think I'd like to wait and watch some more," I told her.

"Okay, soldier. Just keep your eye on us. You'll learn."

I issued an unhappy smile as she gulped down my ginger ale and went back to get another.

This time I took a detour. That dance sure must make you thirsty. I made it back all right to the girl who sat alone by the window.

"I thought maybe you'd like a drink."

"Thanks a lot," she said, taking the cup carefully out of my hands.

She didn't act like she was going to say anything else, so I didn't know what to do.

"Er, w-would you mind if I sat down?" I asked.

She shook her head, and I took a seat next to her. She didn't say anything at all, so again it was all up to me.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Eda Parker," she said.

I COULD tell that she was trying hard to be pleasant and concentrate on what I was talking about. "My name is Jacob Gates, I'm from Ohio," I told her. "People back home call me Jay."

"Are you at a camp near here?" she asked.

"I'm out at Fort Belvoir in the Engineers. We spend one day learning how to build a bridge, and the next day we come around and blow it up. That's kind of stupid, like the rest of the Army, isn't it?"

Girls always had the idea that being in the Army was romantic. It wasn't. It was stupid, and somehow I felt like telling Eda the truth.

"Were you an Engineer before?" she asked.

"Nope," I answered. "I was working in a factory back home."

"What sort of factory?"

I started to tell her it was the Springfield Match Company, when I suddenly realized that making matches for other people to burn away was sort of stupid, too. What was I ashamed of? I worked hard and got pretty good pay. I'd be lucky to get my job back when this whole mixed-up war was over.

"The Springfield Match Company," I said.

"Then your home town is Springfield?" she said. "What's it like?"

"What's what like?" I asked. I wanted to hear her ask me again.

"Springfield."

Her eyes were really gray, very light gray. But when she said Springfield, I could have sworn they turned to bright blue.

"Excuse me, Miss Parker, but would you do me a favor?" I asked.

"Sure."

"Will you say it just once more?"

"Say what?" she asked.

"Say, 'What's Springfield, Ohio, like?' "

"All right. What's Springfield, Ohio, like?"

Now for the first time, I thought I saw her smile, and it made me feel like talking.

"Well, when the day's work was over and I'd walk home from the factory, it was like all the beautiful sunsets in the world had come to visit in our valley. And I never could decide if I should walk fast and get less of the cool air, or walk slow and have to wait longer to see my house and the people I loved. Everything is so mixed up now. There isn't any more of that. I don't know what I'm doing here. I don't belong! And no matter where I go—if it isn't home, I won't belong."

As I finished, Eda looked away. I could tell she was fed up listening to me, and I couldn't blame her. I guess I was pretty dull.

"Do you feel like dancing now, maybe?" I asked.

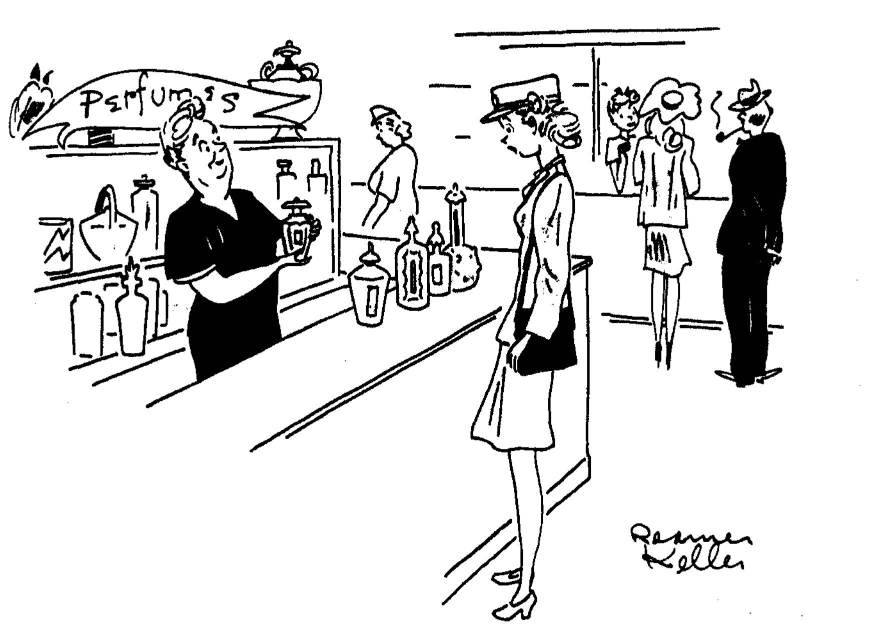
She turned back to me and nodded, but now there was no longer any trace of a smile on her face.

At the edge of the dance floor, when I put my arm around her, I knew I'd never want to let go. I rubbed my hand along the side of my pants before I took her hand.

We started off fine. I concentrated and kept almost perfect time with the music. Eda followed my every step.

After a while I relaxed and put my face close to her hair. The fragrance of it caused my eyes to close. All too soon, I had to open them again; that little blond friend of mine sure was noisy.

I explained to Eda how nice the blond girl had been to me, and how much I'd



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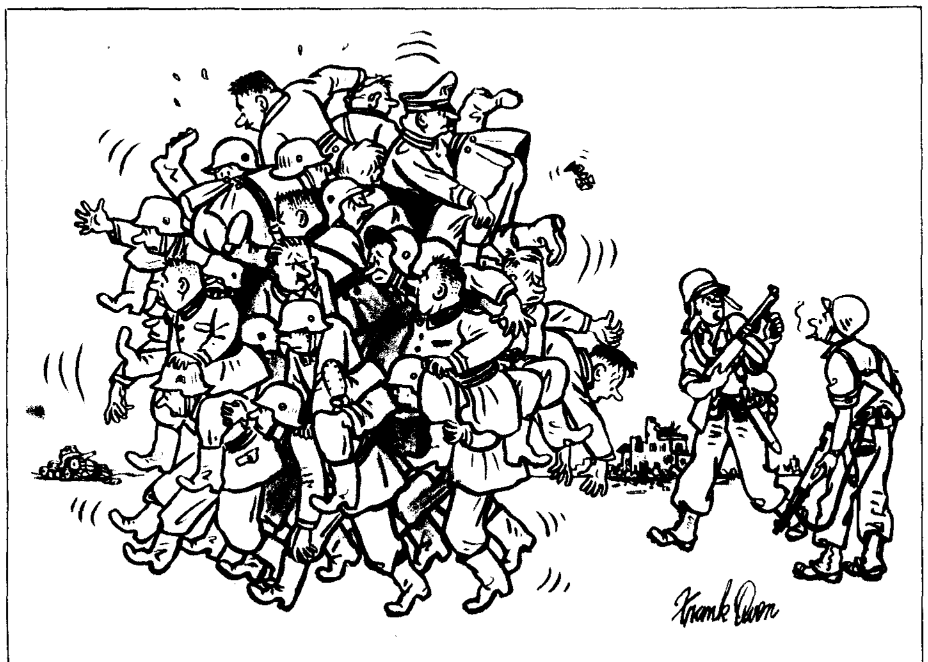


"Once I brought in prisoners all scattered out and a couple of them got away"

COLLIER'S FRANK OWEN

like to be able to dance that dance they dance.

Eda's hair was making my knees buckle under me.

"Gee, you smell pretty!" I told her. And now I didn't care how silly I sounded. Still, Eda had hardly said anything all through the time we danced. I wondered what a beautiful, young girl like Eda could have weighing her down.

The band was playing a song that suddenly turned into, Good Night, Sweetheart, and I remembered that it was the tune they always played when the dance was over.

"Are you going home with anyone?" I stammered.

"No," she answered.

"May I take you home?"

Eda said yes, and we finished the dance in silence. When the music was over, I had to let her go. I told her I'd meet her outside and she went off to the girls' checkroom to get her things.

I strolled out onto the street wondering about Eda. She seemed to like me, yet when I spoke about home and that stuff, she acted kind of strange. Maybe she didn't live in Washington—or else she lived a long distance away and was homesick, too.

LATE at night, Washington was as quiet as any other city. As we started on our way, I felt I had to ask Eda what was wrong.

"Eda," I said. "Are you homesick, too?"

"I live here," she answered.

"You're so darn' beautiful and everything. I hate to see you unhappy," I said.

"You're very nice to say that, Jacob," she said.

"Are you unhappy because of me? I mean, is it anything I said or did?"

Eda smiled to assure me that it wasn't anything like that.

"Did someone you cared for get shipped out, or something like that?" I asked.

Eda didn't answer, but I could tell by her silence that it was something about what I'd just said that made her unhappy. The butterflies in my stomach turned into rats and began gnawing at my insides.

Well, that was it, all right! And didn't that just round out a perfect day? I was homesick. I hated the Army. And now I had to go and fall for a girl who was pining for some jerk overseas.

"Well, don't worry," I said, trying to comfort her and keep the bitterness out of my voice. "He'll be okay."

"We got a telegram. It said my brother was killed in Italy," she said quietly.

My teeth bit down hard on my tongue. What a sap I was!

We walked the rest of the way in silence. There were no words to say what I was feeling. I was too ashamed even to look at her.

When Eda turned up the steps, I knew we were home, and I'd have to talk fast if I was going to make her understand.

"Gee, I'm sorry, Eda," I said. "All that stuff about Springfield. I—I was just homesick."

"I know, Jacob," she said. "There's a time when everyone's homesick."

And suddenly for the first time in a year, I knew I wasn't. I wasn't homesick any more.

"Eda," I said, "do you want me to go now?"

"No," she said quickly. "I don't want you to go."

I felt sure she was trying to tell me that she'd forgiven my stupidity. Then I did it. I had no right . . . but I couldn't help it. I took Eda in my arms and kissed her. It felt like the ground had given way beneath me.

When she drew away, she put her head against my chest and cried like a baby. It was awful to hear Eda cry. You could tell she hated tears. I put my arm around her and held her close.

"Eda . . . Eda . . ." I said.

When there were no more tears left, she looked up, and I tried to tell her how I felt, but all that came out was, "Can I see you again?"

"Yes," she said.

"Promise?"

"I promise, Jacob."

"Can I see you tomorrow?" I asked, crossing my fingers.

"Yes."

"And the day after?"

"Any day."

My heart was doing the Lindy. I guess it was never too late to learn.

I kissed Eda once more and whispered good night.

"Good night, Jacob," she whispered, and it was like music.

I got halfway to the corner when I began to miss her so much I had to turn around. Eda hadn't moved. She stood there, watching after me, and when I turned, she called me back.

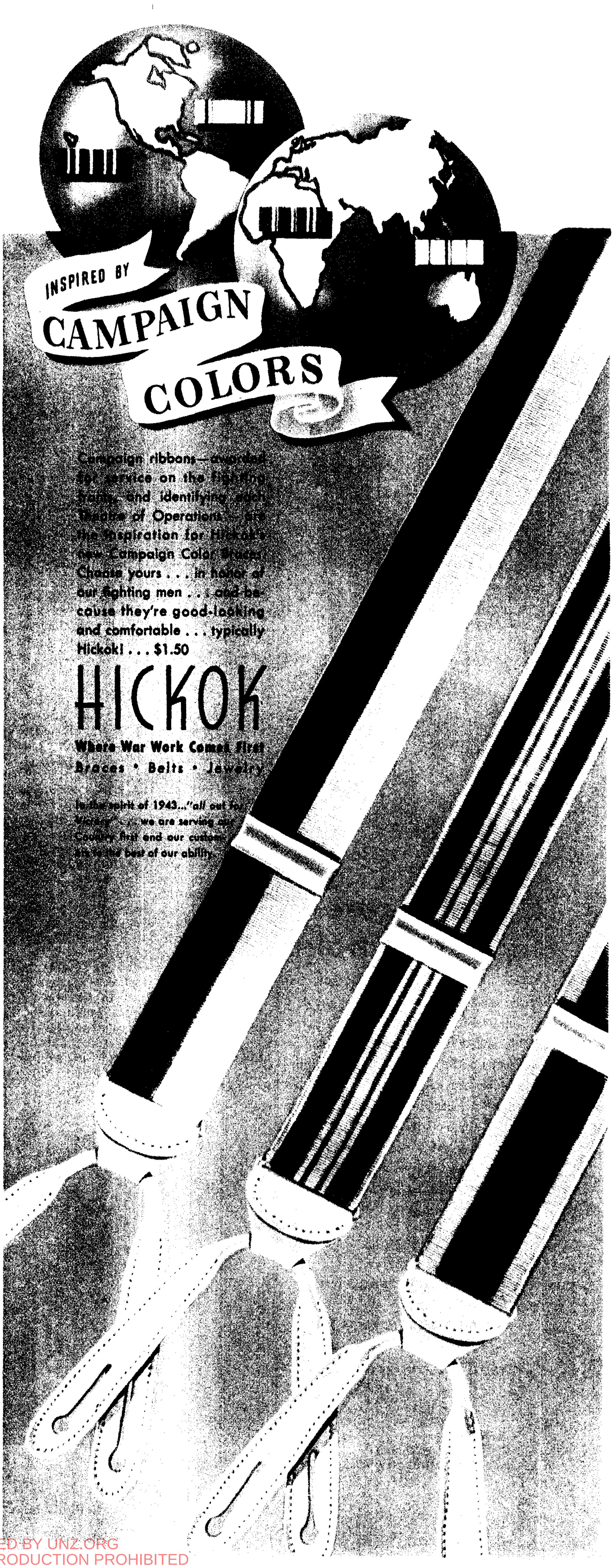
I ran all the way, and when I got close to her, I could see that troubled look on her face again.

"What's wrong, Eda?" I asked, wanting to take her in my arms again.

All at once, that warm, wonderful smile came to her lovely face again.

"Jacob," she said, "when the war is over . . . and you come back . . . can we live in Springfield?"

THE END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The Week's Work

W. R. Burnett

ALFRED A. KNOPF

COLLIER'S new plan of running fewer and longer serial story installments is just what you want, to judge by letters we've had about W. R. Burnett's Nobody Lives Forever (p. 16). Apparently the suspense is terrible, waiting to see how the nice millionairess, Mrs. Halvorsen, makes out in a den of thieves. The answer will be yours one week from today—yours and Warner Brothers, for, as usual, the movies are buying this newest Burnett. They would buy any Burnett story, probably, sight unseen, on the same principle involved in throwing salt over the left shoulder.

Burnett movies have made stars out of at least four little-known actors—Edward G. Robinson in Little Caesar, Jean Harlow in Beast of the City, Humphrey Bogart in High Sierra and Alan Ladd in This Gun for Hire. Burnett's war films include Wake Island and Background to Danger.

For diversion, Burnett moves out of the stick-'em-up atmosphere of his work into comparative quietness. He raises racing greyhounds, dispenses a gourmet's hospitality, studies astronomy. Each new interest somehow finds its way into his stories. Remember the man with the telescope in High Sierra? And his story characters, even the villains, eat with artistry as well as gusto when they have the money.

Burnett did his first writing at night during the six years he worked as a statistician for the State of Ohio. In that time he wrote but did not sell a hundred short stories, four novels, three plays. His first sale, Little Caesar, ended his statistical career and started a cycle of gangster films.

Harry Sylvester

YES, it's fun to have your work consist partly of seeing the best shows in town. Not quite so much fun, however, when you have to see the same show two nights in a row, and then stay on in the theater, working, from the time the audience departs, until three o'clock or so in the morning.

That's what Ulrich Calvosa, Collier's photo editor, did to produce the bright Merry Widow pictures you see on p. 18.

The girls in the cast, tired after two strenuous performances that day, cheerfully redid their faces in the lighter makeup required for the camera. The photographer and Calvosa knew exactly what shots they wanted, but still it wasn't too easy. Electricians and stagehands sweated, on overtime pay, in the hot lights, and one fatigued lady of the ensemble burst into tears.

The worst is yet to come—when Lisette Verea meets Calvosa and demands to know why her head was chopped off. "What," Lisette will demand, "is wrong with my face?" It won't cut any ice with Lisette to say that her face is simply lovely but it had to be sacrificed in the interests of composition.

THE affection that author Harry Sylvester feels for the warm charms of Mexico is revealed in his latest Collier's story, The Halls of Montezuma (p. 14).

"My hero's adventures in Mexico put anything I ever did in the shade, of course," he says, "but I had some pretty exciting times there myself in the 1938 revolution."

Sylvester was a Herald-Tribune reporter when the rebel general, Cedillo, handed him a very pretty scoop by putting him under guard in his Las Palomas stronghold for 24 hours, and letting him find out enough to publish news of the coming revolt fifty days ahead of anybody else.

After the war, Sylvester hopes to take his wife and three children to live in Mexico six months of the year, returning to Cape Cod and fishing for the summer. And Collier's hopes a south-of-the-border life won't make him indolent. We can use more than the 32 stories we've bought from him so far.

COLLIER'S readers who have followed the adventures of Quent Reynolds and Frank Gervasi, our two veteran war correspondents, will be pleased to hear that their luck, professional and personal, held out during the recent rough-go-rounds in Italy. Gervasi was the first American correspondent to set foot on the Italian mainland. He tells you about it in With Montgomery in Italy, p. 11. Reynolds, who crossed on the ship that carried General Clark and Admiral Hewitt, had a ringside seat at Bloody Salerno (p. 20).

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The Halls of Montezuma

Continued from page 14

around the officers on inspection, were in white, too, so that, standing by the rail, waiting for them, he could think of some obscure and secret satire that involved their whiteness as representing their souls and not their surgically immaculate bodies.

Nothing pleased him, he knew, least of all himself. And yet, for the first time, he felt a kind of peace, a lack of restlessness that could not have been due to any physical letdown from the quite minor flesh wound he had received. Maybe, he thought, it was because, on the sandspit that day (when he had been in charge of the machine guns, with the water on three sides of them), some long need for a violence that also possessed meaning and importance, unlike the violence of football, had been at last fulfilled.

HE DIDN'T know . . . and if he had been going to try to answer himself, he couldn't do so now, for the lieutenant commander had passed, hesitatingly and slowly, the rows of sitting or reclining wounded, and was approaching him.

"And how are you today, Chief?" Lieutenant Commander Alton said to him.

"Very well, sir," he said.

"No pain or aching?"

"No, sir. A slight stiffness now and then is all."

"You healed very quickly, Chief. You were certainly in excellent physical condition. The islands didn't pull you down at all."

"No, sir." Although he himself had no particular desire to talk to anyone, except possibly one of the nurses, he saw that for some reason Commander Alton was disposed to linger and talk with him.

"You've got about thirty days' leave coming to you, haven't you?" the commander said.

"Yes, sir."

"Had you planned to spend them any particular place? I mean," Alton went on, hurriedly, to disclaim any notion of curiosity, "with your family or anything like that?"

"I haven't got much family, sir. I'm not married and only my father—"

"Yes," the commander said, nodding almost abstractedly. "You're really in the best physical condition of anyone on the boat. You weren't an athlete or anything like that, were you?"

He told the commander where he had played football, anticipating and finally pleased by the surprise in the other man's face.

"I didn't know you'd gone to college," the commander said. Then, seeing his mistake: "I mean, well, you should rank higher."

"I wouldn't know, sir."

"Well, anyhow," the commander said, looking away for a moment, "how would you like to spend all or part of your leave in Mexico?"

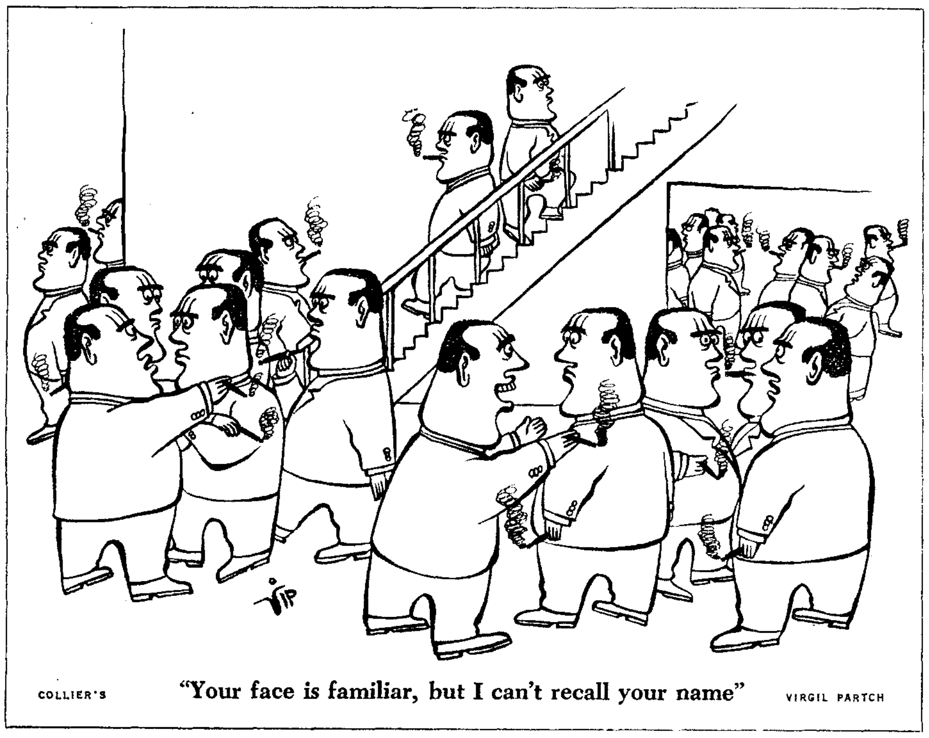
"I wouldn't mind, sir," he replied, thinking that it was a new wrinkle, for them to tell you where you were to spend your leave. "I have friends there, although I've never been there. People I knew in college." Principally, he thought —marveling that out of so long in memory and so deep in time, pain could be raised again as from the dead—principally, Felice de la Mora. There had always been Mexicans and South Americans at the college and at the near-by convent school.

"Well, that would be fine," the commander said, looking away again and then back to him. "That is, if you wouldn't mind. You see, the way it is, is this: There are two or three wounded on board that, well, just for luck, I would like to get back into San Francisco before we reach there. I mean, I think it would be better for them. So I am thinking of putting into Acapulco and having an ambulance plane meet them there and take them into San Francisco. I'm sending a first- or second-class corps man on the plane with them, but I would also like to have someone with a little more authority to go ashore with them and see that everything goes smoothly. They may have to wait a day for the plane. You wouldn't have to go in the plane with them to the States unless you wanted to, and, of course, we would take care of all your expenses back to San Diego when you report again for duty."

"Yes, sir," he said. "I'll go ashore with them."

As much in sheepishness as in wonder, he heard the song begin again in his ears. He had never really expected to see the halls, nor did he even know whether they existed other than as a figure of speech. Tripoli was something else . . . but already he was late for Tripoli. . . . He had been in another place that the song had not thought to mention, although Marines had died there, too, with equally alien sand in their mouths.

The commander had turned to the nurse



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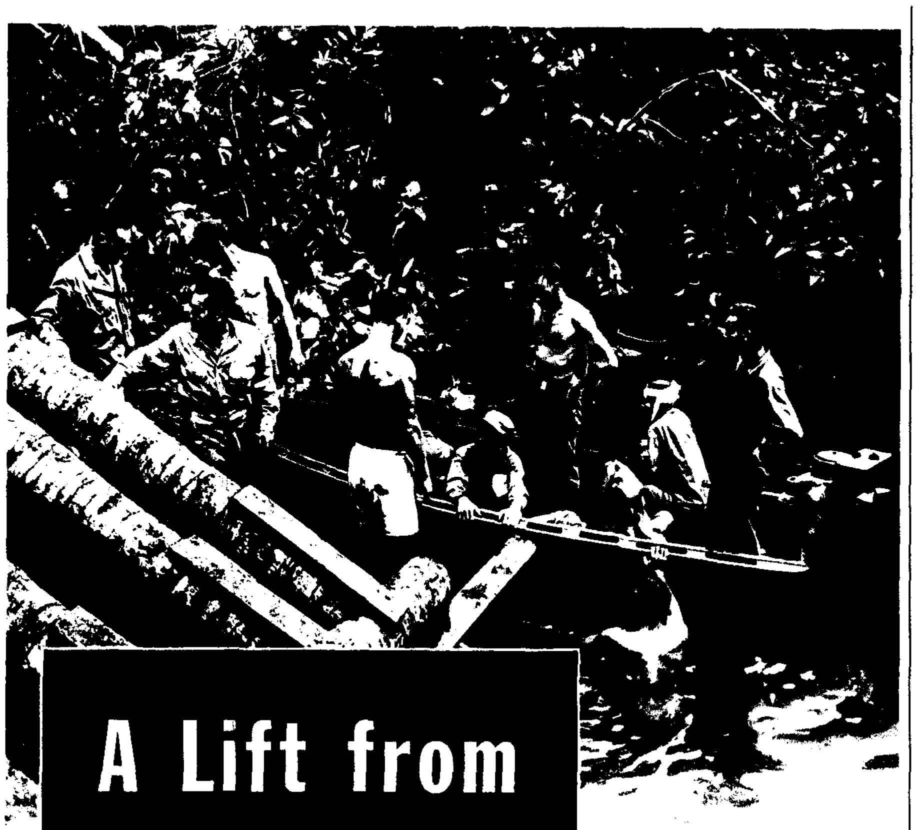

A Lift from the Front at Guadalcanal

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with the pad of paper and said: "Put it down, then: Chief Harrington will go ashore with the wounded at Acapulco. And thank you very much, Chief," he said, turning again to Harrington as though he had given him some choice in the matter.

"Yes, sir."

The inspection moved on, and Harrington turned to the sea again. He was not as angry as he would have liked to be. He enjoyed any new country. His mind hung poised like that for a time, hovering above before entering the memories that came crowding and even still able to bring emotion strong in him again. He remembered the time the Varsity Club had tried to satirize a musical comedy for their annual show. It had turned out to be a burlesque, of course, part of it a heavy-handed clowning of a beauty contest, in which they had cast him as Miss Crystalmount. Crystalmount was the girls' school across the road.

The reason they had asked him to be Miss Crystalmount was because his legs were so big. He had always had incredibly large thighs and calves—it was amazing, coaches always told one another, how fast he could pull out of a line to lead interference—and someone had thought it would be very funny if he would be Miss Crystalmount in the fake beauty contest. He had not thought it very funny, but since the captain of the team was going to be Miss Towngirl and a 230-pound tackle was going to be Miss Chicago, he agreed.

What he remembered most clearly now was that the authorities and most of the girls at Crystalmount had been indignant, and Bloody Hugh, who was prefect of discipline then, had made him go over to a general assembly of the girls' school and make a public apology. He had minded it much more then than he did now. For now what he remembered most clearly was how he had been grateful to Felice de la Mora who sat in the front row of the assembly that time.

He had noticed first about her, that of the faces he was able to see at that time, hers alone seemed sympathetic, and without smugness or satisfaction in it. And then he remembered noticing—with that inward gasp which almost all men feel who have never known of blond Spanish girls and then see one for the first time—her incredible coloring and the equally incredible shading of her hair, where the bright strands almost became dark, the blond hair pulled smoothly and tightly back from a face that seemed to have the beauty of two or three races in it, the thin and delicate aquiline nose, the full mouth and the dark blue eyes.

SHE had come over to him at a dance a few days later—that, too, was incredible—and told him who she was in good English with an accent, and said, "I wanted you to know that at least one of us over at the school thought it was very stupid of them to make you apologize."

"Well, thanks," he had said. "They do do some pretty childish things around here, don't they? Could I have this dance with you?"

No, but he could have the next. . . . Somehow, he never did get to see much of her, though. He was a senior, and she a freshman at the girl's college, and he had always had one or two more convenient girls downtown. The competition was also what they had used to call "pretty terrific" for Felice, too, and he never liked the idea of that kind of competition too much.

He had, though, written her occasionally. Maybe two or three times a year while she was still at school, maybe once a year for the three or four years following her graduation. Then, he was a long way off and busy with other things and in uniform, and he'd about forgotten about her. Not that there was a great deal to remember, he thought now. He had kissed her once, thought two or three times that it would be sort of ridiculous for him, with his fantastically wide body, to tell her that he was in love with her, and let it go at that. Her last letter was from where her home was, in Guadalajara, and it said she was engaged to be married.

That was five or more years ago; he tried to remember just how long. Anyhow, he was thirty-three years old himself, now, and she must be around twenty-six. He supposed he might even try to look her up now that he was going to be in Mexico. He would have liked to be more successful if he was going to see her again. Still, he thought, he had nothing to lose. And the halls, he thought, smiling inwardly at what seemed to him his own childishness, he certainly oughtn't to miss seeing them. Not after what the song had done to him and where it had brought him. Those, at least, he ought to see.

HE STOOD in the white and blinding sun on a stinking little dock that looked out over the harbor at Acapulco and watched the seaplane kick up a wake a quarter-mile offshore. Then the wake stopped, and he saw the plane take off heavily and gradually. Not until it was almost out of sight did he feel relieved and turn to the lieutenant (jg) from the naval attaché's office there. His feeling of concern did not go until then and with the little, inaudible sigh he released, he thought that his sense of responsibility—always new and wonderful to him when he thought of himself as possessing it—had finally become exaggerated.

The jaygee said: "Well, that's that, Chief, and what are you going to do now? See a few of the local girls?"

"I thought I might go up to Mexico City and look it over," he said.

"The halls of Montezuma, eh?" the jaygee said, and laughed.

"Kind of," Harrington said, after the slight choking feeling had gone.

"We'll probably have some papers for you to take up there," the jaygee said. "Maybe, if you wanted to wait around a couple of days, we might have a plane going up, too. Give you a ride."

"I thought I'd go pretty soon," Harrington said. "Sort of begin working my way back to San Diego."

"Well, let me buy you a drink, Chief," the jaygee said. "You're the first one I've had a chance to talk to about the fighting in the islands."

Like hell, Harrington said to himself, no one is going to pump me. Aloud, he said: "I'd like to, sir, but I'm not supposed to drink and I'm also supposed to lie down some each afternoon."

"Oh, were you wounded, too?" the jaygee asked.

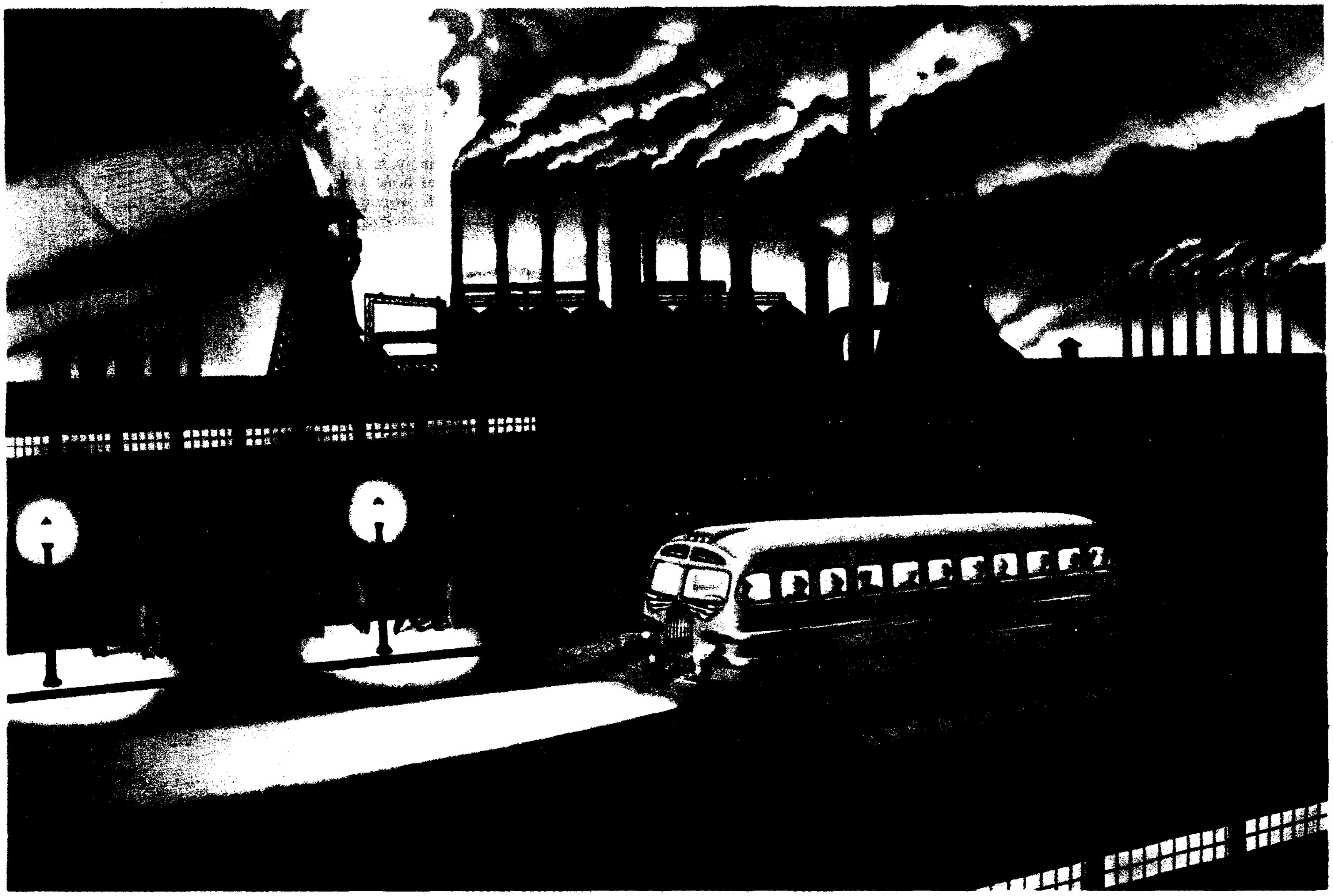
"Slightly, sir."

They shifted their feet uneasily by the horse cab that waited for the lieutenant, and he said: "Well, I guess you can take care of yourself in this town, all right, Chief?"

"Yes, sir."

He watched the horse clop off in the sun, and then moved to where his limited Spanish told him there was a café that was air-cooled. It was, too. Big metal fans sent a warm breeze blowing through the place, and people stared at the solid, wide man in the white uniform whose insignia none of them could read, inasmuch as there probably aren't a hundred Chief Marine Gunner ratings in the world. He took off his cap and let the fans blow the sweat dry on his face, as he drank a very long drink that was mostly black rum and fresh pineapple juice, and looked through latticework at the blue water.

It was a good place and the drink was a good drink. For the first time in many months, he felt at ease and his own master. It would be good to stay around for



TO KEEP THE FLAMES OF FREEDOM BURNING

. . . *Intercity Buses Bring Up the Manpower*

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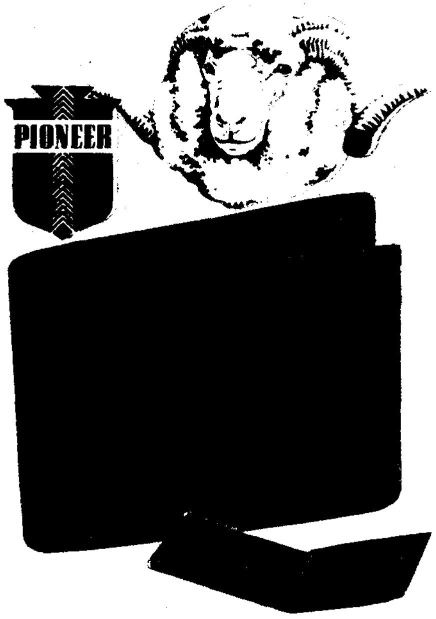

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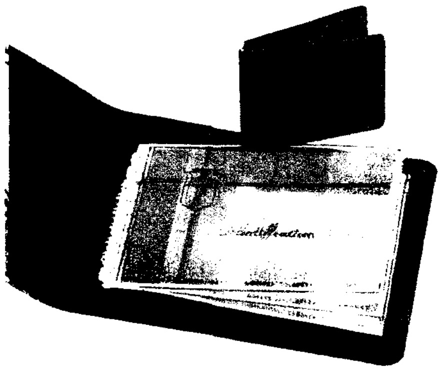

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For Men Who Care What They Wear

a few days, and just sit here with the fans and the water and the long drinks and let a lot of things go out of him. (He even began to think that maybe Commander Alton had put him ashore as much for his own good as to supervise the wounded.) But he knew he wouldn't stay here past today.

He took no pleasure in the eyes on him. He supposed that football had done that, too. The three years of too many eyes and too much applause had been bad for him, as it had been for almost all the others, too, but it had made him almost immune to the flattery of either look or speech. Now he was completely so—after a lot of other things had worked a change in it and transmuted it into a kind of asceticism.

The word "asceticism" made him think of the school again and of one of the qualities they were supposed to learn there. It also made him think that he had not been to Mass today, a Sunday. But then, he hadn't been in years. Well, only those three Sundays on the island. He'd gone to Mass, all right then, gone to Confession, too. He'd been too scared not to. But now he wasn't scared any more and so he had stopped going to Mass again. He was hot stuff, all right.

He stood up, feeling the eyes increase, a petty annoyance, like fine rain pattering against him in a fresh uniform. Northward, the halls and something else waited and drew him. Good Lord, he thought, if I don't get back to work soon, I will be trying to write sonnets!

AFTER he had reported to the attaché's office in the embassy, as the regulations required an officer in a foreign country to do, he found that there was an association of college women down here, and if he went over there, they probably could tell him where Miss de la Mora lived. The girl at the desk, in the building the association was in, was neat and quiet and when he tried his bad Spanish on her, she answered him in good English.

Miss de la Mora's married name was the Señora Jorge del Vayo y Barca, and she still lived in Guadalajara.

"Thank you," he said nodding vaguely.

Did he know much about Guadalajara, the girl at the desk asked him, with a shade more than polite emphasis.

No, he knew nothing. He had been in Mexico only three days.

"Guadalajara," the girl said, "is our nearest approach to Spain. The architecture, the customs and the people. Most of the straight Spanish blood left in this country is there." She looked at him, not unkindly, but with warning. He knew what she was trying to say, but the annoyance in him was small and passing. He said: "I've known Mrs. del Vayo y Barca a long time, since she was in college in the States."

The girl looked at him, her own nod now vague. "Of course," she said, as if placating a person who couldn't be reasoned with. "If there is anything else we can do for you at any time—"

"Thanks," he said. "Everyone has been kind in your city." He went out the door, wondering why he felt dazed and why he had made such a silly remark. He knew the girl had been trying to tell him that here, in her own country, Felice was—well, like what they had used to call "society" in the States. He wondered if here it had a validity that in the States no one recognized any more except the owners of night clubs.

He found out what direction the railroad station he wanted was in, and he walked there and found that he could get a train out that night that would get him to Guadalajara in the morning. And from Guadalajara, he found he could get a train directly to San Diego. He wondered why he wanted to find that out; he still had almost four weeks of leave.

It was three hours until his train left, and he took a cab to Chapultepec Castle. He was half ashamed to ask anyone at all if here in this city any of the halls—the real halls—remained. He rather thought they didn't. . . . The castle disappointed him. Once, a hundred years ago, American troops had stormed it against a garrison of cadets and taken it.

Now, suddenly and dismayingly, he felt strongly as though the greater honor resided with the dead cadets. He wondered if it were a kind of treason, intellectual only . . . and he left the place. He had felt for a long time, in the years after college when he was trying to get adjusted (two years a job as coach; one year a bond salesman, of all things; a year of supervising physical training at a prep school), that he was all right as long as he didn't try to think.

He supposed he had originally joined the Marines because he wouldn't have to think, because he would be given orders and could obey them, and not have thought and responsibility making him sleepless. He had not thought that he would arrive sometime at the sandspit and the day that the guns could not fail. . . .

Finally, that evening, sitting in the club car as the train dropped down out of the mountains to the plain and the change in altitude clogged his ears, he remembered the last time he had seen Felice and also one of the last letters from her. He had almost said that last time what he had wanted to say and would have felt foolish saying, and she, anticipating him, perhaps, had said, with faint, delicate rebuke: "You don't worry much, do you, Linus? . . . I mean, living in the training quarters, like an old gladiator, and nothing to worry you?" He had flushed, not quite knowing why, but knowing now, all right. And then, almost the last letter: "I do hope that the military service you have chosen will give you the surety you want." You could read "sense of responsibility" for "surety" and "need" for "want."

So finally, he thought that he knew why he had come here (discounting the song, of course) and what he wanted to say that would bring him as near to peace as he might ever come.

He wanted to say—less bluntly than he thought it perhaps—that he had taken on responsibility and had not failed. He could see that of all the people and events and places that made up the four years at the school, she, as the kindest and the best, could seem to represent them all now. He wanted to go to her and tell her what he had done and what he had become, so that in telling her he would be telling all of them, for only she seemed any longer to possess meaning and humanity. The others, he realized, rather startled, had come to be like shadows.

The sense of loneliness that he frequently knew was with him now as sharp as pain. He wondered, in that pain, how a man came to be so isolated from other people, how it was that only one person any longer retained meaning for him, and she another man's wife and in another country. And if he still loved her? Or had he ever? He didn't even know that now. He only knew he had to go to where she was and tell her something.

IT WAS a different sun in Guadalajara, he could think, or maybe just he who was different. Some faint dust stung his nose, and the air was clearer and drier than in Acapulco. He went to the Roma because he had heard it was the best hotel there and in this city he felt that it was an important thing to be at the best hotel.

The hall outside his room had a glass roof that was rolled back, so that through the transom he saw the sky as he dressed in his last suit of clean whites. He opened the door to go downstairs to get lunch and the maids and cleaning women in the hall drew to one side and bowed respectfully as he passed. He thought, what the hell,

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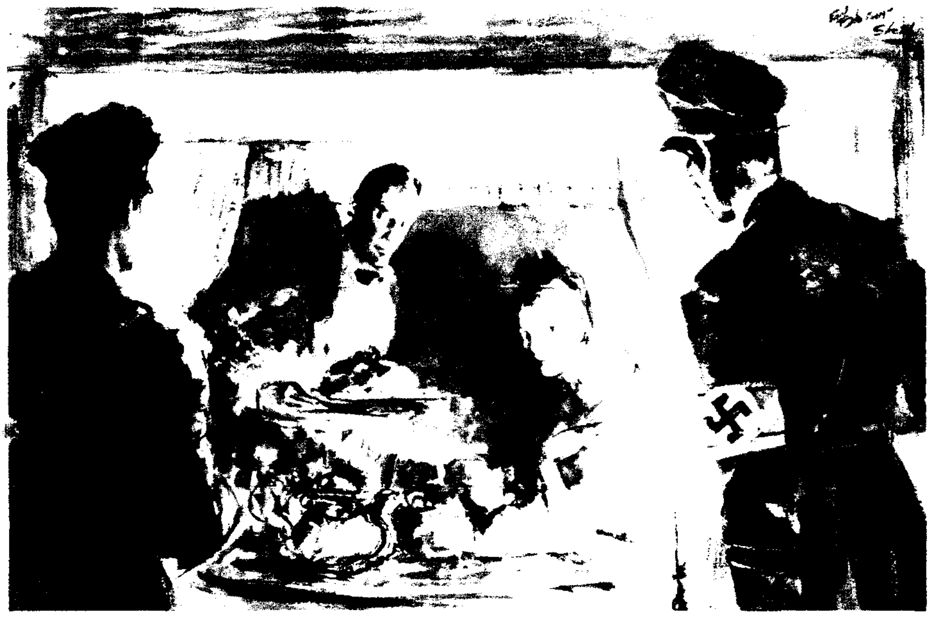

What's going on inside Germany today. This is a preliminary sketch of the central characters in a novel that has just been written, a novel we are rushing into print because it is as immediate as tomorrow's headlines

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HOTEL BERLIN, 1943

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sensing the thing the girl in Mexico City had tried to tell him about this city.

He called Felice's home and couldn't make whoever answered understand his Spanish, nor could he understand the Castilian lisp of the answerer. He asked the clerk at the desk who spoke English to translate for him and the clerk said that the Señora del Vayo y Barca was at her country home on Lake Chapala. The lake, the clerk told him, was about an hour's fast ride south of the city.

HE HAD to wait until four o'clock for the next bus. He sat stolidly in the rear seat as it wound downward from the mountain plain to the lake. He didn't think; that had been done; he waited for the change in himself, not even knowing what it would be. He could see the water below him through the trees as the bus came down and he had not known it would be so big. He could not see the ends of the lake, but he could see the big white and pastel houses on the bank angling through the trees.

He had to take a horse cab to where he wanted to go, and it was a longer trip than he had thought it would be. The sun was on the edge of the mountains when the cab turned into a drive of some white shell or marl. He was sweating now and he wondered if the white uniform was crumpled. The house was built in three wings, so that it was like a U around a patio with the open end facing on the lake.

An Indian servant let him in and Harrington waited in the silent shadow of the patio. In the colored tiles of the floor, squares of earth showed and trees grew out of these, rising up above the house. Two children, a boy and girl, appeared in separate corners of the shadow and peered silently at him. He tried to smile at them, feeling his face crack, wondering what they must think of him in the uniform, here in this place of peace above the wide blueness of the lake.

When he saw her across the tiles of the patio, it was neither in awe nor disappointment. He did think that she had changed very little. She was smiling politely but not much more.

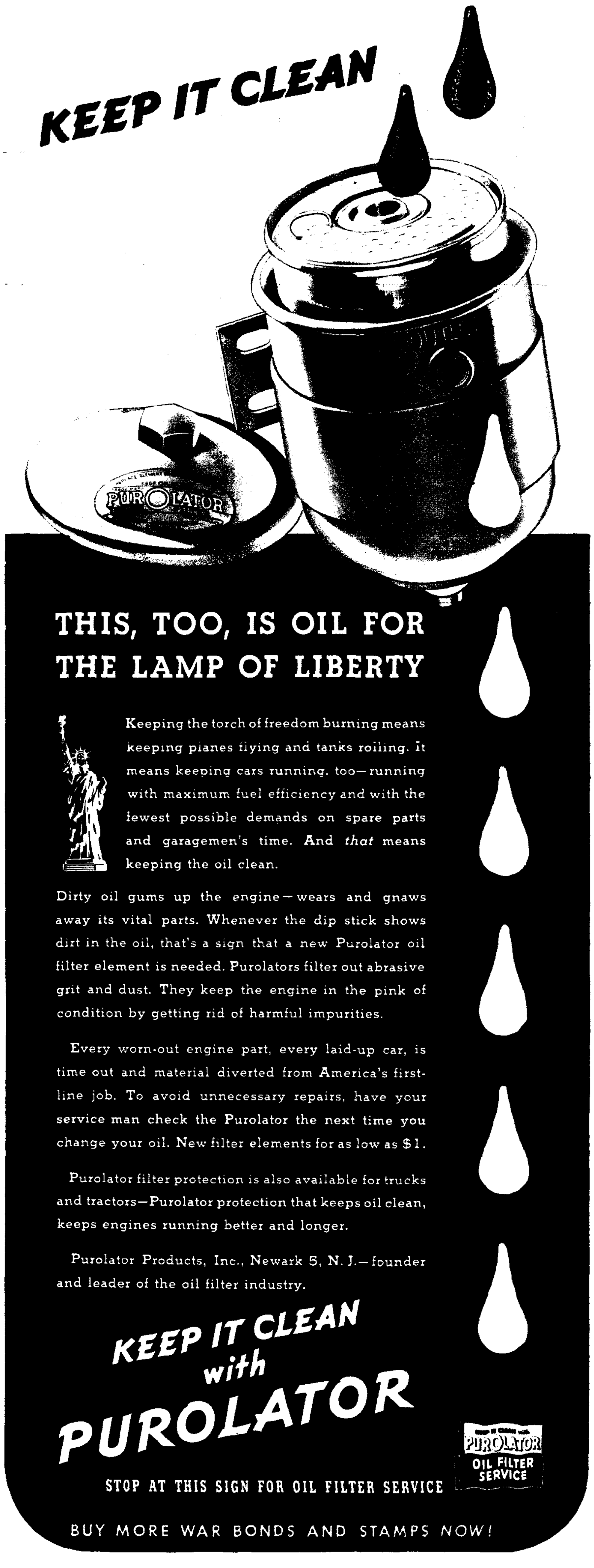
"Why, Linus," she said, the accent a little stronger than he remembered it, "it is so good to see you. But what are you doing down here?"

It was quite a question, he thought, to be asked so casually. He said: "Oh, I happened to be here on my way back to the States from the Pacific and I thought I'd stop off and see you."

"Well," she said, "it is too bad I did not know you were coming. I mean, we might have done more to welcome you. My husband will be back from the ranch this evening and— But you haven't met the children. This is Jovita and this is Juan. Say hello to—what are you, Linus? A lieutenant, at least, I'm sure."

"No," he said. He hadn't thought he would have to go through that again, explaining to people what a warrant officer was. "That is," he began and was going to say, "but it has responsibility," as bluntly and baldly as that, but instead said: "I'm a warrant officer, something like one."

"I see," she said, although he could see



KEEP IT CLEAN

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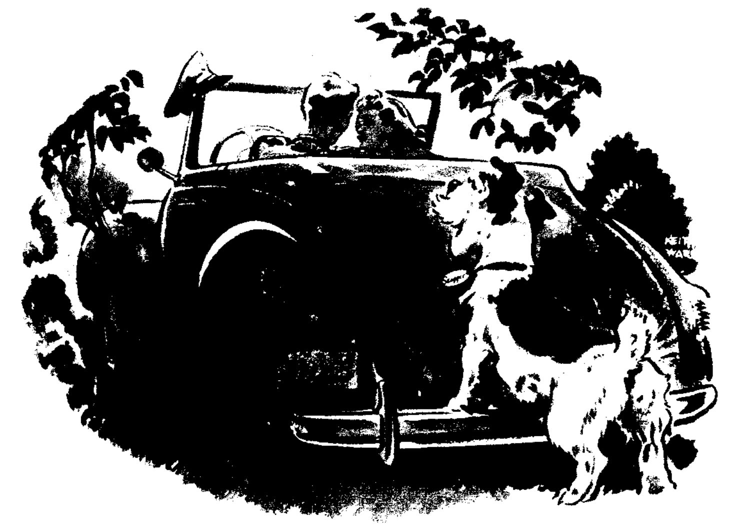

"So *this* is what they mean by military secrets"

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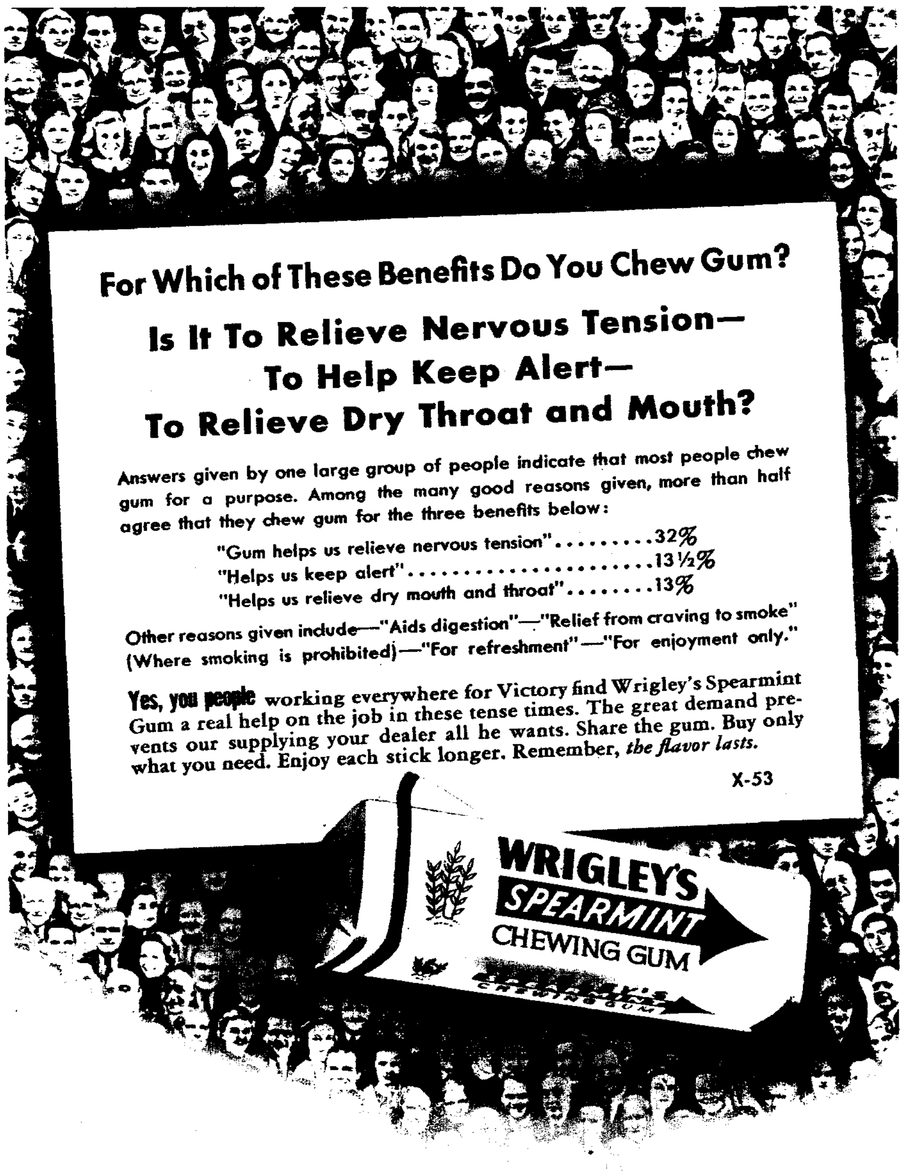

For Which of These Benefits Do You Chew Gum?

Is It To Relieve Nervous Tension—
To Help Keep Alert—
To Relieve Dry Throat and Mouth?

Answers given by one large group of people indicate that most people chew gum for a purpose. Among the many good reasons given, more than half agree that they chew gum for the three benefits below:

"Gum helps us relieve nervous tension"	32%
"Helps us keep alert"	13½%
"Helps us relieve dry mouth and throat"	13%

Other reasons given include—"Aids digestion"—"Relief from craving to smoke" (Where smoking is prohibited)—"For refreshment"—"For enjoyment only."

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X-53

that she didn't. "But the children have to call you something?" She smiled, as if from inside a place which she and the children inhabited but not he.

"Chief," Linus Harrington said. "They call me, Chief," thinking, oh, hell, that's a line from a corny poem, too.

"Chief," Felice said gravely, her delicate eyebrows raising. *"Jefe,"* she said to the children. *"El Jefe* Harrington." Their blond eyebrows raised, too. Felice turned back to him and said: "Down here, that is a great title. Villa, Obregon, Zapata, all our revolutionaries, good and bad, were called chief."

"With us," Harrington said, "it is different. The important people are called vice president or ensign or professor or something like that." He had intended, for some obscure reason, to be a little brutal, but he saw her laugh.

"Why, Linus," she said, "you've developed a sense of humor."

HE LOOKED at her and told himself to say it, but he couldn't. How the hell could a man come to a woman he used to love after a long time, and say: "Look, I've been wounded, I've developed responsibility, I'm even a kind of hero—although that's the least important of the three—I'm Linus Harrigan, the big-time football player who finally made good, the bear who became a man." It was, he saw, in only the smallest and quietest amazement, impossible to say.

He did say: "Oh, I've been around."

"Do you still not go to church?" Her amusement was quiet now; he was not even sure that he liked it.

"That's a long story, too," he said. Then he said it: "The only times I've been were a bad three weeks on an island in the Pacific. I was so scared I went to Mass. But as soon as it was over and we weren't scared any more, I stopped going. I think the chaplain was kind of disgusted with me."

"But why did you ever stop going?" she said, the humor all gone now. "In the letters, you just said you stopped."

"Bloody Hugh," he said. "At least I think so. You remember him?"

"Well," she said. "He was that impossible man who made you apologize. But he's so small and the idea so big . . ."

Harrington nodded dumbly. He had known that, even when Brother Carley was his sole excuse. "Yes," he said. He wondered why he had had to come here, and come so deviously, in order finally to agree with something he had known for a long time.

She said: "It must have been very bad there on the island to make you frightened, Linus?"

"No better or worse than a lot of other places," he said. Well, say it, he told himself again, but couldn't. He kept looking at her, seeing the girl become a woman, seeing an old love and the mother of someone else's children, but somehow without anger or resentment, but only a kind of amazement at his own quietness. He wondered if it was because he had known so many women himself. Just a few too many, he saw. But none since the islands. He wondered how long *that* would last. And still, it was no worse, he thought, if as bad as hating Bloody Hugh for ten years, as hating anyone and letting that hate keep you from one of the few things you did believe in. He said: "I had to come ashore with some wounded at Acapulco, and I'd always wanted to see the—to see Mexico. And then I thought I might as well see you, too. And some of the others I knew at school who live down here," he finished rather lamely.

"Well," she said. "Well, that was nice of you, Linus." She looked away a little, grown thoughtful, and Harrington saw it clearly, as he had seen so many things recently. He supposed the men here were strict with their women, more strict than it was maybe necessary to be, and that she couldn't ask him to stay as an American woman could. He said: "I didn't have much time, but I thought I'd stop off, anyhow, since Guadalajara is on the way north to San Diego. I never did know the Southern Pacific came all the way down here. I—" He stopped talking, seeing that he had grown glib.

She watched him, nodding quietly and gravely, and the children watched him, too, with equal gravity and, even, he saw, a kind of respect. His heart lifted wildly. Their respect, since they obviously did not speak English, stemmed to their mother, in whom even they, three and four years old, could sense or see respect for him. He stood up. "I better go back," he said. "That horse cab from the bus line takes an hour, and I have to make a train."

"Oh, stay a little longer," she said. "I can have you driven back."

"No," he said. He saw that he had stayed exactly long enough.

"My husband," she said. "He would like to meet you."

"And I, him," Harrington said. "But—" But what? He moved toward the carved wooden door that led through a wing of the house and out into the evening.

"But he would feel bad if I let you go back by cab and bus."

"All right," he said. She sent the children for a servant, and the servant for a car. They stood by the outer door and hardly talked. It was a great relief not to be in love with her any more, he thought. Anyway, a relief. His mind, as they waited, flickered over two possibilities, now equally remote, he knew. Of touching and kissing her. Of telling her of the day on the sandspit.

Through the wooden latticework, he saw the car roll up in the dust outside. Everything was under control, he felt. "Well, goodby, Felice," he said. "It was very nice seeing you again."

"And you, Linus," she said. She smiled, with a solicitude that was, he felt, part real, part affected. "And I do hope you start going to church again."

He smiled heavily back and went down the steps to the car. It went off through heavy dust, in which the last daylight moved like a ghost. He wished she hadn't said that, he thought. He had been going back all right by himself.

IT HAD happened here, he saw, the change that he had anticipated without knowing its nature. And yet he had said none of what he intended to say. Instead of telling her he had acquired responsibility he had told her he had been afraid. And yet she had been what they called a touchstone. The memory of Brother Carley, Harrington saw clearly, had been finally exorcised here; it would never rise up again between himself and his God. He wished he might have been able to accomplish it by himself, but he was grateful that it had been finally accomplished in any way whatever. And she and even the children somehow respected him, even though he had said he had been afraid. It was the first time, he started to tell himself, that anyone had respected him for being anything other than a big-time football player. And then, in something close to amazement, he saw that Lieutenant Commander Alton on the boat had respected him. Why, hell, he thought, I've come a long way.

Nostalgia for nothing he could name was heavy in him all the drive back to the city. He was on the way again, he knew. Tripoli? . . . he had been late for Tripoli . . . Still, there were a lot of other places he would not be late for. An old fever began to burn in him, of which the song was an accompaniment and a sign. He began to wonder if he could get a train out for San Diego tonight.

THE END

Lafe and the Gentle Bull

Continued from page 15

"Well, the way I looked at it, if he wasn't figuring on raising any stock, a bull was about the most worthless thing I could think of offhand. But then what I could think of and what Lafe could think of was two separate and distinct things. I was about half afraid to ask it, but I did. I took a deep breath and sort of braced my feet, so to speak, and I asked it.

"Lafe," I said, "I've knowed you for four, goin' on five years, and you've sort of surprised me considerable from time to time, and likely you'll surprise me again. But if you ain't aimin' to raise cattle would you mind tellin' me just what in the hell you brung that bull home for?"

"Well, Jeff," Lafe said. "I'll tell you."

So he told me.

Knowing Lafe, I could understand it up to a certain point, and it was just what I might have expected of him.

The way Lafe told it he'd gone up to that camp, and he didn't have no papers on him, and the sentry on the gate wouldn't let him in. Well, that'd likely be enough for most people, but then Lafe ain't most people. He gets his mind set once and there ain't nobody going to change it, not even the government. He stood there arguing, and the sentry argued back. While they was jawing, some soldiers come by parading some of them dogs on leashes, and Lafe recognized one of his bear dogs. "Captain," Lafe says, "that there is my dog Herman, and I aim to come in and visit him," and the sentry says, "Mister, that dog belongs to the United States Army and you better aim again."

It made Lafe mad. He'd been right fond of them dogs, and he'd enlisted them sort of patrioticlike, and he didn't see no reason on earth why he couldn't go up there and see how they was getting on.

"Jeff," he said, "guv'mint or no guv'-mint they got no call to keep a man from visitin' his lawful-owned dog, and I figgered if that's the way they was runnin' things I was goin' to get Herman and bring him home. I got to thinkin' on it."

I know what happens when Lafe gets to thinking, and it seems it had happened all right. What he done was to drive maybe a half mile out of sight down the road and park the pick-up. Then he come back afoot and clumb a good tall tree where the visibility was sort of unrestricted, so to speak. He set up there most of the afternoon with a pair of glasses, and finally they took the dogs back to the kennels, and he spotted where they was keeping Herman. He waited till it got dark and then he went back there.

He got past the wire all right, and he got past the guard. He found the kennel he was looking for, and I reckon that was when the war started. It seems that dog of his had a mighty short memory, or else the Army had learned him not to answer to anything except maybe a serial number, because Lafe opened the door of the kennel and says, "Herman" to him, and Herman almost took him apart.

It caused quite a commotion. Being dog-bit hadn't hurt Lafe's vocal cords any. He started hollering for help, and every dog on the place started barking. There was lights come on all over, and half the United States Army come out with guns. I figure the only reason Lafe didn't get shot was him and Herman was pretty well tangled up and they didn't want to take any chances on hurting the dog.

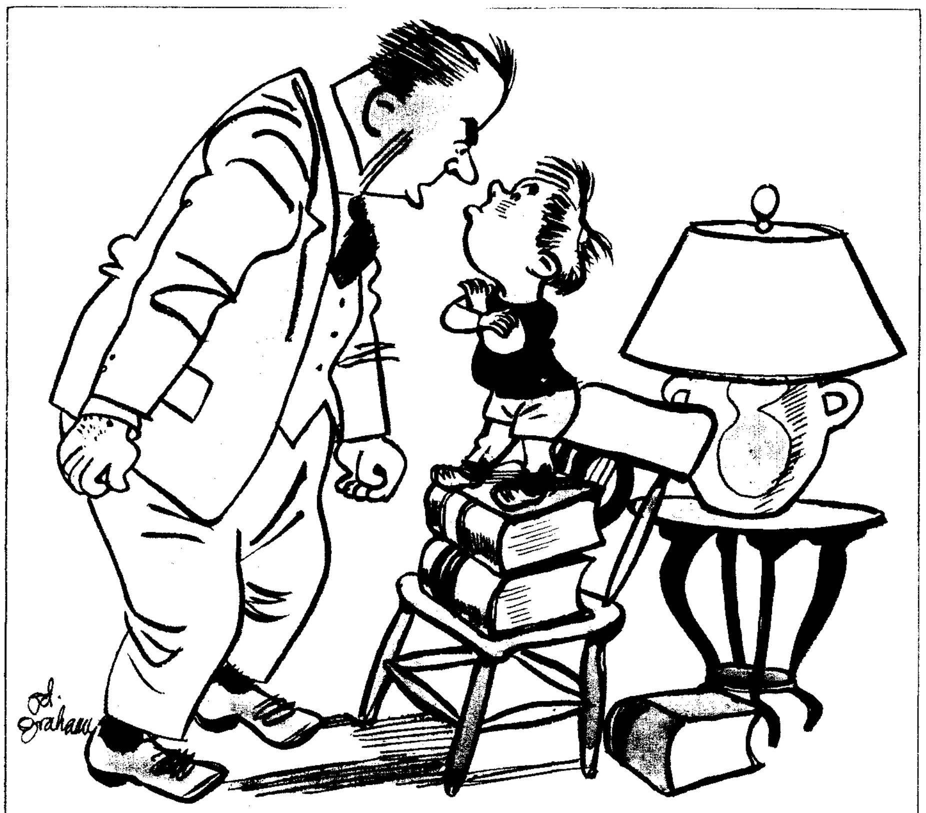
ONE of them soldiers finally stunned Lafe with a gun butt, and they throwed him in an empty kennel and put a guard over him. The way it turned out, he had to telephone Judge Wadsworth down in Big Sag to come get him out, and the Judge charged him two hundred dollars. Take it all in all, Lafe was real put out about the whole thing.

It was on the way home that he seen the bull. It seems they was auctioning off some stock over Big Sag, and Lafe stopped in to look. He was just standing there watching and all of a sudden this bull comes up and starts to nuzzle him, so to speak. Lafe was feeling real hurt about having his dog turn on him the way he done. He figured the bull was trying to make friends with him, and right then he was feeling like he needed a friend, so he bought it.

Well, Jefferson, I thought, it ain't as bad as you figured it'd be. It's worse.

"Lafe," I said, "you ain't tryin' to stand there and tell me you brought that behemoth home for a pet?"

"Now that you mention it, Jeff," Lafe said, "I reckon maybe I did." He unwrapped himself from around the steering



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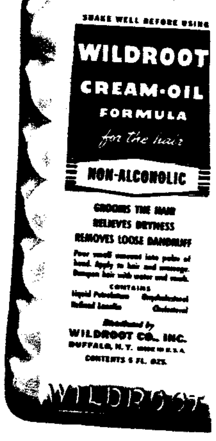

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BACK THE ATTACK — WITH WAR BONDS

column and got out onto the ground. "Two, three years ago I seen a fair down to Big Sag and a man had a performin' bull. It struck me then I'd admire to have an animal like that. I'm aimin' to learn Frank some tricks."

"Frank?" I said.

"I figgered on callin' him after Frank," Lafe said.

Frank was one of the Pardees that had gone off to war. The biggest one.

I went back and looked at the bull again. If you looked long enough, there was a faint family resemblance, you might say, except it seemed to me that bull might not be as strong as the Pardees, but the chances was he had a touch more brains.

I climbed down off the wheel. Lafe had started up the slope for the house and I noticed for the first time he was limping. I caught up with him.

"Lafe," I said, "don't you figure that animal's a mite large to have around the house?"

"I don't see size has anything to do with it," Lafe said. "Frank's got a gentle disposition. I tell you, Jeff, I was real put out the way Herman turned on me. I don't want that happenin' again."

"You're safe on one point," I said. "It's a cinch Frank ain't goin' to bite you."

THE way it seemed to me if a man had a choice of being chewed up or gored I'd take the chewing, but I didn't say anything. I just walked ahead of Lafe on up to the house and poured me out a two-breath drink of the old man's popskull whisky.

If I'd knowed what was in store for me I'd likely have drained the jug.

I was too busy to notice much for a while. I had two shifts working in the mine, and three in the mill, and it kept me hustling, keeping an eye on things. We was shorthanded, to boot, and that didn't make things any easier. Miners was hard to get, and the ones you had you had to treat like kings, because if one quit, the chances were you wouldn't get another one.

In spite of that, I'd been making out all right up to then. I was getting the ore out, and shipping my concentrates, and then these two troubles had to hit me both at the same time. They was both beef. One of them was the meat shortage, and the other one was Lafe's bull.

Take them one at a time and maybe I'd still have been all right, but coming simultaneous, so to speak, they took twenty years off my life; and since I'm over fifty I figured I only had about twenty-five coming to me at the outside. What I mean to say is, I was worried.

As superintendent it was all my responsibility because neither Lafe or the old man ever paid any attention to the mine. All the old man ever done was what he'd done every day for the last thirty, forty years, just set around barefoot, with his thumbs hooked in his suspenders, listening to the radio now and then, and drinking that home-brewed, triple-action high explosive that him and Lafe called liquor. Mention the mine to him and I had a sermon on my hands.

"Diggin' holes in the ground, Jefferson," he'd say. "It ain't natural and I want to state I'm agin it." If he happened to be near a table he'd whang it with his fist and start yellin' so you could hear him leastways a mile. "If the Lord had intended me to work underground he'd have rigged me out like a badger. I ain't goin' within rifle shot of that danged hole, and I don't want to hear no more about it."

It was a little better with Lafe, but not much. I had him mucking one shift in the mine, and that was fine. The rest of the time, though, he spent fooling around with that danged bull, and he wasn't any help when it come to handling the men.

I'd seen the trouble over the meat shortage coming on for quite a spell. Not that it ever got any further than the cussing stage. For the most part they took it and laughed, but there's always a sorehead or two on every crew, and when a man's hungry it ain't too hard to get him stirred up about almost anything.

There wasn't anything I could do about it either. I was against black markets on principle, but after eight hours down in the mine, the way them hard-rock men could destroy meat was a caution, and there wasn't any way I could keep them filled up and still be honest about it.

It was worrisome, but at that I figure we'd have made out some way if it hadn't been for that danged bull of Lafe's.

The trouble was Lafe wouldn't keep him no place but in the yard, and any time of the day or night you walked out of the cook shack or the bunkhouse you was apt to come face to face with him. Lafe was right about one thing. That bull was the most even-tempered animal I ever seen. He was always mad. Any time you seen him he was pawing the ground with his front feet and sort of bellering to himself, like he wanted to wrassle somebody.

It was sort of distracting, so to speak. It seemed a man walking through the yard got to paying more attention to where the nearest fence was than to where he was going, and the results were near disastrous. Ed Macomber fell into a well we'd opened up and damned near drowned before we got him fished out. And Joe Dawson was walking with his head turned watching Frank and walked right smack into the back end of a mule. He couldn't set down to eat for two, three weeks.

I talked to Lafe about it. "Lafe," I said, "bein' an understanding man by nature I know how much store you set by that bull, but don't you think you could contrive to keep him out from underfoot before I have to go out and hire me a crew of matadors instead of hard-rock miners?"

Lafe just looked at me like I had maybe suggested shooting the old man. "Jeff," Lafe said, "it don't seem to me you got any room to complain. Frank's got a peaceable nature and he ain't hurt nobody that I can see. Besides that, he likes it up here."

LAFE was right about that. Frank liked being around the house all right, inside as well as out. He'd come in the house and the cook shack four, five times already, screen door and all. He'd et two cornshuck mattresses out in the bunkhouse, and once Slim Earle, my night-shift boss, had woke up with Frank licking on his arm. Slim didn't like it none. He come up to me without bothering to put on anything over his underdrawers and he was cussing something scandalous.

"I'd ruther sleep in a zoo," Slim said, "with lions and tigers walkin' all over me than to wake up and look that bull in the eye. If that varmint ever puts his head in the bunkhouse door again you can give me my time."

I got him toned down some finally, but I knowed it wouldn't last. As long as that bull was around, there was going to be trouble, and knowing Lafe I figured Frank'd probably be there till he died of old age.

Well, the way things turn out sometimes it's surprising. Up to then if anybody'd told me it'd be old man Pardee who'd help me out in my time of need I'd have figured they'd took leave of their senses. But that was what happened. Not that I could rightfully say the old man done it on purpose. But just the same he done it.

That was along the latter part of August, and I'd come right up to the end of my tether. That morning I'd heard some of the boys talking in the locker room, and I knowed that the bad trouble I'd been looking forward to had finally come. They shut up when I come in the door, but I'd heard enough to know what was going on,

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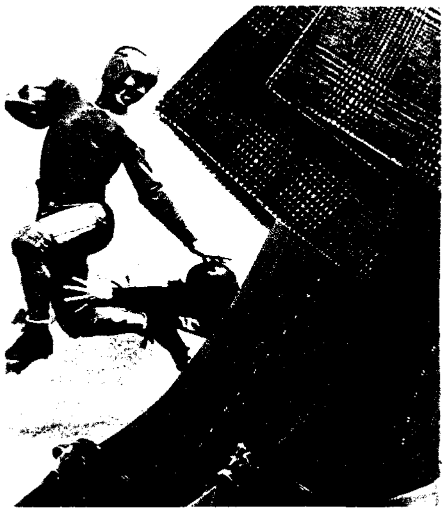

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and what was going on was that between the short rations and being pestered by Lafe's bull they was going up and quit. Right then it looked to me like the Slow Fuse Number One was going out of business, and there didn't seem to be anything I could do about it.

I'd worried about it all day, and I was still worrying about it that afternoon when I went up to the blacksmith shop with some dull steel. I'd give the drills to the smith to sharpen, and was coming out of the shop when I run into Lafe. He was coming around the corner of the building with a sledge hammer in his hand.

I said, "Howdy, Lafe," and he said, "Howdy, Jeff."

HE STARTED to walk on by, and I opened my mouth to ask him just once more if he'd put that danged bull out to pasture where he belonged, and maybe I could keep the mine running, and that was when it happened. I heard a beller, then a yell, and without looking I knowed what had took place. That bull had finally made up his mind to gore somebody, and any chance I had of keeping the mine operating had gone up the flue.

I and Lafe started running. Lafe was a slow starter, and the hammer sort of weighted him down, and I was leading by twenty feet when we got to the end of the building. I come around the corner so fast my vest pocket was dipping dust, and then I rough-locked and come to a stop.

Thirty, forty yards in front of me was old man Pardee coming at a full gallop, and right behind him come Frank with a full head of steam up and bellering like a ferry boat on a foggy night. I stood there like I was petrified. It seemed like I ought to help someway, but offhand I couldn't figure out any way to stop a ton of bull doing maybe twenty miles an hour, with my bare hands, and I didn't have a gun handy.

The old man was making a race of it all right, but he was eighty years old and barefoot, and he was carrying what looked like a rug in one hand and a whisky jug in the other. They hampered his running considerable, and I didn't have to do any speed and distance calculations to know he wasn't going to make the fence in time.

He didn't, either. While I was watching, that bull hooked him about a foot down from where his suspenders hitched on to his pants and throwed him forty feet in the air.

Well, it was a sight to see. The old man let out a yell you could of heard clear to Big Sag, and I'd be willing to bet he made a longer flight than the Wright brothers did at Kitty Hawk. He sort of got his altitude, so to speak, and then he spread his arms, rug, jug and all, and come in, belly down, for a three-point landing in a strawstack.

I got so I could move then. That bull stood there for a minute, having lost sight of his target for the time being and I run down there waving my arms and yelling to sort of distract him till the old man could collect himself.

I distracted him all right. He give the old man up for lost and took out for me. I lit a shuck for the blacksmith shop, but I'm fifty and fat, and my running ain't what it used to be. I was striking my best pace but, considering the heft of him, Frank was a right fleet-footed animal, and halfway to the door I seen I wasn't going to make it. There was a ladder leaning up against the building and I sort of changed course and aimed for that. That bull was so close I could have spit in his eye when I got to the ladder and I never even touched the first seven rungs going up. I got astraddle of the ridgepole and Frank run his head into the wall so hard he like to have jarred me off the roof.

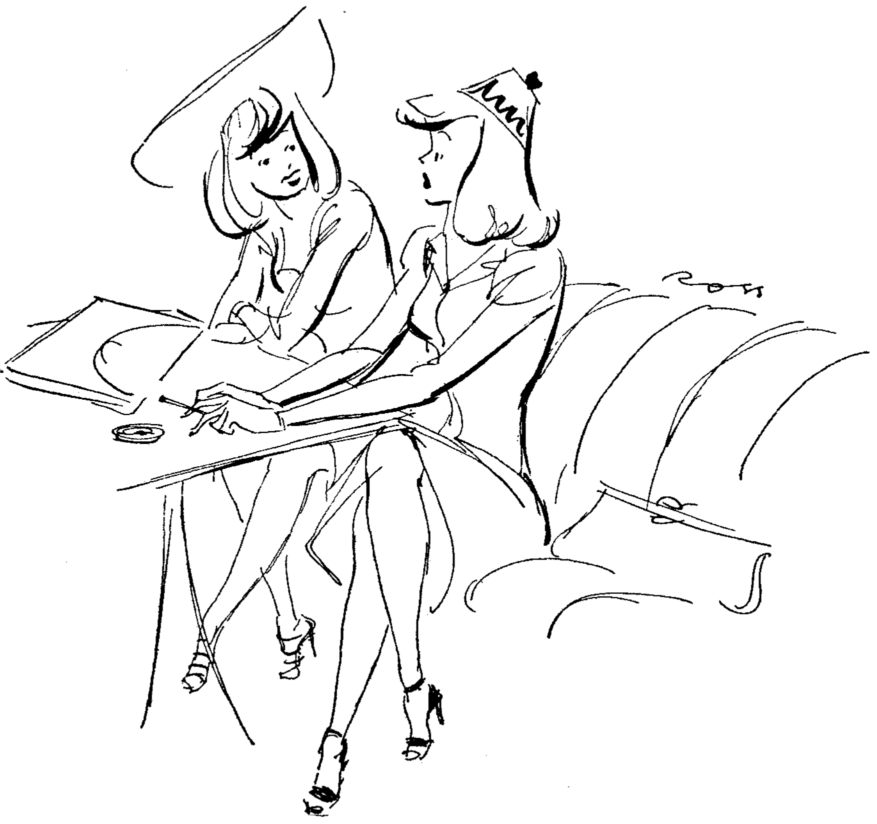
It made him madder than ever. He shook his head a couple of times to see if his neck still worked, and then he spotted Lafe.

Well, I was really scared by that time. Lafe had come down to where the old man had disappeared in the straw and he wasn't within a hundred yards of anything to climb. Frank was headed for him hellity whooping and Lafe just stood there.

"Lafe," I hollered, "you durn fool, run," and then I seen why he didn't. The old man had sort of riz up out of the straw. He was still holding onto the jug, but he had sort of lost his bearings in flight, so to speak, and didn't know which way to run, and Lafe was standing between him and the bull.

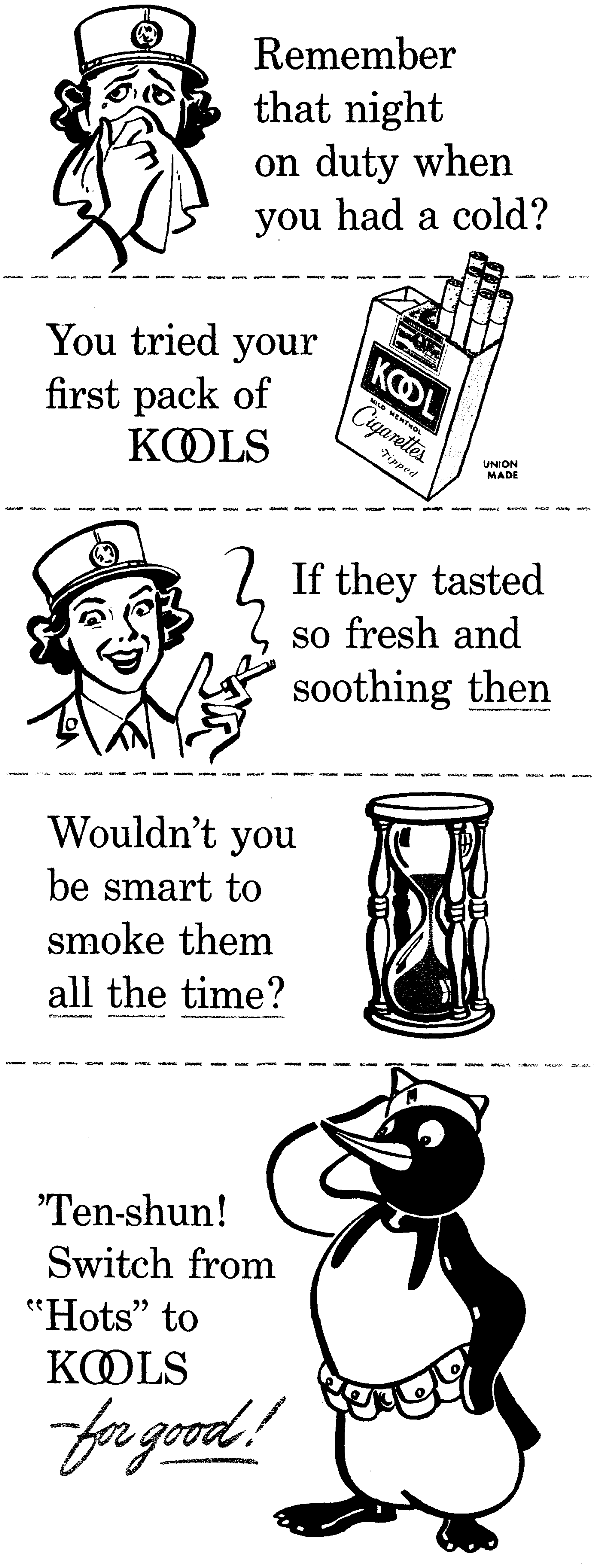
Well, I figured I ought to close my eyes so I wouldn't have to witness the carnage, but I didn't. I set there and watched and the way it turned out it was something to watch.

I never seen one of them bullfighters



"He was educated at Yale, Oxford and the Sorbonne, but I'm teaching him a few things, too!"

COLLIER'S AL ROSS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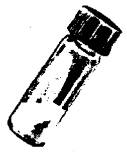

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side-step a bull the way they're supposed to do, but I reckon none of them ever done it any better than Lafe done it. He was still carrying that sledge hammer. He just stood there till from where I set it looked like the bull was right on top of him, and then he stepped off to one side, and sort of reached out with that double jack and peeled Frank right between the horns with it, and it was, "Katie, bar the door."

There was considerable dust for a minute, and then I seen Frank laying on the ground, and I could hear Lafe cussing clear up to where I was setting.

"Bite the hand that feeds you," Lafe was saying. "Why, dang it, you ain't no better than a dog."

I climb down off the roof and went down there. That animal hadn't moved a muscle and I didn't have to feel his pulse to know what had happened to him.

"Lafe," I said, "it looks like you sort of ruined your bull."

"Yessir," Lafe said. "You know, Jeff, I figgered on maybe just stunnin' him a little, but it begins to look like I might have swang a mite too hard."

THE old man got himself out of the strawstack and come over to where we was. He was panting a little, and there wasn't any seat left in his trousers, but outside of that he wasn't damaged.

"Seemed like that bull might have been mad about something, don't it?" the old man said. He unstoppered the jug and handed it to me. "Have a drink, Jefferson, and give me back the jug. That runnin' made me thirsty."

We had a drink all around, and Lafe went to hitch up a team and remove the carcass, and me and the old man walked up to the house. The old man was still carrying the rug.

"Pap," I said, "I realize it ain't any of my business, but would you mind tellin' me what you're totin' that carpet around for?"

"Well, Jefferson," the old man said, "I'll tell you. I was listenin' to my radio this morning and some young squirt says it ain't red that makes a bull mad, it's just wavin' anything at 'em that does it. Any dang fool knows that ain't so, and I come out to prove it."

"I reckon you proved it," I said, "because if that rug you're carryin' ain't green I'll eat it."

"Peculiar, ain't it?" the old man said. "I just wove it at him a couple of times and danged if he didn't take right out after me." We went in the house and he set the jug on the table. "All I can say," the old man said, "is that it's good riddance. Any danged bull that don't know red from green ain't fit to have around."

Well, in a way I sort of felt sorry for Lafe losing his bull, but I got to admit it was a load off my mind. I know a good thing when I see it, and the way it looked to me Lafe had killed two birds with one stone, in a manner of speaking; and I knowed just what I wanted to do.

It worked out just the way I figured it would, too. That night in the mess hall the cook come out with the biggest roast of bull meat you ever seen, and after we'd et I made a speech.

"Boys," I said, "I just want you all to know what kind of a man you're workin' for. Mr. Pardee knowed there was some complaints on the short rations on meat, and ruther than see you go hungry do you know what he done? I'll tell you what he done. He went out and knocked his pet bull in the head, and you all know what store he set by that bull."

That was as far as I got, and the effect it had was sort of tremendous, you might say. Of course I didn't say exactly how come Lafe knocked Frank in the head, and I reckon it ain't my fault if they might have misunderstood me a little. At least they all had a belly full of beef and I figured that was what really mattered. When I got through talking they all riz up and give three cheers and a tiger for Lafe, and I knowed I wouldn't have any more labor trouble for some time to come.

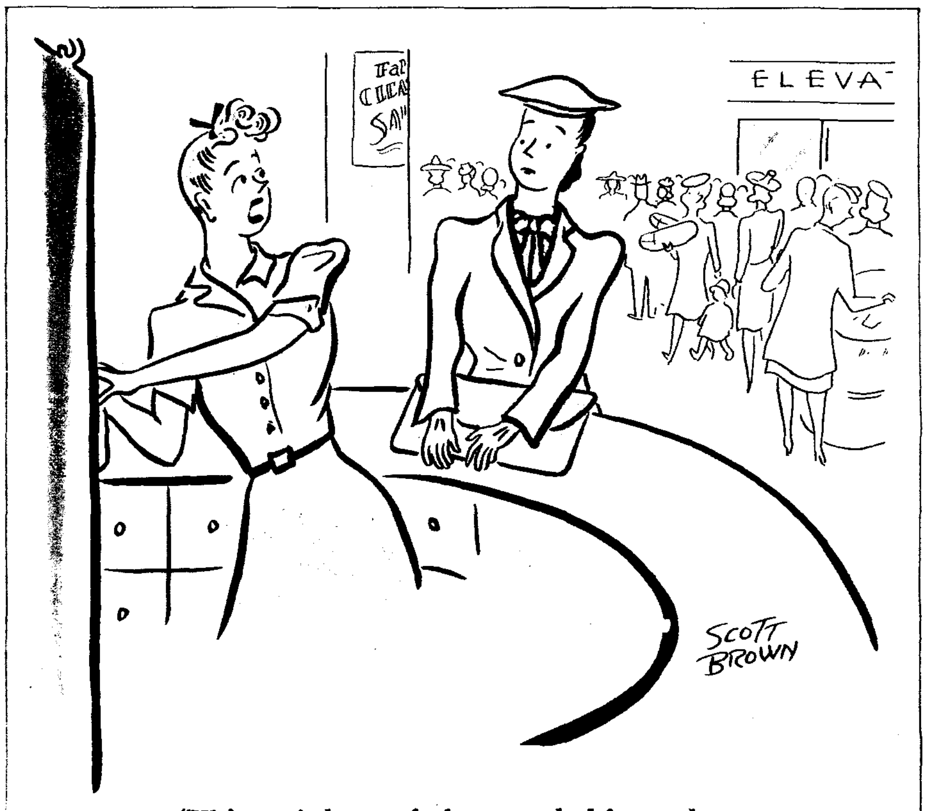
It was a nice peaceful feeling. I walked outside and charged my pipe and lighted her, and ambled up toward the house. Lafe was setting in the front room chawing on a pencil and with a piece of paper laying in front of him.

"Lafe," I said, "what you doin'?"

"Well, Jeff," Lafe said, "it just come to me that the guv'mint's been wastin' its time. You take that dog of mine now. After all the trainin' they give him, the hell he raised wasn't a patchin' to what that bull done with scarcely no schoolin' at all. I'm writin' to the guv'mint and offerin' to train bulls for the Army. I reckon they never thought of it, and I figure they'd like to know."

Up to date we ain't had any answer from the War Department.

THE END



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Bloody Salerno

Continued from page 20

who had been picked up by us, calmly took off his right shoe and deliberately threw it at the loud-speaker.

"Bloody nonsense!" he said and then mimicked, " 'Our air cover is keeping the Luftwaffe away.' "

"Listen, chum," an American colonel put his arm around the youngster's shoulders, "take it easy. Just think what our American radio commentators are saying tonight. They're probably saying that the war is over. We're just naturally optimistic people. *We* know we are getting hell beat out of us on all sides, but they don't know that at home."

We switched to the German radio. We turned it on loud and the excellent music the Nazi radio provides—mostly from American records—almost drowned out the sound of the guns. When they put Bing Crosby on, singing an old but lovely song, Time on My Hands, I laughed and thought of how The Groaner would feel if he knew that the German radio was broadcasting him. I know of no finer American than The Groaner or anyone who has given more time to the war effort than he, and now the Germans were using him to attract audiences.

The Real American Article

This, I thought, would be one to tell Bob Hope, whom I had left in Algiers a few days before—that is, if there was anything left of Hope. He had been giving four and five shows a day for a month in Sicily and North Africa. Hope and Crosby! It was good to think of genuine down-to-earth guys like that here in this godforsaken Bay of Salerno.

Enemy planes were over us all night and then it was dawn again, and, in the language of invasion, it was D plus 1. A fast LCVI (Landing Craft Vehicles Infantry) was going ashore with messages from General Clark. I went with it. The blunt nose of our craft (it was built in Perth Amboy, New Jersey) hit the slight swell hard; the spray flew up and the sun tinted it with miniature rainbows. The spray showered us and it was cool and refreshing, for we had our shirts off.

We landed on Yellow Beach. It was a nice beach with fine white sand, extending back perhaps sixty yards. Men were unloading supplies from all kinds of craft that had been run on shore. The unloading stopped once when we all heard the scream of aircraft very low, but it resumed when we saw that they were Spitfires—four of them. They were patrolling up and down the beach at five hundred feet and very lovely they looked.

I slipped my clothes off and waded out into the clear cool water. The Mediterranean is very salty and you can float without any effort. I lay there floating and it was very peaceful. Back of the sand, there was a large white farmhouse with a red roof and beside it a whitewashed granary. A mile back of the beach I could see a collection of houses which had been getting a pasting.

I lay there floating in the cool blue water for half an hour and that was almost as good as a letter from home. Most of the men unloading were naked. Officers watched them carefully. They had to, lest the men from one outfit grab supplies assigned to another outfit. Our Army is great for that. They will steal a battleship if they can get away with it. At night, every jeep driver cannibalizes his car—removes the magneto. Otherwise, his jeep would be gone. Our boys don't call it stealing. They call it "moonlight requisitioning." My boat was due back to our control ship, so I returned with it. On the way we practiced shooting at floating boxes in the water. You've got to have some fun out of an invasion.

We have another bad night aboard, with stuff coming as close as it can come without hitting you. We had four alerts during the night, which meant, of course, that no one slept. Four times the red, streaking tracers from our ships split the night wide open. Four times the determined Luftwaffe, throwing everything it had into this all-out effort, came at us. (Note: The Navy Department does not allow us to mention ships sunk or ships damaged. If there were sinkings or damage to ships done in the Bay of Salerno, they will be announced in due course by the Navy Department.) It was a bad night as, by now, everyone was tired and weary of taking the beating without a chance of fighting back.

When dawn came to present us with D plus 2, we were met with the startling sight of a submarine not a hundred yards from us. This was an Italian submarine coming in to surrender. The captain had seen the admiral's flag flying from our mast and had rightly come alongside us. He tied up to our port side, and the crew, immaculate in blue trousers and white undershirts, gazed curiously up at us. A small dog barked joyously from the narrow deck of the sub. I went aboard and met the captain, a 24-year-old citizen of Naples who talked almost perfect English. He was happy that his country had come in on our side, but a bit rueful.

"You know," he said quite seriously, "I hadn't fired a torpedo for five weeks. Then I got the order not to fire on any American or British ships. An hour after I got that order, what happened? This big, fat convoy passes within a mile of where I had surfaced. Oh, it was a great temptation!"

"I'm glad you weren't trigger-happy," I told him, like so many of your kids."

The expression "trigger-happy" was too much for him. I explained that our gunners, in the heat of battle, quite often just bang away at any target in sight. I had seen this happen a dozen times when sustained bombings had torn ragged nerves and had made gunners lose their sense of judgment, had made them trigger-happy or kill-crazy.

A grinning white-coated Negro messboy from our ship came down the narrow ladder with a huge tray. "With the captain's compliments, sir," he said, and placed the tray on the table. The submarine's captain blinked when he saw a huge Virginia ham lying there. The small dog smelled the ham and started leaping happily toward it. The messboy patted him, and the dog loved it.

A Man Who Loves Dogs

"You want a dog?" the Eyetie captain asked the messboy.

"Ah'm a man who loves dawgs," the Negro said happily, "and, Captain, Ah means that dogs loves me, too."

"We have four puppies aboard," the captain said. "If you would like one, take him."

He took us into the crew's sleeping quarters and there on a blanket were four incredibly small, brown-and-white puppies. This messboy grabbed one and cradled it in his hand.

"Sir, from now on, you is our mascot," he grinned. "And, Lordy, Lordy, how we need a mascot! And from now on, your name is Sir."

We took the puppy back with us. The news in the operations room wasn't good. We had captured an airport at Montecavido, near Salerno. A Spitfire had landed there and had no sooner stopped than an 88 shell from a German gun up in the hills had blasted it into eternity. Our air protection would still have to come from Sicily, 180 miles away. This

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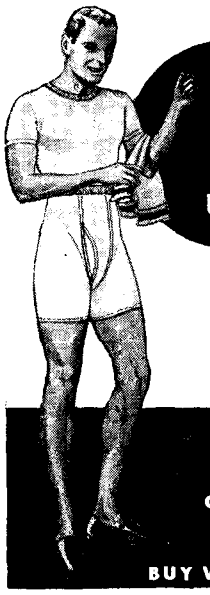

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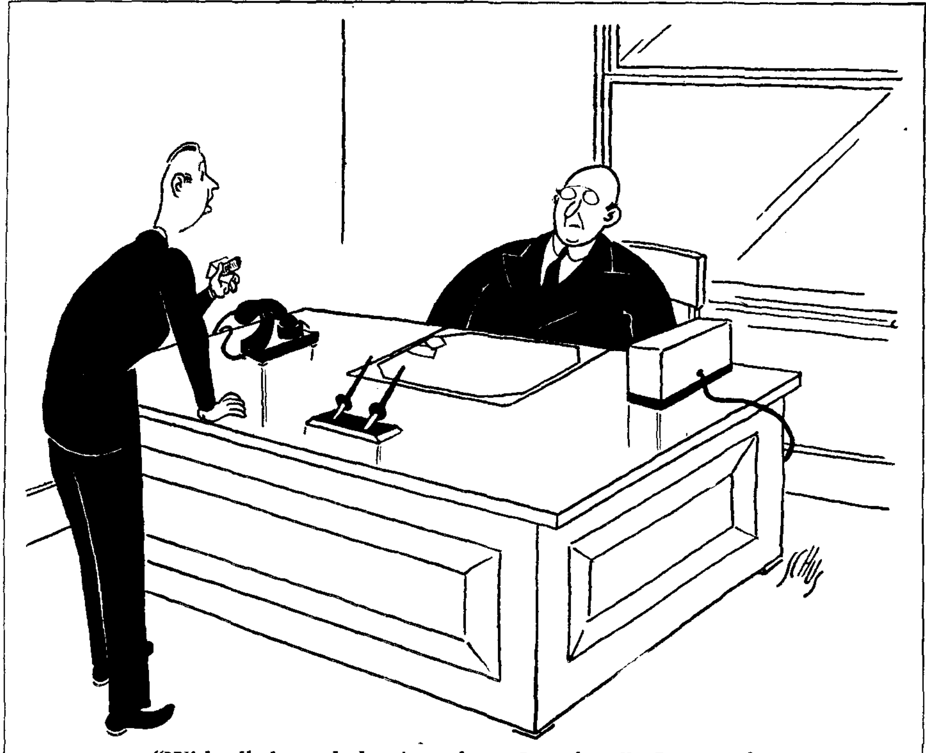

"With all these deductions, boss, I can't tell. Is my salary the same or have I been given a raise or a cut lately?"

COLLIER'S ADOLPH SCHUS

whole operation was assuming the proportions of another Gallipoli. It was touch-and-go whether we would be thrown out entirely. Our casualties were heavy because the Germans held the high ground and could pour a withering fire down at us.

A group of German prisoners was brought aboard for questioning. They waited on the boat deck. They had been captured on the island of Ventotene by a very small Navy force. That was a real Dick Tracy stunt. A U.S. Navy captain, Lieutenant Commander Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., two sailors and War Correspondent John Steinbeck had landed in a PT boat and grabbed this island and the 91 German radio operators and radar men who were on it. They had come aboard during the day, tired but happy.

Encounter with the Enemy

"They had told us that there were no Germans on the island," Steinbeck laughed. "So we landed with flashlights lit and yelling to one another, and they thought we had an army with us. Hell, the captain and Doug Fairbanks had nothing but Tommy guns with them and, so help me, they took the whole island! Two very tough citizens they are."

"We got a very good Navy, John," I said.

"We got one hell of a Navy!" the author of The Grapes of Wrath laughed.

One of the prisoners was seriously wounded and they took him to the sick bay below. The doctor asked me to come along to translate for him. I winced at that, because my German is the kind you learn from a Berlin menu card, but I went along. Prisoners are always given a questionnaire to fill in, and, because we treat our prisoners well, even to the extent of furnishing them with chaplains of their own particular denomination, one question to be filled out is: "What is your religion?"

I translated that for the man who lay there very close to death. He sneered at the doctor and said, "Put down Naziism. That is my religion."

He had been a tank man before being transferred to the island. He had been in Berlin only four weeks before.

"What for?" I asked.

"For a hernia operation."

There was the scar. It was encouraging to know that the German army was so short of manpower that it was putting men back into combat zones only four weeks after they had been operated upon.

The news continued to be bad. A courier came from ashore to say that Jack Belden had caught it. He had been shot in the hip and the knee. Jack Belden of Time and Life went through more combat in Sicily than any other correspondent. We had a room together when we returned to Algiers. Shanghai Jack is a good man to live with. We left on the same day for this show, each being assigned to different ships, and when we left, Jack said, "Well, chum, here we go trying to beat the law of averages again."

By now, the men were haggard, wearing tired faces and frayed tempers, and their nerves were jumpy. You can take only so much sustained bombing, and then it gets you.

It got all of us. Our air cover over the land was excellent but here in the bay we were not so well protected. It's hard to protect more than 700 ships.

Only General Clark preserved his absolute calm, his good humor, and yet we knew that he suffered more than anyone on board. He had trained this Fifth Army. He had appointed its commanders, and now it was ashore fighting, and he had to remain here directing the whole show from our ship.

Without Access to the World

Lionel Shapiro of the Montreal Gazette, Reynolds Packard of the United Press, Sammy Schulman, the photographer from INS, and I were the only correspondents aboard.

We had written our stories, but there was no way to get them to a cable office. We were writing to ourselves and there is nothing more annoying to a correspondent. I decided to make my way to Syracuse in Sicily, if possible, for there we had censors and cable facilities.

General Montgomery had sent a fast submarine chaser to us with his aide on board. The aide was leaving now to report to Montgomery. I decided to go along. I said goodby to General Clark and, most disconcertingly, the general laughed and said, "I forgot to give you a message from Butch." ("Butch" is Commander Harry Butcher, naval aide to General Eisenhower, and one of the most popular officers in this benighted part of the world.)

"I had dinner with Butch the night we left Algiers," General Clark said smilingly. "And he asked me to give you an order. The order is: Don't get his watch wet."

I remembered now a week before when my watch had broken, Butch had lent me

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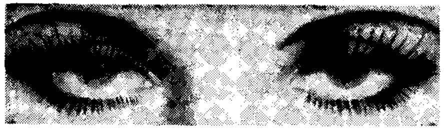

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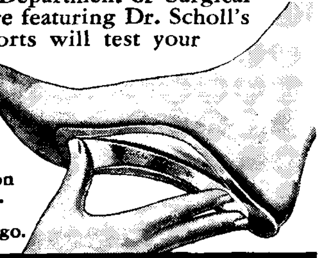

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his. I had, of course, carefully avoided him thereafter and still wore his very fine watch on my wrist. I told General Clark that I would do my best to keep it out of salt water. I didn't mention that I had been swimming two days before with the watch on my wrist.

Then I hopped aboard that slim, fast sub chaser and headed for General Montgomery's headquarters, ten hours away. "Monty" had headquarters in an olive grove a few miles inland. Instead of commandeering a villa for his headquarters, Monty lived in his three beautifully appointed trailers. He showed me through them.

"I captured this one from General Messe in Tripoli," he said, showing the largest one. Its walls were of cedar and it held a large bed, a desk and a bathroom. The bathroom had everything including a huge bathtub.

"When I have a guest"—Monty's eyes twinkled—"I give him my guest house on wheels. Come, look at it. I captured that from Old Electric Whiskers—General Bergonzoli—in North Africa. The king found it comfortable when he stayed with me. So did my great friend, Wendell Willkie."

A Home in the Country

This one was even more elaborate. It had pictures on the wall and it, too, had a gleaming white tiled bathroom. Monty likes his headquarters to be mobile. These two huge trucks and a third smaller one containing his maps can be shifted at a moment's notice.

After the inspection, we sat outside under the trees and, for the moment, it was very pleasant being away from the hell of the Bay of Salerno.

"Notice my birds?" Monty said, pointing. A large cage hung to a tree close by, and four bright yellow canaries were singing a joyous song. "I picked them up in Tunis. Would you like some cold lemonade? Of course. Let's have some. And have a drop of gin in yours. It'll do you good."

Then finally I realized the innate kindness of this man. He had seen that I was jittery and a little bit deaf from the sound of guns and altogether wound up like a top, and he was making me unwind by his talk of birds and his captured trucks.

I laughed and took the cold drink his orderly had brought, and I did in fact become relaxed and normal. I looked at Monty with new interest because I had never thought of him as a sensitive person. He sat in a comfortable chair, his fine teeth showing whitely when he smiled, and he talked of the Salerno operation as a general talks of military operations.

A Popular Misconception

"I am running up there tomorrow," he said, merely to ask General Clark if there is anything I can do to help. Naturally, I am anxious to reach there to join Clark and his Fifth. I suppose"—he smiled wryly—"our people at home think the war is over, now that we have landed in Italy?"

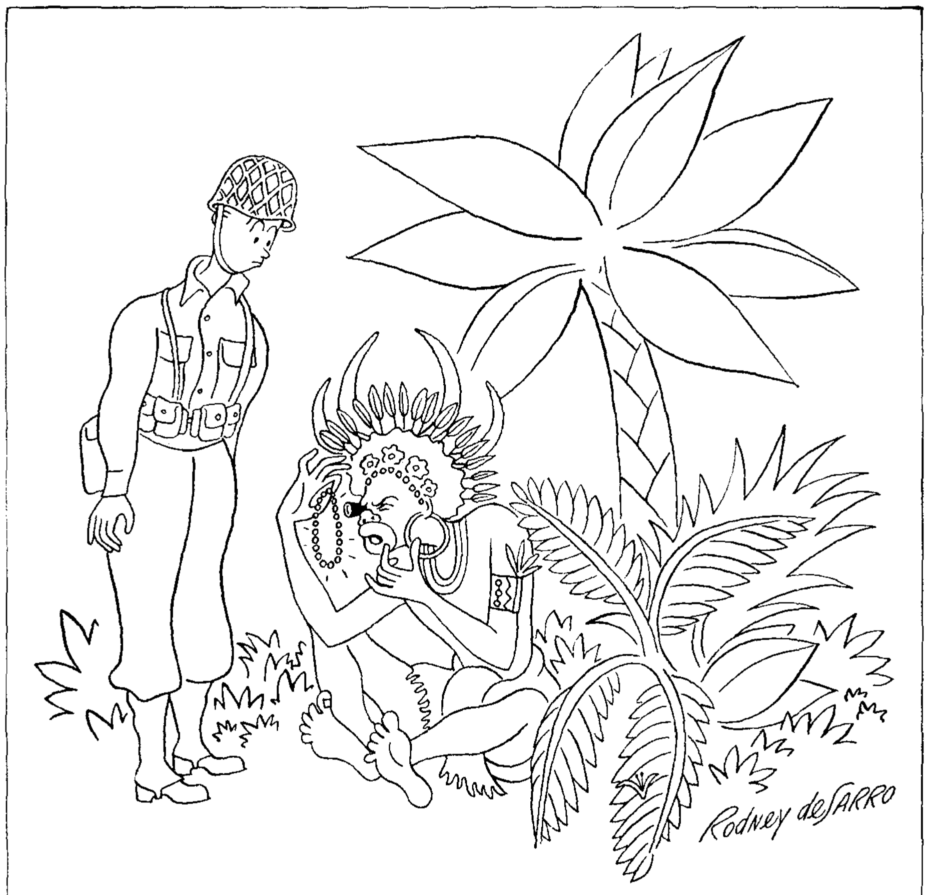
"I suppose so," I said a little bitterly, thinking of what was happening in the Bay of Salerno.

Monty leaned forward, very serious now. "Actually, the war has finally begun. The side issues, Libya, North Africa, Sicily—these have been cleared away, and now we can really get down to it. Yes, when we landed in Italy, it marked the beginning of our war against Germany. Until now, it has been Germany's war against us. We have a long, difficult fight ahead of us. The Hun is a great professional soldier, and from now on, we will fight his best divisions.

"Yes, it is going to be very difficult. Mind you, I have confidence in my army and in men like General Clark and your magnificent General Omar Bradley with whom I worked in Sicily, but it is going to be a long fight. Sometimes, you know"—he smiled ruefully—"I lose my temper when I read stories of people at home taking it for granted that the war is as good as won. Believe me, it isn't."

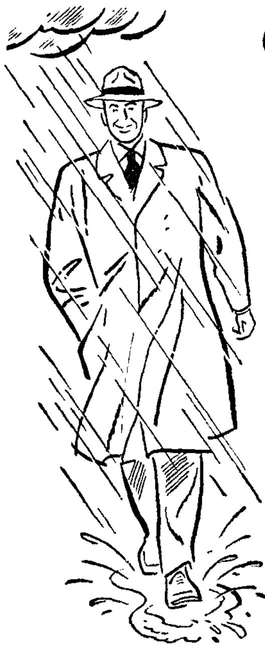
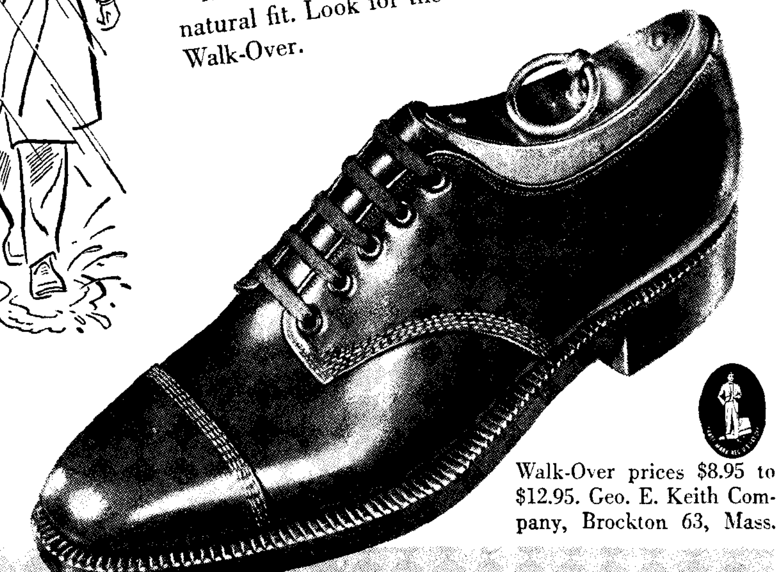
I left Monty and hitchhiked a ride on a British gunboat which was heading for Syracuse. I'm writing this in the tiny wardroom of the gunboat and I keep thinking of the Bay of Salerno. At last, as Monty said, this war has finally begun.

THE END



"Well, I didn't expect something from Tiffany's, but I'm getting mighty tired of trading for this five-and-dime stuff!"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO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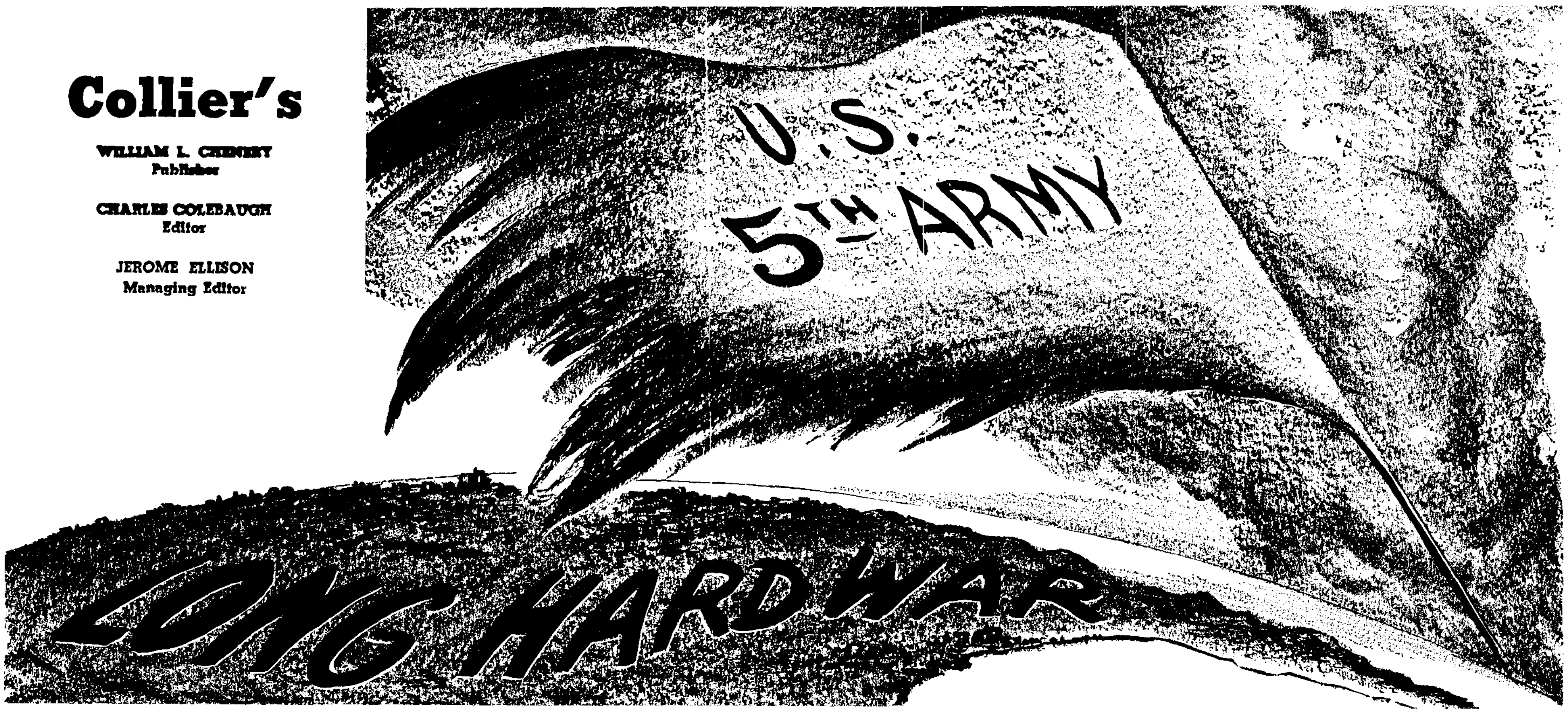


The Lesson of Salerno

IT SEEMS doubtful that many Americans will soon forget two certain days shortly after the American Fifth Army's initial landings on the Salerno beaches—two days when the German radio was claiming another Dunkerque, with the American Fifth alleged to be tumbling over its feet into the sea and the British Eighth still a hopeless number of miles away down the instep of Italy.

Things worked out all right for our side in the end, with victory at Salerno, Badoglio's order to his Italian followers to join the Allies, the Axis smash-ups on Sardinia and Corsica, the pay-off at Naples.

But we won only at high cost in men and material; and the Germans showed that they could still fight like wildcats, and would. Against General Mark Clark's Salerno invading forces, the Germans threw some of their best veteran troops, and in heavy force—their Fifteenth and Sixteenth Armored Divisions, together with parts of the Hermann Goering, First Parachute and Twenty-ninth Armored Divisions.

So the lesson of Salerno is clear; the lesson for the home front, we mean. That lesson is that this war is still a long way from being won; that, indeed, complacency and a material slackening of the war effort on the home front could conceivably lose it for us on the fighting fronts.

It was a lesson we could well afford to learn, and it came in time—in which respect our traditional American luck was still with us. We hope and believe that all of us took the lesson of Salerno to heart; that we all now realize that we have not won this war until the knockout punch is driven home.

Anti-Race Riot Insurance

GOVERNOR DWIGHT H. GREEN of Illinois has named a fourteen-member commission—seven white members and seven colored—to study the causes of race riots in time of war and make specific recommendations. The list of members looks fully as high-caliber as Monsignor Francis J. Haas' federal Committee on Fair Employment Practice.

We hope Governor Green's example may be followed in all states where wartime race riots are possible. There are plenty of such states, as noted in Walter Davenport's recent Collier's article Race Riots Coming.

There are just grievances on both sides of the race question in the United States; but riots never settle any grievances. The best way to adjust them is for intelligent representatives of all factions concerned to get together, talk matters over frankly, work out feasible compromises, and make vigorous suggestions to the public and to its lawmakers.

Of immediate importance, however, is the prevention of riots, racial or otherwise, before they rip like oil fires through various cities, leaving death, injury, hatred and property damage behind them.

Under this head, we thought Mr. Davenport's article contained the best suggestion yet advanced. The general idea was and is that all elements in a possible riot city or neighborhood should know in advance that, if a riot does start, the police will be out instantly, and will be followed by the troops if need be; *and* that these arms of the law will show no favor to any rioter—that their job will be to crack down hard on all rioters, wherever found and of whatever complexion. It should also be generally and convincingly made clear that the public prosecutor will exert his best and most impartial efforts to have heavy jail sentences dealt out to any and all riot leaders or inciters.

The individual citizen, too (that's you), can do something constructive to head off riots in these times of widespread bad temper. You can determine to be extra good-natured, in spite of the shortages, the bad transportation and worse housing, the taut nerves, the occasional bad news from some war front.

You can resolve to blame these and other wartime miseries on Messrs. Hitler and Tojo, who basically are to blame for them, rather than on the colored people, the whites, the Jews, the Catholics, the Protestants, the landlords, the bosses, the farmers, or any other vaguely defined and really not blameworthy group.

It takes some doing to achieve this frame of mind. But it can be achieved, and it is achieved by wise people in every belligerent country in every modern war. And it pays dividends, both to yourself and to the society of which you are a part.

Who is this "Common Man"?

THAT revered British man of letters, Sir Max Beerbohm, is weary of all the current kowtowing talk about a character called "the Common Man."

> We are all [he says] to go down on our knees and worship the Common Man . . . I like to think that on the morning of January 1st, in the year 2,000, mankind will be free to unclasp its hands and rise from its knees and look about it for some more rational form of faith.

Our own trouble in the matter is that we can't even figure out who this Common Man is, and therefore can't either respect or disrespect him.

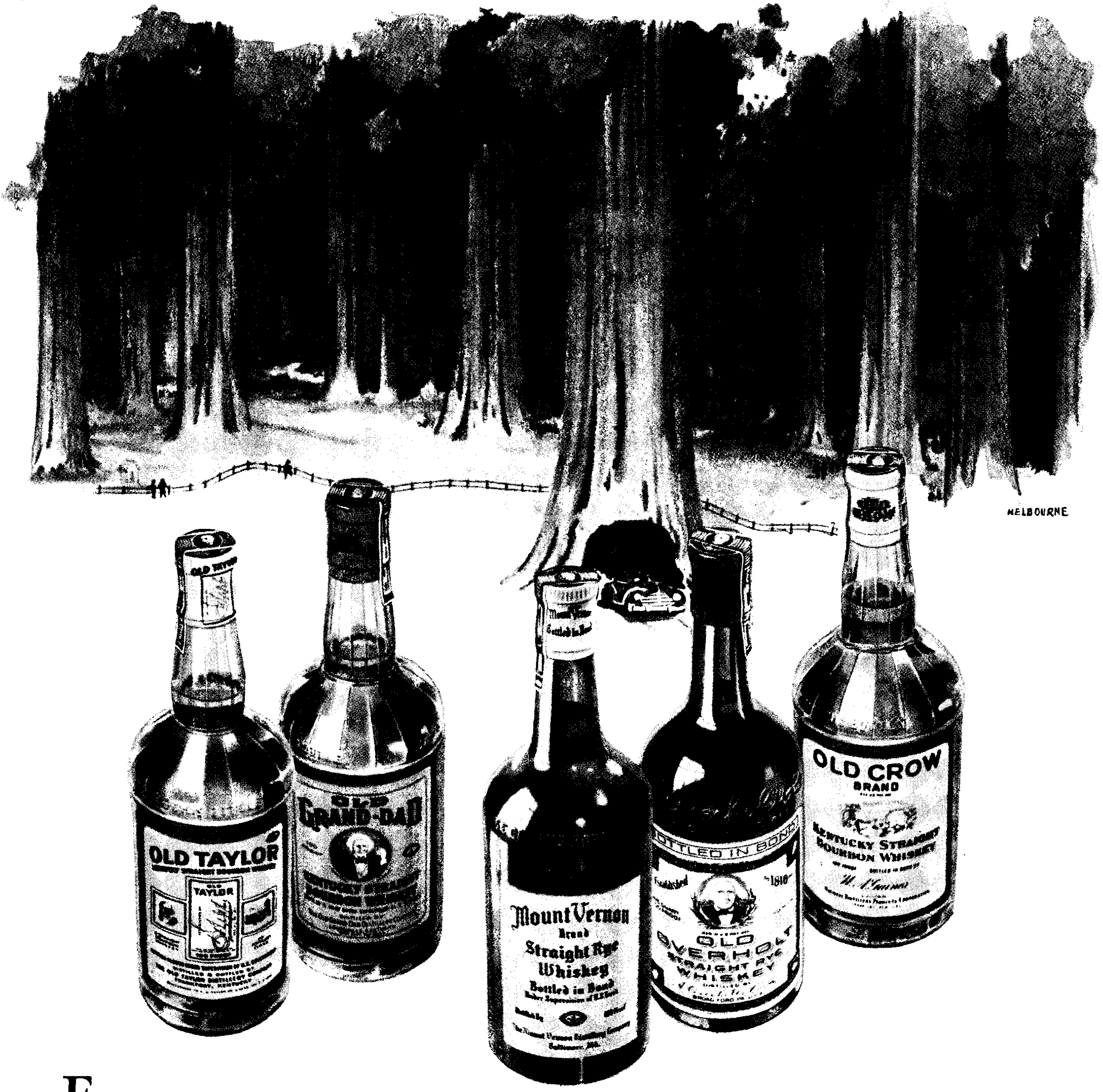
Is he a farmer? But farmers in various countries liffer so widely that you can't consider them a uni- ersal type of men. In our own country alone, farm- range from shiftless Tobacco Roaders or out-of-luck sharecroppers to operators of huge, efficient and profitable wheat, cattle, corn or hog factories.

Is the Common Man a workingman? The workingman in the United States belongs or doesn't belong to labor unions; can be a Republican, Democrat, mugwump, or anything else politically; often owns property, stocks and life insurance, and is in those respects a capitalist. In Russia, he is a slave of the government; in Germany likewise. In England, he is usually a trade unionist, with general outlook and standard of living enormously different from those of our workers.

Is the Common Man some sort of middle-class or white-collar type? But there is no standardized white-collar man that we know of. In the United States, white-collar men range all the way from low-paid tyro typists to corporation executives making $100,000 and up per year.

When you come right down to it, no two persons in the world are exactly alike. The human race just does not slip neatly into pigeonholes labeled Common Men, Uncommon Men, Semicommon Men, etc. It sticks in our minds, too, that in one large and important part of the United States—the South—"common" is about as contemptuous and insulting an adjective as you can apply to anybody.

Who is this Common Man, anyway? Does he really exist? If he does exist, and anybody ever finds him and tells him he is common, won't he be more likely to be angered than pleased at the news?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